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SELECT COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

43364
ac.

A NEW EDITION:

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE

ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,
AND THE EDITOR.

LONDON:
SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 23, OLD BOND STREET.

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THE

ROARING GIRLE:

OR

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players.

WRITTEN BY T. MIDDLETON AND T. DEKKAR.

MY CASE IS ALTER'D, I MUST WORKE FOR MY LIVING.

Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his Shop in Pope s head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange, 1611.

MARY FRITH; or, Moll Cut-purse, the name by which she was usually distinguished, was, as Mr. Granger observes (see Supplement to his Biographical History, 4to. p. 256) "a woman of a masculine spirit "and make, who was commonly supposed to have "been an hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental "to almost every crime and wild frolick which is noto- "rious in the most abandoned eccentric of both sexes. "She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a "fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver "of stolen goods: she was also concerned with a dex- "trous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal ex- "ploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow- "Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, "by a proper application of a large sum of money, soon "set at liberty.—She died of the dropsy, in the 75th "year of her age; but would probably have died "sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the fre- "quent use of which she had long indulged herself."*

Mr. Steevens says (Note to Twelfth Night, A. 1. S. 3.), that "on the Books of the Stationers Company, "August 1610, is entered "A Booke called the Madde "Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks "in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by "John Day."—Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, a Comedy, 1639 [1618], gives the following character of her:

"--- Hence, lewd impudent!
"I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
"For nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
"For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
"Without a sex: some say that thou art woman,

* Mrs. Mary Frith, alias Moll Cut-purse, born in Barbican, the daughter of a shoemaker, died at her house in Fleet-street, next the Globe Tavern, July 26, 1659, and was buried in the church of Saint Bridget's. She left twenty pounds by her will, for the conduit to run with wine when King Charles the Second returned, which happened in a short time after. *From a MS. in the British Museum.* N.

" Others, a man; to many thou art both
" Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
" Or man, or horse, as Centaurs old was feign'd."

" A life of this woman was likewise published in " 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male " habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by him."*

It is probable she died about the time of this second publication of her life. In the play of *The Feign'd Astrologer*, 1668, p. 62. she is mentioned as being then dead:

" We cannot do that neither in quiet,
" So many have found his lodging out:
" And now, *Moll Cut-purse*, that oracle of felonie
" Is dead, there's not a pocket pickt,
" But hee's acquainted with it."

The following Epigram on her is taken from an ancient collection, intitled " Runne and a great Cast." The second Bowle, by Thomas Freeman, 4to. 1614.

" They say Mol's honest, and it may bee so,
" But yet it is a shrewd presumption, no:
" To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile,
" Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while;
" Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
" What will shee when the substance comes in place."

* She did open penance on the 11th Feb. 1611-12. See Chalmer's Supp. Apol. 445. O. G.

TO THE COMICK PLAY-READERS, VENERY AND LAUGHTER.

THE fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel; for in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our Garments; single plots, quaint conceits, lecherous jests, drest up in hanging sleeves, and those are fit for the Times, and the [1]Termers: such a kind of light-colour Summer stuff, mingled with divers colours, you shall find this published Comedy, good to keep you in an afternoon from dice at home in your chambers: and for venery you shall find enough [2]for six-pence, but

[1] *Termers:*] This word was formerly applied to persons of ill repute, both male and female. See Note 13 to *The Goblins*, vol X. Dekker in *The Belman of London*, 1616, Sign H 3, speaking of the practises of the cheats in his time, says, "they allot such countries "to this Band of *Foists*, such townes to those, and such a Citty to "so many *Nips*: whereupon *some of these* BOOTHALERS *are called* "TERMERS *and they ply Westminster-hall: Michaelmas Terme is their* "*harvest*, and they sweat in it harder than reapers or haymakers "doe at their works in the heat of summer."

[2] *for six-pence,*] The price of a Play at this time, as will appear from the following instances: *Law Tricks*, by John Day, 1608, Address from the Book to the Reader, concludes: "Thine or any "man's for *a testar.*"

Verses by W. B. (probably William Browne) prefixed to *The Bondman:*

"'Tis granted for your Twelve-pence you did sit,
"And see and hear, and understood not yet;
"The Author in a Christian Pity takes
"Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,
"That such as will but venture *Six-pence* more,
"May know what they but saw and heard before."

Randolph's Address to the Reader prefixed to *The Jealous Lovers*, 4to. 1632: "Courteous Reader, I beg thy pardon, if I put thee to "the expence of a *six-pence*, and the loss of an hour."

well couch'd and you mark it; for Venus being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and breeches; a brave disguise and a safe one, if the Statute untie not her cod-piece point. The book I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person itself, and may be allowed both gallery room at the play-house, and chamber-room at your lodging: worse things I must needs confess the world has taxt her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a Writer, to leave things better than he finds them, though some obscene fellow (that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy house himself, and entertains drunkards, to make use of their pockets, and vent his private bottle-ale at mid-night) though such a one would have ript up the most nasty vice, that ever hell belcht forth, and presented it to a modest Assembly: yet we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth, than fulness of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

PROLOGUS.

A play (expected long) makes the Audience look
For wonders;—that each Scene should be a book,
Compos'd to all perfections: each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him: up he sums,
What he would of a Roaring Girl have writ;
If that he finds not here, he mews at it.
Only we intreat you think our Scene
Cannot speak high (the subject being but mean;)
A Roaring girl (whose notes till now never were)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theatre.
That's all which I dare promise: tragick passion,
And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing and with covetous listning waits,
To know what girl this Roaring Girl should be;
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is she
That roars at midnight in deep Tavern bowls,
That beats the watch, and constables controuls:
Another roars i'th' day time, swears, stabs, gives braves,
Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves.
Both these are Suburb-roarers. Then there's (beside)
A civil city Roaring Girl, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
And leaves him roaring through an iron grate.
None of these Roaring Girls is ours: she flies
With wings more lofty: thus her character lies—
Yet what need characters, when to give a guess,
Is better than the person to express?
But would you know who 'tis? would you hear her name?
She is call'd mad Moll; *her life, our acts proclaim.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.
NEAT-FOOT, *his Man.*
Sir ADAM APPLETON.
Sir DAVY DAPPER.
Sir THOMAS LONG.
Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMED.
Lord NOLAND.
Young WENGRAVE.
JACK DAPPER.
GULL, *his Page.*
GOSHAWK.
GREENWIT.
LAXTON.

TILT-YARD,
OPENWORK,
GALLIPOT,
} *Cives et Uxores.*

MOLL, *the Roaring Girl.*
TRAPDOOR.
TEAR-CAT.

Sir GUY FITZ-ALLARD.
MARY FITZ-ALLARD, *his Daughter.*

CURTILAX, *a Serjeant.*
HANGER, *his Yeoman.*
COACHMAN.
CUT-PURSES.

Ministri.

THE

ROARING GIRL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter MARY FITZ-ALLARD, *disguised like a sempster, with a case for bands; and* NEAT-FOOT, *a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and* [3] *a trencher in his hand as from table.*

Neat-foot. The young gentleman (our young master,) sir Alexander's son, is it into his ears (sweet damsel) (emblem of fragility) you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?

Mary Fitz-allard. A private word or two, sir; nothing else.

Neat-foot. You shall fructify in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young master is erected (that is to say up,) and deliver him to this your most white hand.

Mary Fitz-allard. Thanks, sir.

Neat-foot. And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at din-

[3] *a trencher in his hand*] At this time pewter was not introduced into common use. Our ancestors were content with wooden trenchers, and these were even to be found at the tables of our nobility and persons of good fashion. Among the orders for household-servants, devised by John Haryngton, 1566, and renewed by his Son, 1592, it is directed, "That no man waite at the "table without *a trencher* in his hand, except it be uppon good "cause, on paine of 1*d*." *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. II. p. 267. edit. 1779. See also the *Northumberland Household-Book*, p. 354. *Trenchers* are still used in some colleges and inns-of-court, particularly in Lincoln's-Inn.

ner—Hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity?

Mary Fitz-allard. One, sir, of whom he bespake falling bands[4].

Neat-foot. Falling bands! it shall so be given him—If you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curl-pated company of rude servingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously and ingeniously welcome.

Mary Fitz-allard. I have [5]dined indeed already, sir.

Neat-foot. —Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting-women?

Mary Fitz-allard. Not now in truth, sir.

Neat-foot. Our young master shall then have a feeling of your being here; presently it shall so be given him. [*Exit Neat-foot.*

[4] *falling bands*] In Note 26 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. I have expressed a doubt whether *the falling band* might not be a species of ruffs. In Evelyn's *Discourse on Medals*, 1697, p. 108, is the head of Charles I. crowned in the garter, robes, and wearing *a falling band*; "which new mode, says Mr. Evelyn, succeeded the cumbersome "ruff: but neither did the Bishops or Judges give it over so soon, "the Lord Keeper Finch being, I think, the very first." From this medal, which was struck in 1633, it appears, that the *falling band* resembled what lately was called a Vandyke. We learn from the Works of *Taylor the Water Poet*, fol. 1630. p. 167. that the rise of *falling bands* was only the revival of an ancient fashion.

"Now up aloft I mount unto the Ruffe,
"Which into foolish mortals pride doth puffe:
"Yet Ruffes antiquity is here but small,
"Within this eighty yeeres, not one at all;
"For the eighth Henry (as I understand)
"Was the first King that ever wore a Band;
"And but *a falling band*, plaine with a hem,
"All other people knew no use of them;
"Yet imitation in small time began
"To grow, that it the kingdome over-ran:
"The *little falling bands* encreas'd to Ruffes,
"Ruffes (growing great) were waited on by cuffes
"And though our frailties should awake our care,
"We make our Ruffes as carelesse as we are."

[5] *dined*] The Quarto reads *dyed*. S.

Mary Fitz-allard. I humbly thank you, sir. But that my bosom
Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile,
To see this formal ape play antick tricks:
But in my breast a poisoned arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me: love woven slightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) wears out as lightly;
But love being truly bred i'th' soul (like mine)
Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this the less it slakes:
O me!

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* NEAT-FOOT.

Sebastian Wengrave. A sempster speak with me, say'st thou?[6]

Neat-foot. Yes, sir; she's there, *viva voce*, to deliver her auricular confession.

Sebastian Wengrave. With me, sweet heart? What is't?

Mary Fitz-allard. I have brought home your bands, sir.

Sebastian Wengrave. Bands! Neat-foot.

Neat-foot. Sir.

Sebastian Wengrave. Pr'ythee look in; for all the gentlemen are upon rising.

Neat-foot. Yes, sir; a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Sebastian Wengrave. And dost hear? if my father call for me, say I am busy with a sempster.

Neat-foot. Yes, sir! he shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Sebastian Wengrave. In's ear, good Neat-foot.

Neat-foot. It shall be so given him. [*Exit Neat-foot.*

Sebastian Wengrave. Bands! y'are mistaken, sweet heart, I bespake none:
When, where, I pr'ythee? what bands? let me see them.

Mary Fitz-allard. Yes, sir; a bond fast sealed, with solemn oaths,

[6] *says't*] The Quarto reads *saith*. S.
The Quarto reads *saist*, which seems to have been mistaken by r. Steevens for *saith*. C.

Subscribed unto (as I thought) with your soul:
Delivered as your deed in sight of heaven:
Is this bond cancel'd? have you forgot me?
Sebastian Wengrave. Ha! life of my life: Sir Guy Fitz-allard's daughter!
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay: make all sure—so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait,
To prey upon us both. Albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine; yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.
Mary Fitz-allard. Mine's a loathed sight:
Why from it are you banish'd else so long?
Sebastian Wengrave. I must cut short my speech, in broken language:
Thus much, sweet Moll, I must thy company shun;
I court another Moll: my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs that's blind, round in a mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.
Mary Fitz-allard. Umh! must you shun my company? in one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied,
Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride:
Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my room?
Sebastian Wengrave. Sweet maid, lets lose no time; 'tis in heaven's book
Set down, that I must have thee: an oath we took,
To keep our vows; but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow; which fell
From them on me: he reckon'd up what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,
To lose so much blood could not grieve him more;
He then disuades me from thee, call'd thee not fair,
And ask'd what is she, but a beggar's heir;
He scorn'd thy dowry of five thousand marks.
If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it;

But vow'd, if I took thee, nay more, did swear it,
Save birth, from him I nothing should inherit.
Mary Fitz-allard. What follows then? my ship-wrack?
Sebastian Wengrave. Dearest, no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
But both must sink for ever. There's a wench
Call'd Moll; mad Moll, or merry Moll, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person; all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion
I spend to mad my father: he believes
I doat upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son,
That could be so bewitcht: yet I'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, fain dreams,
In which I'll talk only of her: these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous. Art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about?
Mary Fitz-allard. My prayers with heaven guide thee.
Sebastian Wengrave. Then I will on:
My father is at hand, kiss and begone!
Hours shall be watch'd for meetings; I must now,
As men for fear, to a strange idol bow.
Mary Fitz-allard. Farewel.
Sebastian Wengrave. I'll guide thee forth; when next we meet,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, *Sir* DAVY DAPPER, *Sir* ADAM APPLETON, GOSHAWK, LAXTON, *and Gentlemen.*

Omnes. Thanks, good Sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Fy, fy, in giving thanks you pay too dear.

Sir Davy Dapper. When bounty spreads the table, faith 'twere sin,
(At going off) if thanks should not step in.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. No more of thanks, no more. I, marry, sir,
Th' inner room was too close; how do you like
This parlour, gentlemen?
Omnes. Oh passing well.
Sir Adam Appleton. What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool!
Goshawk. I like the prospect best.
Laxton. See how 'tis furnish'd.
Sir Davy Dapper. A very fair sweet room.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room
Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here;
But good things are most cheap, when th' are most dear.
Nay, when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they are trimm'd up, you all shall swear
Y'are highly pleas'd to see what's set down there:
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Fair ones with foul, like sun-shine in wet weather)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads the room seems made:
As many faces there (fill'd with blithe looks)
Show like the promising titles of new books.
(Writ merrily) the readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities;
And here and there (whilst with obsequious ears,
Throng'd heaps do listen) a cut-purse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey: I need not show him,
By a hanging villainous look, yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below,
The very flower (as 'twere) waves to and fro,
And, like a floating island, seems to move,
Upon a sea, bound in with shores above.
Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *and Mr.* GREENWIT.
Omnes. These sights are excellent.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I'll show you all,
Since we are met, make our parting comical.
Sebastian Wengrave. This gentleman (my friend) will take his leave, sir.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ha, take his leave (Sebastian) who?
Sebastian Wengrave. This gentleman.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Your love, sir, has already given me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: good sir, stay.
Greenwit. I have been too bold.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Not so, sir: a merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold sav'd.
Some wine, some wine! Where be these knaves I keep?
Enter three or four Servingmen and NEAT-FOOT.
Neat-foot. At your worshipful elbow, sir.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
Neat-foot. Your worship has given it us right.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. You varlets, stir,
Chairs, stools, and cushions! Pr'ythee, sir Davy Dapper,
Make that chair thine.
Sir Davy Dapper. 'Tis but an easy gift;
And yet I thank you for it, sir: I'll take it.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. A chair for old sir Adam Appleton.
Neat-foot. A back friend to your worship.
Sir Adam Appleton. Marry, good Neat-foot,
I thank thee for it; back friends sometimes are good.
Sir Alexander Wengrave, Pray make that stool your perch, good Mr. Goshawk.
Goshawk. I stoop to your lure, sir.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Son Sebastian,
Take master Greenwit to you.
Sebastian. Sit, dear friend.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Nay, master Laxton—furnish master Laxton

With what he wants (a stone) a stool I would say, a stool.

Laxton. I had rather stand, sir. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I know you had (good Mr. Laxton). So, so—
Now here's a mess of friends; and (gentlemen)
Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir Davy Dapper. Good tales do well
In these bad days, where vice does so excel,

Sir Adam Appleton. Begin, sir Alexander.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Last day I met
An aged man, upon whose head was scor'd
A debt of just so many years as these,
Which I owe to my grave; the man you all know.

Omnes. His name, I pray you, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Nay, you shall pardon me;
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
Or seem'd to break his heart-strings), thus he spake:
Oh, my good knight, says he, (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They had spent so many tears they had no more)
Oh, sir, says he, you know it, for you have seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune (who slaves men) was my slave; her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads; for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.
I ask'd him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes. So, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. He paus'd: and as we often see,
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drown'd
In their own rage; but when the imperious winds
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
The seas, swelling with wrath to part that fray,
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad than they:
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirr'd up to roughness: you might see his gall

Flow even in's eyes; then grew he fantastical.
Sir Davy Dapper. Fantastical! ha, ha.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Yes; and talk oddly.
Sir Adam Appleton. Pray, sir, proceed:
How did this old man end?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Marry, sir, thus:
He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his hair)
He joy'd, because (says he) the god of gold
Has been to me no niggard; that disease
(Of which all old men sicken) avarice
Never infected me.
Laxton. He means not himself, I am sure.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. For like a lamp,
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself: oh but (quoth he)
Tho' heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son, that's like a wedge, doth cleave
My very heart root.
Sir Davy Dapper. Had he such a son?
Sebastian Wengrave Now I do smell a fox strongly. [*Aside.*
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Let's see: no, master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian,
Just like my son Sebastian—such another.
Sebastian Wengrave. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blows to hit me! but, if I beat you not at your own weapon of subtilty— [*Aside.*
Sir Alexander Wengrave. This son (saith he) that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.
Sir Adam Appleton. 'Tis some prodigal.
Sebastian Wengrave. [7] Well shot, old Adam Bell.

[7] *Well shot, old Adam Bell.*] For an account of this celebrated archer and outlaw, see Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 143.

Sebastian Wengrave. No city monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and (tho' wiveless)
An excellent husband; and such a traveller,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth.
Sir Davy Dapper. I have but two in mine.
Goshawk. So sparing and so wary;
What then could vex his father so?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, a woman!
Sebastian Wengrave. A flesh-fly, that can vex any man.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman.—It is a thing
One knows not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made: 'tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman, and (which to none can hap)
The sun gives her two shadows to one shape;
Nay more, let this strange thing, walk, stand, or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.
Sir Davy Dapper. A monster, 'tis some monster.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. She's a varlet.
Sebastian Wengrave. Now is my cue to bristle.
[*Aside.*
Sir Alexander Wengrave. A naughty pack.*
Sebastian Wengrave. 'Tis false.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ha, boy.
Sebastian Wengrave. 'Tis false.

* A *pack* was formerly a name given to a lewd woman. So in "*The apprehension and confession of three notorious witches, arraigned, and by justice condemned and executed at Chelmesforde, in the countye of Essex, the 5th day of July last past*, 1589," 4to. "This Joane Cunny living very lewdly, having two lewde daughters, no better then *naughty packs*, had two bastard children, being both boys," &c.

It was also sometimes applied to the male sex, as in Rowley's *Shoemaker a Gentleman*, 1638, Sign. G 4.

"Hence you whore master knave
"Gods my passion, got a wench with childe,
"Thou *naughty pack*, thou hast undone thyselfe for ever."

Sir Alexander Wengrave. What's false? I say she's nought.

Sebastian Wengrave. I say that tongue
That dares speak so (but yours) sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain, set yourself aside.—

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So sir, what then?

Sebastian Wengrave. Any here else had lyed.
I think I shall fit you— [*Aside.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Lye?

Sebastian Wengrave. Yes.

Sir Davy Dapper. Doth this concern him?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ah, sirrah boy!
Is your blood heated? boils it? are you stung?
I'll pierce you deeper yet. Oh, my dear friends,
I am that wretched father; this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.

Sir Adam Appleton. Will you love such a poison?

Sir Davy Dapper. Fye, fye.

Sebastian Wengrave. Y'are all mad.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Th'art sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease
Mortal would shun the cure! oh master Greenwit,
Would you to such an idol bow?

Greenwit. Not I, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Here's master Laxton; has he mind to a woman
As thou hast?

Laxton. No, not I, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Sir, I know it.

Laxton. Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have nought to do with any woman.

Sir Davy Dapper. 'Tis well done, master Laxton.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, thou cruel boy!
Thou wouldst with lust an old man's life destroy:
Because thou see'st I'm half way in my grave,
Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou mightest have
Thy wish, most wicked most unnatural!

Sir Davy Dapper. Why, sir, 'tis thought sir Guy Fitz-allard's daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Sir Davy Dapper,
I have upon my knees woo'd this fond boy
To take that virtuous maiden.
Sebastian Wengrave. Hark you! a word, sir.
You on your knees have curst that virtuous maid
And me for loving her; yet do you now
Thus [8] baffle me to my face: wear not your knees
In such intreaties, give me Fitz-allard's daughter.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. I'll give thee rats-bane rather. [*Aside.*
Sebastian Wengrave. Well, then you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hark, gentlemen!
He swears to have this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
Omnes. Master Sebastian.
Sebastian Wengrave. I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitch'd, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me. [*Exit Sebastian.*
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Her blood shall quench it then!
Lose him not, oh dissuade him, gentlemen.
Sir Davy Dapper. He shall be wean'd, I warrant you.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
Omnes. No more, no more, away!
[*Exeunt all but Sir Alexander.*
Sir Alexander Wengrave. I wash a Negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee, when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless, thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.

[8] *baffle*] See Note 7 to *The Muses's Looking Glass*, vol. IX.

Enter RALPH TRAPDOOR.

Now, sirrah, what are you? leave your ape's tricks and speak.

Ralph Trapdoor. A letter from my captain to your worship.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, oh; now I remember 'tis to prefer thee into my service.

Ralph Trapdoor. To be a shifter under your worship's nose of a clean trencher, when there's a good bit upon't.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Troth, honest fellow—humh—ha—let me see.

This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble; he has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain; I will grind his wit,
And, if the edge prove fine, make use of it.
Come hither, sirrah; canst thou be secret? ha!

Ralph Trapdoor. As two crafty attorneys plotting the undoing of their clients.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Didst never, as thou hast walkt about this town,
Hear of a wench call'd Moll, mad merry Moll?

Ralph Trapdoor. Moll Cut-purse, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. The same; dost thou know her then?

Ralph Trapdoor. As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's day next: I will sift all the taverns i'th' city, and drink half pots with all the watermen at th' bank side; * but, if you will, sir, I'll find her out.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. That task is easy; do't then, hold thy hand up.
What's this? is't burnt?

Ralph Trapdoor. No, sir, no; a little sing'd with making fire-works.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. There's money, spend it; that being spent, fetch more.

Ralph Trapdoor. Oh, sir, that all the poor soldiers

* Taylor the Water Poet asserts, that at this time, between Windsor and Gravesend, there were not fewer than forty thousand watermen.

in England had such a leader! For fetching, no water-spaniel is like me.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. This wench we speak of strays so from her kind,
Nature repents she made her. 'Tis a Mermaid
Has toll'd my son to shipwreck.

Ralph Trapdoor. I'll cut her comb for you.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I'll tell out gold for thee, then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company. Deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

Ralph Trapdoor. The gingling of golden bells, and a good fool with a hobby-horse, will draw all the whores i'th' town to dance in a morris.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Ralph Trapdoor. And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Beat all thy brains to serve her.

Ralph Trapdoor. Zounds, sir, as country-wenches beat cream, 'till butter comes.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Play thou the subtle spider; weave fine nets
To insnare her very life.

Ralph Trapdoor. Her life?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Yes; suck
Her heart-blood if thou canst: twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

Ralph Trapdoor. Spoke like a worshipful bencher.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. [9] Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter; let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Ralph Trapdoor. This is the [10] goll shall do't.

[9] *Trace all her steps*] i. e. follow all her steps. See Note 26 to *George a Greene*, vol. III.

[10] *goll.*] i. e. hand. See Note 17 to the *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. XI.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Be firm, and gain me
Ever thine own. This done, I entertain thee.
How is thy name?

Ralph Trapdoor. My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor, honest Ralph.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on; but unto me—

Ralph Trapdoor. As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hence then, be little seen here as thou canst:
I'll still be at thine elbow.

Ralph Trapdoor. The trapdoor's set.
Moll, if you budge y'are gone: this me shall crown;
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girl puts down.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. God-a-mercy, lose no time. [*Exeunt.*

The three shops open in a rank: the first an Apothecary's shop; the next a Feather shop: the third a Sempster's shop: Mistress GALLIPOT *in the first, Mistress* TILT-YARD *in the next, Master* OPENWORK *and his wife in the third. To them enter* LAXTON. GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

Mistress Openwork. Gentlemen, what is't you lack? what is't you buy? see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambricks: what is't you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy?

Laxton. Yonder's the shop.

Goshawk. Is that she.

Laxton. Peace.

Goshawk. She that minces tobacco.

Laxton. I: she's a gentlewoman born, I can tell you, tho' it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.

Goshawk. Oh, sir, 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and set up again.

Laxton. And indeed the raising of the woman is the

lifting up of the man's head at all times: if one flourish, t'other will bud as fast, I warrant ye.

Goshawk. Come, th'art familiarly acquainted there; I grope that.

Laxton. And you grope no better i'th' dark you may chance lie i'th' ditch when y'are drunk.

Goshawk. Go, th'art a mystical letcher.

Laxton. I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoak.

Goshawk. May take up an ell of pure smock: away go, 'tis the closest striker. Life, I think he commits venery forty foot deep; no man's aware on't. I, like a palpable smockster, go to work so openly with the tricks of art, that I'm as apparently seen [11] as a naked boy in a phial; and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me to betray my friend where he puts most trust in me (mass! yonder he is too—) and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting, as a farmer's son, the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at court but woo the hangings and glass windows for a month together, and some broken waiting woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women, is worthy to be kick'd out at bed's feet.—He shall not see me yet.

Greenwit. Troth, this is finely shred.

Laxton. Oh, women are the best mincers.

Mistress Gallipot. 'Thad been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

Laxton. But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new Almanack, as thus:—calculated for the meridian of cook's wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.

Mistress Gallipot. Nay, you shall ha't, sir; I have fill'd it for you. [*She puts it to the fire.*

[11] *as a naked boy in a phial;*] I suppose he means an abortion preserved in spirits. S.

Laxton. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

Greenwit. But not to be us'd o' that fashion.

Laxton. O pardon me, sir, I understand no French. I pray be cover'd: Jack, a pipe of rich smoak.

Goshawk. Rich smoak! that's six-pence a pipe, is't?

Greenwit. To me, sweet lady?

Mistress Gallipot. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange;
Art and wit makes a fool of suspicion:—pray be wary.

Laxton. Puh! I warrant you. Come, how is't gallants?

Greenwit. Pure and excellent.

Laxton. I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent: you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, tho' they make a worse noise i'th' nose than a common fidler's prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling.—I must speak a word with you anon.

Mistress Gallipot. Make your way wisely then.

Goshawk. Oh, what else, sir; he's perfection itself; full of manners,
But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Greenwit. Ay, and full of form; h'as ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

Goshawk. But above all, religious: he preyeth daily—upon elder brothers.

Greenwit. And valiant above measure; he'as run three streets from a serjeant.

Laxton. Puh, puh. [*He blows tobacco in their faces.*

Greenwit, Goshawk. Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Laxton. So, so.

Mistress Gallipot. What's the matter now, sir?

Laxton. I protest I'm in extreme want of money; if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

Mistress Gallipot. What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir?
Though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

Laxton. Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity thou know'st; I put her off with opportunity still: by this light I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion

with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches; [12] bear her in hand still; she has wit enough to rob her husband. and I ways enough to consume the money. [*Aside.*] Why, how now? what the chin-cough?

Goshawk. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face, and strangle him ere he be aware; I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

Laxton. Pox, and thou do'st, thou know'st I never use to fight with my friends; thou'll but lose thy labour in't. Jack Dapper!

Enter J. DAPPER *and his man* GULL.

Greenwit. Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ancles

J. Dapper. Save ye, gentlemen, all three in a peculiar salute.

Goshawk. He were ill to make a lawyer; he dispatches three at once.

Laxton. So well said: but is this of this same tobacco, mistress Gallipot?*

Mistress Gallipot. The same you had at first, sir.

Laxton. I wish it no better: this will serve to [13] drink at my chamber.

Goshawk. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Laxton. Not of this by my troth, gentlemen, I have sworn before you.

Goshawk. What not Jack Dapper?

Laxton. Pardon me, sweet Jack, I'm sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going, Jack?

J. Dapper. 'Faith to buy one feather.

Laxton. One feather! the fool's peculiar still.

J. Dapper. Gull.

Gull. Master.

J. Dapper. Here's three half-pence for your ordinary, boy; meet me an hour hence in Paul's.

Gull. How! three single half-pence; life, this will

[12] *bear her in hand*] See Note 19 to *Ram-Alley*, vol. V. p. 441.

* She gives him money, and he pretends that he receives only tobacco from Mrs. Gallipot. C.

[13] *drink at my chamber.*] See Note 31 to Second Part of *Honest Whore*, vol. III.

scarce serve a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a halporth of oil, and a halporth of vinegar, what's left then for the pickle herring? this shews like small beer i'th' morning after a great surfeit of wine o'er night: he could spend his three pounds last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdy-house boys. I thought his pockets cackled not for nothing. These are the eggs of three pounds, I'll go sup 'em up presently.

[*Exit Gull.*

Laxton. Eight, nine, ten angels; good wench i'faith, and one that loves darkness well: she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England; but that which mads her, I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to shew me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but the candle was sent of an errand: now I not intending to understand her, but, like a puny at the inns of venery, call'd for another light innocently; thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends. An honest mind of a whoremaster! how think you amongst you? what! a fresh pipe? draw in a third man!

Goshawk. No you're a hoarder, you ingross by th' ounces. [*At the Feather shop now.*

J. Dapper. Puh, I like it not.

Mistress Tilt-yard. What feather is't you'd have, sir? These are most worn and most in fashion:
Amongst the beaver gallants, the stone riders,
The private stage's audience, [14]the twelve penny stool gentlemen,
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

J. Dapper. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of general!
Now a continual Simon and Jude's rain

[14] *the twelve penny stool gentlemen,*]. Dr. Percy is of opinion, that one shilling was the general price of what is now called the Pit. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 141.

Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.
Shew me —— a —— spangled feather.

Mistress Tilt-yard. Oh, to go a feasting with,
You'd have it for a [15]hench boy, you shall.

[*At the Sempster's shop now.*

Master Openwork. Mass I had quite forgot!
His Honour's footman was here last night, wife,
Ha' you done with my Lord's shirt?

Mistress Openwork. What's that to you, sir?
I was this morning at his Honour's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.

Master Openwork. Oh, 'twas well done, good wife.

Mistress Openwork. I hold it better sir, than if you had don't yourself.

Master Openwork. Nay, so say I: but is the Countess's smock almost done, [16]mouse?

Mistress Openwork. Here lies the cambric, sir; but wants I fear me.

Master Openwork. I'll resolve you of that presently.

Mistress Openwork. Heyday! oh, audacious groom!
Dare you presume to noble women's linen?
Keep you your yard to measure shepherd's holland,
I must confine you, I see that.

[*At the Tobacco shop now.*

Goshawk. What say you to this geer?

Laxton. I dare the arrant'st critic in tobacco
To lay one fault upon't.

Enter MOLL, *in a freese jerkin and a black* [17]*saveguard.*

Goshawk. 'Life! yonder's Moll.

Laxton. Moll! which Moll?

Goshawk. Honest Moll.

Laxton. Pr'ythee lets call her—Moll.

All. Moll, Moll; hist Moll.

Moll. How now! what's the matter?

[15] *hench boy*] See Note 13 to *The Muses's Looking-Glass*, vol. IX.

[16] *mouse*] *Mouse* was formerly a word of endearment. In *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 2. Mrs. Kitely calls her husband *Muss*; or, as I think, it should be written *Mus*, the Latin word for *mouse*.

[17] *saveguard*] See Note 5 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

Goshawk. A pipe of good tobacco, Moll.

Moll. I cannot stay.

Goshawk. Nay, Moll, puh, pr'ythee hark; but one word i'faith.

Moll. Well, what is't?

Greenwit. Pr'ythee come hither, sirrah.

Laxton. 'Heart, I would give but too much money to be nibbling with that wench: life, she has the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city. Methinks a brave captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne'er be beholding to a company of Mile-end milk sops, if he could come on, and come off quick enough: Such a Moll were a marrow-bone before an Italian; he would *bona roba*, till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her; money is that *Aqua fortis*, that eats into many a maidenhead, where the walls are flesh and blood. I'll ever pierce through with a golden augre.

Goshawk. Now thy judgment, Moll? is't not good?

Moll. Yes 'faith, 'tis very good tobacco: How do you sell an ounce? farewel. God b'y you, Mistress Gallipot.

Goshawk. Why, Moll, Moll!

Moll. I cannot stay now 'faith: I am going to buy a shag-ruff; the shop will be shut in presently.

Goshawk. 'Tis the maddest fantastical girl—I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Laxton. She slips from one company to another, like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers:—I'll watch my time for her.

Mistress Gallipot. Some will not stick to say she's a man,
And some both man and woman.

Laxton. That were excellent: she might first cuckold the husband, and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Feather shop again.

Moll. Save you; how does mistress Tilt-yard?

J. Dapper. Moll.

Moll. Jack Dapper.

J. Dapper. How dost, Moll?

Moll. I'll tell thee by and by, I go but to the next shop.

J. Dapper. Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

Moll. Nay, and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life. Let me see a good shag-ruff. [*The Sempster's shop.*

Master Openwork. Mistress Mary, that shalt thou i'faith, and the best in the shop.

Mistress Openwork. How now! greetings! love terms with a pox between you! have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i'th' low countries with a mischief. I'm serv'd with good ware by th' shift, that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands; I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Master Openwork. Nay, and you fall a ringing once, the devil cannot stop you; I'll out of the belfry as fast as I can—Moll.

Mistress Openwork. Get you from my shop.

Moll. I come to buy.

Mistress Openwork. I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.

Moll. You, goody Openwork, you that prick out a poor living,
And sew many a bawdy skin-coat together;
Thou private pandress between shirt and smock;
I wish thee for a minute but a man,
Thou shouldst never use more shapes; but as th' art
I pity my revenge. Now my spleen's up,
Enter a Fellow with a long rapier by his side.
I would not mock it willingly—ha! be thankful;
Now I forgive thee.

Mistress Openwork. Marry hang thee, I never ask'd forgiveness in my life.

Moll. You, goodman swines face.

Fellow. What, will you murder me?

Moll. You remember, slave, how you abus'd me t'other night in a tavern.

Fellow. Not I, by this light.

Moll. No, but by candle-light you did: you have tricks to save your oaths: reservations have you? and I have reserved somewhat for you,—As you like that, call for more; you know the sign again.

Fellow. Pox on't, had I brought any company along with me to have born witness on't, 'twold ne'er have griev'd me; but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still. Why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail; but indeed a gentleman should have more manners. [*Exit Fellow.*

Laxton. Gallantly performed i'faith, Moll, and manfully; I love thee for ever for't: base rogue! had he offer'd but the least counter-buff, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Moll. You prepared for him! why should you be prepared for him? was he any more than a man?

Laxton. No, nor so much by a yard and a handful, London measure.

Moll. Why do you speak this then? do you think I cannot ride a stone horse, unless one led him by th' snaffle?

Laxton. Yes, and sit him bravely; I know thou canst Moll. 'Twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for't any way. Pr'ythee, sweet plump Moll, when shall thou and I go out o'town together?

Moll. Whither? to Tyburn pr'ythee?

Laxton. Mass that's out a town indeed: thou hang'st so many jests upon thy friends still. I mean honestly to Brentford, Staines, or Ware.

Moll. What to do there?

Laxton. Nothing but be merry and lie together: I'll hire a coach with four horses.

Moll. I thought 'twould be a beastly journey. You may leave out one well; three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

Laxton. Nay, pish, th'art such another kicking wench. Pr'ythee be kind and let's meet.

Moll. 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.

Laxton. Nay, but appoint the place then; there's ten angels in fair gold, Moll. You see I do not trifle with you; do but say thou will meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

Moll. Why here's my hand, I'll meet you, sir.

Laxton. Oh good gold—the place, sweet Moll?

Moll. It shall be your appointment.

Laxton. Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.

Moll. In Gray's-inn-fields then.

Laxton. A match.

Moll. I'll meet you there.

Laxton. The hour?

Moll. Three.

Laxton. That will be time enough to sup at Brentford. [*Fall from them to the other.*

Master Openwork. I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds. Sh' has a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell*: she rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore i'th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties. When we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Goshawk. No trouble at all; 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together.

Master Openwork. Go thy ways; I do this but to try thy honesty, Goshawk. [*The Feather shop.*

J. Dapper. How lik'st thou this, Moll?

Moll. Oh singularly, you're fitted now for a bunch. He looks for all the world with those spangled feathers like a nobleman's bedpost: the purity of your wench

* At St. Antholins Church there used to be a lecture early in the morning, which was much frequented by the Puritans of the times. So in the *Newes from Plymouth*, by D'Avenant, A. 1. S. 1.

" And these two disciples of *St. Tantlin*
" That rise to long exercise *before day*,
" And consend soundly before noon; these shall
" Grow old," &c.

Again Timothy says in the *City Match*, vol. IX.

" D'you think I'll all the days of my life frequent
" *Saint Antlins*, like my Sister?"

would I fain try, she seems like Kent unconquered, and I believe as many wiles are in her—Oh, the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench: 'tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried; I am of that certain belief there are more queans in this town of their own making, than of any man's provoking: where lies the slackness then? many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push them:

Women are courted, but ne'er soundly try'd,
As many walk in spurs that never ride.

[*The Sempster's shop.*

Mistress Openwork. Oh, abominable!

Goshawk. Nay, more I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i'th' suburbs.

Mistress Openwork. O spittle dealing! I came to him a gentlewoman born. I'll shew you mine arms when you please, sir.

Goshawk. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Mistress Openwork. 'Tis well known he took me from a lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward: I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French, before I came to him; and now doth he keep a suburbian whore under my nostrils?

Goshawk. There's ways enough to cry quit with him: hark in thine ear.

Mistress Openwork. There's a friend worth a million.

Moll. I'll try one spear against your chastity, mistress Tiltyard,
Though it prove too short by the burgh.

Enter RALPH TRAPDOOR.

Trapdoor. Mass, here she is. I'm bound already to serve her, tho' it be but a sluttish trick. Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great limbs; send her the upper hand of all bailiffs, and their hungry adherents.

Moll. How now, what art thou?

Ralph Trapdoor. A poor ebbing gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.

Moll. My service! what should move you to offer your service to me, sir?

Ralph Trapdoor. The love I bear to your heroick spirit and masculine womanhood.

Moll. So, sir, put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

Ralph Trapdoor. Of two kinds, right worshipful; moveable, and immoveable: moveable to run of errands, and immoveable to stand when you have occasion to use me.

Moll. What strength have you?

Ralph Trapdoor. Strength, mistress Moll? I have gone up into a steeple, and staid the great bell as it has been ringing; stopt a windmill going.

Moll. And never struck down yourself.

Ralph Trapdoor. Stood as upright as I do at this present. [*Moll trips up his heels: he falls.*

Moll. Come, I pardon you for this, it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high Germans size ere now—what, not stand?

Ralph Trapdoor. I am of that nature where I love, I'll be at my mistress' foot to do her service.

Moll. Why, well said; but say your mistress should receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you? durst you second her?

Ralph Trapdoor. Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me.

Moll. I?

Ralph Trapdoor. But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks by my troth. [*Aside.*

Moll. Well, meet me in Gray's-inn-fields, between three and four this afternoon; and upon better consideration we'll retain you.

Ralph Trapdoor. I humbly thank your good mistress-ship; I'll crack your neck for this kindness.

[*Exit Trapdoor.*

Laxton. Remember three. [*Moll meets Laxton.*

Moll. Nay, if I fail you, hang me.

Laxton. Good wench, I'faith. [*then Openwork.*

Moll. Who's this?

Master Openwork. 'Tis I, Moll.

Moll. Pr'ythee tend thy shop and prevent bastards.

Master Openwork. We'll have a pint of the same wine 'ifaith, Moll. [*The bell rings.*

Goshawk. Hark, the bell rings! come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

J. Dapper. I am for Parker's ordinary.

Laxton. He's a good guest to them, he deserves his board;
He draws all the gentlemen in a term time thither:
We'll be your followers, Jack; lead the way:
Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well. [*Exeunt Gallants.*

Enter Master GALLIPOT, *Master* TILTYARD, *and Servants with Water Spaniels and a duck.*

Master Tiltyard. Come, shut up your shops: where's master Openwork?

Mistress Gallipot. Nay, ask not me, master Tiltyard.

Master Tiltyard. Where's his water-dog, puh—pist—hur—hur—pist.

Master Gallipot. Come, wenches, come, we're going all to Hogsdon.

Mistress Gallipot. To Hogsdon, husband?

Master Gallipot. I, to Hogsdon, pigsny.

Mistress Gallipot. I'm not ready, husband.

Master Gallipot. 'Faith, that's well—hum—pist—pist. [*Spits in the dog's mouth.*
Come, mistress Openwork, you are so long—

Mistress Openwork. I have no joy of my life, master Gallipot.

Master Gallipot. Pish, let your boy lead his water spaniel along, and we'll show you the bravest sport[18] at parlous pond,[19] he trug, he trug, he trug; here's the

[18] *at parlous pond*] This I imagine is the same place now called *peerless pool.* It is situated near Old-street road, and was formerly a spring that, over-flowing its banks, caused a very dangerous pond, which, from the number of persons who lost their lives there, obtained the name of *Perilous Pool.* To prevent these accidents, it was in a manner filled up until the year 1743, when it was inclosed, and converted into a bathing-place.

[19] *Hey, trug, trug, trug,* &c.] I suppose *Trug* is the name of the

best duck in England, except my wife; he, he, he, fetch, fetch; come, let's away:
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *solus.*

Sebastian. If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that,

Enter Sir ALEXANDER, *and listens to him.*

Tho' else kept under servile yoke and fear;
The very bond-slave has his freedom there.
Amongst a world of creatures voic'd and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—Yea, are you
So near? then I must break with my heart's truth;
Meet grief at a back way—well: why suppose,
The two-lewd* tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce Moll loathsome: if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I?
I have the thing I like: in all things else
Mine own eyes guide me, and I find 'em prosper.
Life, what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne'er truly loves, if he gainsay't he lies,
That winks and marries with his father's eyes.
I'll keep mine own wide open.

Enter MOLL, *and a* PORTER *with a viol on his back.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Here's brave wilfulness! A made match; here she comes, they met a purpose.

Porter. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Fiddle, goodman hog-rubber! some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Porter. To your own chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Who'll hear an ass speak? whither else, goodman pageant-bearer? they're people of the worst memories. [*Exit Porter.*

spaniel whom he is sending into the water to hunt ducks; or else that he means to say trudge, *trudge.* S.

* The "*two-leav'd* tongues," &c. as it stood until now is nonsense: two *lewd* or wicked tongues of slander is the correct reading: the old spelling of lewd, viz. *leaud*, produced the error. C.

Sebastian Wengrave. Why, 'twere too great a burthen, love, to have them carry things in their minds, and a'their backs together.

Moll. Pardon me, sir, I thought not you so near.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So, so, so.

Sebastian Wengrave. I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion
That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
No otherwise I wish it.

Moll. Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry, I love to lie a both sides a th' bed myself: and again o'th' other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient; but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after; and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first. I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman: marriage is but a chopping and changing; where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i'th' place.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girl, that ever mine ears drunk in.

Sebastian Wengrave. This were enough now to affright a fool for ever from thee, when 'tis the musick that I love thee for.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. There's a boy spoils all again.

Moll. Believe it, sir, I am not of that disdainful temper, but I could love you faithfully.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. A pox on you for that word: I like you not now,
Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Moll. But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance shift a mind to-morrow: be not too hasty to wrong yourself; never while you live, sir, take a wife running, many have run out at heels that have don't. You see, sir, I speak against myself; and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor

younger brothers would not be so often gull'd with old cozening widows, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a pension. Fare you well, sir.

Sebastian Wengrave. Nay, pr'ythee, one word more.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. How do I wrong this girl! she puts him off still.

Moll. Think upon this in cold blood, sir: you make as much haste as if you were a going upon a sturgeon voyage. Take deliberation, sir; never chuse a wife as if you were going to [20] Virginia.

Sebastian Wengrave. And so we parted: my too cursed fate!

Sir Alexander Wengrave. She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't.

Enter a TAYLOR.

Taylor. Mistress Moll, mistress Moll: so ho, ho, so ho.

Moll. There, boy; there, boy; what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger?

Taylor. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hoyda, breeches! what will he marry a monster with two trinkets! what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a fool.

Moll. What fiddling's here! would not the old pattern have serv'd your turn?

Taylor. You change the fashion: you say you'll have the great Dutch slop, mistress Mary.

Moll. Why, sir, I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take up a yard more.

Moll. Well, pray look it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

Moll. Pray make 'em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat

[20] *Virginia.*] Great efforts were used about this time to settle *Virginia.*

stiff, between the legs, I'll make these open enough I warrant you.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Here's good geer towards, I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop, and a French doublet; a codpiece-daughter.

Taylor. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

Moll. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber, mistress Mary, pray send me the measure of your thigh by some honest body.

Moll. Well, sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. [*Exit Moll.*

Taylor. So you had need, it is a lusty one; both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. [*Exit Taylor.*

Sebastian Wengrave. I have examined the best part of man,
Reason and judgment; and in love they tell me,
They leave me uncontroul'd; he that is sway'd
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love,
His spring time must needs err, his watch ne'er goes right
That sets his dial by a rusty clock.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So; and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?

Sebastian Wengrave. The clock at Ludgate, sir, it ne'er goes true.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. But thou goest falser: not thy father's cares
Can keep thee right; when that insensible work
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
And stops again when time is satisfied:
But thou run'st on, and judgment thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break,
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin:
Much like a suffering man brought up with care;
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

Sebastian Wengrave. I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Who has bewitch'd thee, son? what devil or drug
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betray'd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh, wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits with a golden dream
Flatter'd and poisoned! I am old, my son;
Oh, let me prevail quickly!
For I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee: I must not to my grave,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise:
Let me dispatch in time; come no more near her.

Sebastian Wengrave. Not honestly? not in the way of marriage?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. What say'st thou? marriage? in what place? the Sessions-house? and who shall give the bride, pr'ythee? an indictment?

Sebastian Wengrave. Sir, now ye take part with the world to wrong her.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Why, would'st thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas! the number's great, do not o'erburden't.
Why, as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly doats on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.

Sebastian Wengrave. Why, is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Many one, sir, where suspect is entered;
For seek all London from one end to t'other,
More whores of that name, than of any ten other.
Sebastian Wengrave. What's that to her? let those blush for themselves.
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I've vow'd to love her: let all storms oppose me,
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, folly that can dote on nought but shame!
Sebastian Wengrave. Put case, a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another, is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why there are of the devils honest gentlemen,
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some o'the good man's that are errant knaves.
He hates unworthily, that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves, nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I have made such proof on't
In several forms, so nearly watcht her ways,
I will maintain that strict against an army,
Excepting you, my father. Here's her worst,
Sh' has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!
Sir Alexander Wengrave. This way I toil in vain. and [21] give but aim
To infamy and ruin: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood,
And will be wilfully swallowed, wilfully.

[21] *give but aim*] See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

But why so vain? let all these tears be lost,
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crost.
[*Exit Sir Alexander.*

Sebastian Wengrave. He is gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th' other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crown'd,
Only his mood excepted, which must change
By opposite policies, courses indirect;
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known,
'Twixt lover's hearts, she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own.
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies.
[*Exit Sebastian.*

Enter LAXTON *in Gray's-Inn-fields with the* COACHMAN.

Laxton. Coachman.

Coachman. Here, sir.

Laxton. There's a tester more; pr'ythee drive thy coach to the hither end of Marybone-park, a fit place for Moll to get in.

Coachman. Marybone-park, sir?

Laxton. Ay, it's in our way, thou know'st.

Coachman. It shall be done, sir.

Laxton. Coachman.

Coachman. Anon, sir.

Laxton. [22] Are we fitted with good phrampel jades?

Coachman. The best is Smithfield I warrant you, sir.

[22] *Are we fitted with good phrampel jades?*] *Phrampel* in this place Mr. Steevens considers as the word, *frampold* used by Shakspeare, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. but differently spelt. See his note on the passage. *Phrampel* here appears to signify *fiery* or *mettlesome*; and the word as used by Shakspeare and the other writers, quoted by Mr. Steevens, seems generally to denote something *wild, extravagant*, or *irregular*.

Laxton. May we safely take the upper hand of any coach'd velvet cap, or tufraffety jacket? for they keep a vile swaggering in coaches now-a-days; the high-ways are stopt with them.

Coachman. My life for yours, and baffle 'em too, sir,—why, they are the same jades believe it, sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.

Laxton. Nay, then they know their business; they need no more instructions.

Coachman. They're so us'd to such journies, sir, I never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.

[*Exit Coachman with his whip.*

Laxton. Fine Cerberus! that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones; for whilst others trot a foot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse. Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I [*The clock strikes three.*] see her not. Hark! what's this? one, two, three: three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's-Inn-fields the place, she swore she'd meet me: ha, yonder's two Inns-a-court men with one wench, but that's not she, they walk toward Islington out of my way. I see none yet drest like her; I must look for a shag ruff, a freeze jerken, a short sword, and a [23]safeguard, or I get none. Why, Moll, pr'ythee make haste, or the Coachman will curse us anon.

Enter MOLL, *like a man.*

Moll. Oh, here's my gentleman: if they would keep their days as well with their Mercers, as their hours with their harlots, no bankrupt would give seven score pound for a serjeant's place; for would you know a catchpole rightly derived, the corruption of a citizen, is the generation of a serjeant: how his eye hawks for venery! come, you are ready, sir?

Laxton. Ready, for what, sir?

Moll. Do you ask that now, sir? why was this meeting 'pointed?

Laxton. I thought you mistook me, sir:

[23] *safeguard,*] See note 17 to this Play.

You seem to be some young barrister,
I have no suit in law—all my land's sold;
I praise heav'n for't; 'thas rid me of much trouble.

Moll. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

Laxton. Whose this? Moll: honest Moll?

Moll. So young, and purblind? you're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

Laxton. Th'art admirably suited for [24]the three pigeons at Brentford. I'll swear I knew thee not.

Moll. I'll swear you did not: but you shall know me now.

Laxton. No not here, we shall be spy'd 'faith; the coach is better, come.

Moll. Stay.

Laxton. What wilt thou untruss a point, Moll?

[*She puts off her cloak and draws.*

Moll. Yes; here's the point that I untruss, 'thas but one tag, 'twill serve though to tie up a rogue's tongue.

Laxton. How!

Moll. There's the gold
With which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine,
Win 'em, and wear 'em.

Laxton. Hold, Moll! mistress Mary.

Moll. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

Laxton. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?

Moll. To teach thy base thoughts manners: th'art one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,

[24] *the three pigeons at Brentford,*] This Inn was afterwards kept by John Lowen, the celebrated Player. See *Dialogue on Plays and Players,* vol XII. The sign of *the three Pidgeons at Brentford* is mentioned in the Alchymist, A. 5. S. 4.

There is no means to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow letchers,
That th'art more in favour with a lady at first sight
Than her monkey all her life time.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That never deserved loosely, or did trip
In path of whoredom, beyond cup and lip!
But for the stain of conscience, and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent, than a bragging nothing,
There is no mercy in't—what durst move you, sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the [25]high German's* throat, if it lay [26]lieger* there
To dispatch privy slanders against me.
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates,
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they intangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needle-women, and trades-fall'n wives;
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten:
Such hungry things as these may soon be took
With a worm fastened on a golden hook.
Those are the letcher's food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling [27]wedlocks, and poor shifting sisters;

[25] *high German's throat*] This man is taken notice of before in this play. He seems to have been noted for his extraordinary strength, and is probably the same person mentioned in *The Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612, 4to. p. 27. "Aske but this Curtaine Drawer and he will tell you, that few there are, and those "escape very hardly like the bird out of the snare, like *the German* "out of Wood-street, or those that commit murder, or like him "that escapes the hangman from the tree of execution."

[26] *lieger*] i. e. resident ambassador.

* The old quarto spells it *ledger*, and it seems very questionable whether the right interpretation is given to it when it is said to mean *resident ambassador*. C.

[27] *wedlocks*] i. e. wives. So, in *The Poetaster*, A. 4. S. 3. "Which of these is thy *wedlock*, Menelaus?"

The Devil is an Ass, A. 2. S. 3.

"—you do see, good *wedlock*,
"How I directed him?"

'Tis the best fish he takes. But why, good fisherman,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? 'cause, you'll say,
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest:
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust
O shame take all her friends then! but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have conquer'd;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me;
And so I greet thee.

Laxton. Hear me.

Moll. Would the spirits
Of all my slanderers* were clasp't in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time!

Laxton. I do repent me; hold! [*They fight*

Moll. You'll die the better Christian then.

Laxton. I do confess I have wrong'd thee, Moll.

Moll. Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

Laxton. I ask thee pardon.

Moll. I'm your hir'd whore, sir!

Laxton. I yield both purse and body.

Moll. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Laxton. Spare my life.

Moll. I scorn to strike thee basely.

Laxton. Spoke like a noble girl i'faith. Heart, I think I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer. She has wounded me gallantly; call you this a let-

Marston's *Parasitaster*, A. 2. S. 1.—"but to lie with one's brother's "*wedlock*, O my, dear Herode 'tis vile and uncommon lust!"

Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 233:

"My *wedlocke* now, not hearing of these newes,
"Made no hast home, till I was ore the shewes."

So *Matrimonium* used, as Mr. Sympson observes, for *Uxor*, more than once, by Justin.

See also Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, A. 2. S. 2. I. R.

*The quarto reads *slanders* and so it has hitherto been reprinted; but both the sense and the metre require us to read *slanderers*. C.

cherous visage? Here's blood would have serv'd me this seven years in broken heads and cut fingers; and it now runs all out together. Pox o'the three pigeons! I would the coach were here now to carry me to the Chirurgion's. [*Exit Laxton.*

Moll. If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with them in time;
And make them know, she that has wit, and spirit,
May scorn to live beholding to her body for meat;
Or for apparel like your common dame,
That makes shame get her cloaths to cover shame.
Base is that mind, that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife:
My spirit shall be mistress of this house
As long as I have time in't.—Oh,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
'Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable [28] to his umbles: he walks stiff,
But whether he will stand to't stifly, there's the point:
Has a good call for't; and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him she means to make her head by his calf.
I do not know their tricks in't; 'faith, he seems
A man without; I'll try what he is within.

Trapdoor. She told me Gray's-inn-fields twixt three and four;
I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
I'm hir'd to rid the town of one mad girl.
[*She justles him.*
What a pox ails you, sir?

Moll. He begins like a gentleman.

Trapdoor. 'Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eyesight?
Life, he comes back again. [*She comes towards him.*

Moll. Was this spoke to me, sir?

Trapdoor. I cannot tell, sir.

[28] *to his umbles*] i. e. his inside. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer. So, in Hollingshed's *Chronicle*, vol. I. p. 204. "—the keeper hath "the skin, head, *umbles*, chine, and shoulders." S.

Moll. Go, y'are a coxcomb.

Trapdoor. Coxcomb!

Moll. Y'are a slave.

Trapdoor. I hope there's law for you, sir.

Moll. Yes, do you see, sir. [*Turns his hat.*

Trapdoor. Heart, this is no good dealing: pray let me know what house you are of.

Moll. One of the temple, sir. [*Philips him.*

Trapdoor. Mass, so me thinks.

Moll. And yet sometime I lie about Chick-lane.

Trapdoor. I like you the worse, because you shift your lodging so often: I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

Moll. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

Trapdoor. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

Moll. Your business! I'll make you wait on me before I have done, and glad to serve me too.

Trapdoor. How, sir? serve you? not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there were no more women in England,

I hope you'd wait upon your mistress, then?

Trapdoor. Mistress!

Moll. Oh, you are a try'd spirit at a push, sir.

Trapdoor. What would your worship have me do?

Moll. You a fighter!

Trapdoor. No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.

Moll. As how, I pray, sir.

Trapdoor. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world would have cry'd shame of me for that.

Moll. Why, but you knew me not.

Trapdoor. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

Moll. Well, we shall try you further; i'th' mean time we give ye entertainment.

Trapdoor. Thank you good mistress-ship.

Moll. How many suits have you?

Trapdoor. No more suits than backs, mistress.

Moll. Well, if you deserve, I cast off this next week,

And you may creep into't.

Trapdoor. Thank your good worship.

Moll. Come follow me to S. Thomas Apostles; I'll put a livery cloak upon your back, the first thing I do.

Trapdoor. I follow, my dear mistress.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistress GALLIPOT, *as from supper, her husband after her.*

Master Gallipot. What Pru; nay, sweet Prudence.

Mistress Gallipot. What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat, [29] it kyes so. Pray be not so fond of me, leave your city humours; I'm vext at you, to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.

Master Gallipot. Nay, honey Pru! how does your rising up before all the table show, and flinging from my friends so uncivilly? fie, Pru, fie, come.

Mistress Gallipot. Then up and ride i'faith.

Master Gallipot. Up and ride! nay, my pretty Pru; that's far from my thought, duck: why, [30] mouse; thy mind is nibbling at something: what is't? what lies upon thy stomach?

Mistress Gallipot. Such an ass as you: hoyda, y'are best turn midwife, or physician: y'are an apothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

Master Gallipot. Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

Mistress Gallipot. Must you be prying into a woman's secrets; say ye.

Master Gallipot. Woman's secrets.

Mistress Gallipot. What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me, but your teeth water till your nose hang over it.

[29] *it kyes so;*] i. e. cries. She imitates the jargon talked by nurses to infants. S.

[30] *mouse.*] See Note 16 to this play.

Master Gallipot. It is my love, dear wife.

Mistress Gallipot. Your love! your love is all words: give me deeds: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me, so cookish. Thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Master Gallipot. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled——

Mistress Gallipot. Handle a fool's head of your own —fih—fih.

Master Gallipot. Ha, ha, * 'tis such a wasp: it does me good now to have her sting me, little rogue!

Mistress Gallipot. Now fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide these [31] apron husbands; such cotqueans: you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

Master Gallipot. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I have strain'd myself to please her night and day. I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine. Shall I leave thee, my Pru?

Mistress Gallipot. Fie, fie, fie.

Master Gallipot. Thou shalt not be vext no more: pretty kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Pru.

[*Exit Master Gallipot.*

Mistress Gallipot. As your wit has done. Now, master Laxton, show your head; what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, *Buy any scurvy-grass*, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all; Laxton with bays
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise.
This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise.
Lack, what poor shift is love forc'd to devise?
To the point. [*She reads the letter.*
O sweet creature—(a sweet beginning) *pardon my long*

* The old copy has it, " 'tis such a wasp: it does me good now " to have her *sing* me." C.

[31] *apron husbands;*] i. e. husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their *apron* strings. S.

absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though Demophoon was false to Phillis, I will not be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida: though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee, ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee; protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live so as hitherto I have and will.

Thy true Laxton ever.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pounds!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0,
I know his threes two well: my childbed-linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout. Which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears, and thy wants,
I'm like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Master GALLIPOT *hastily.*

Master Gallipot. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up: ha!, how? reading a letter? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her mother out of the country. I hold my life—steal—

Mistress Gallipot. O, beshrew your heart!

Master Gallipot. What letter's that? I'll see it.

[*She tears the letter.*

Mistress Gallipot. Oh, would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfal of me and thyself! I'm for ever, for ever undone.

Master Gallipot. What ails my Pru? what paper's that thou tear'st?

Mistress Gallipot. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

Master Gallipot. What means this?

Mistress Gallipot. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys?
Master Gallipot. Dear woman!
Mistress Gallipot. When the full sea of pleasure and content
Seem'd to flow over me?
Master Gallipot. As thou desirest
To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?
Mistress Gallipot. Oh, no.
Master Gallipot. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley-hole consum'd with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.
Mistress Gallipot. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse.
Master Gallipot. My factor broke, or is the Jonas sunk?
Mistress Gallipot. Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,
Rather then both should be the scorn of slaves.
Master Gallipot. I'm at my wit's end.
Mistress Gallipot. Oh, my dear husband,
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer;
Oh, Laxton, Laxton, is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown!
Master Gallipot. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! on my knees,
Sweet Pru, speak, what's that Laxton who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
Mistress Gallipot. I shall sure run mad.
Master Gallipot. I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me,
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru!
Art sick in conscience for some villainous deed
Thou wert about to act? didst mean to rob me
Tush, I forgive thee: hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults, Pru: 'las that's no more

Then what some neighbours near thee have done before,
Sweet honey Pru! what's that Laxton?
Mistress Gallipot. Oh.
Master Gallipot. Out with him.
Mistress Gallipot. Oh he's born to be my undoer,
This hand which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure i'th' sight of heaven.
Master Gallipot. I never heard this thunder.
Mistress Gallipot. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore:
Since last I saw him twelve months three times told
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow,
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
(But rumour lies) that he in France was dead.
But he's alive; oh, he's alive! he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: oh heavens, save me!
Master Gallipot. My heart will break—sham'd and undone for ever!
Mistress Gallipot. So black a day (poor wretch!) went o'er thee never.
Master Gallipot. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Th'art sure to fall: no odd slight? no prevention?
I'll tell him th'art with child.
Mistress Gallipot. Umh.
Master Gallipot. Or give out one of my men was ta'en a-bed with thee.
Mistress Gallipot. Umh, umh.
Master Gallipot. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.
Mistress Gallipot. Worse, and worse still,
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.
Master Gallipot. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
Think'st thou 'twill do.
Mistress Gallipot. Oh me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,

That he in riding up and down had spent,
(Ere he could find me) thirty pounds: send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Master Gallipot. Forty, Pru;
Say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives
For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives:
Thirty or forty, Pru?

Mistress Gallipot, Thirty, good sweet.
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can,
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dry'd up I hope.

Master Gallipot. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best, when we have drunk down gall.

Enter Master TILTYARD, *and his* WIFE, *Master* GOSHAWK, *and Mistress* OPENWORK.

God's-so! our friends; come, come, smooth your cheek:
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

Master Tiltyard. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

Mistress Tiltyard. How dost thou, sirrah? why, sister Gallipot?

Mistress Openwork. Lord, how she's chang'd!

Master Goshawk. Is your wife ill, sir?

Master Gallipot. Yes indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill; never worse.

Mistress Tiltyard. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work.

Mistress Openwork. Sister; lie down a little; that always does me good.

Mistress Tiltyard. In good sadness I find best ease in that too.
Has she laid some hot thing to her stomach?

Mistress Gallipot. No, but I will lay something anon.

Master Tiltyard. Come, come, fools, you trouble her. Shall's go, Master Goshawk?

Master Goshawk. Yes, sweet Maister Tiltyard: sirrah, Rosamond, I hold my life Gallipot hath vext his wife.

Mistress Openwork. She has a horrible high colour indeed.

Master Goshawk. We shall have your face painted with the same red soon at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley: thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with a wrong bias.

Mistress Openwork. It cannot sink into me that he feeds upon stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at home.

Master Goshawk. What if I bring thee where thou shalt see him stand at rack and manger?

Mistress Openwork. I'll saddle him in's kind, and spur him till he kick again.

Master Goshawk. Shall thou and I ride our journey then?

Mistress Openwork. Here's my hand.

Master Goshawk. No more. Come, Master Tiltyard, shall we leap into the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

Master Tiltyard. Yes, yes; come, wife.

Mistress Tiltyard. In troth, sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mistress Gallipot. I hope I shall: farewel, good sister: sweet Master Goshawk.

Master Gallipot. Welcome, brother, most kindly welcome, sir.

Omnes. Thanks, sir, for our good cheer.

[*Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.*

Master Gallipot. It shall be so; because a crafty knave
Shall not out-reach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

Mistress Gallipot. Thou art worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Laxton. Uds light! the tide's against me, a pox of your 'Poticariship! oh for some glister to set him go-

ing. 'Tis one of Hercules' labours, to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them: there's no turning tail here, I must on.

Mistress Gallipot. Oh, husband! see he comes!

Master Gallipot. Let me deal with him.

Laxton. Bless you, sir.

Master Gallipot. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

Laxton. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

Mistress Gallipot. Oh, pick no quarrels, gentle sir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

Laxton. Zounds! has she shown my letters?

Mistress Gallipot. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

Laxton. If I know hang me.

Mistress Gallipot. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Laxton. What a pox means this riddling?

Master Gallipot. Be wise, sir, let not you and I be tost
On lawyer's pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'has confest it?

Laxton. Umh, sir,—has she confest it?

Master Gallipot. Sh'has 'faith to me, sir, upon your letter sending.

Mistress Gallipot. I have, I have.

Laxton. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman
I'll take these blows and wink?

Mistress Gallipot. Upon my knees.
Laxton. Out, impudence!
Master Gallipot. Good sir.
Laxton. You goatish slaves!
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?
Master Gallipot. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not,
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
Laxton. I'll have thee, wert thou more common
Than an hospital, and more diseased.
Master Gallipot. But one word, good sir.
Laxton. So, sir.
Master Gallipot. I married her, have lain with her, and got
Two children on her body; think but on that:
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?
Laxton. By lady you touch me.
Master Gallipot. Would not you scorn to wear my cloaths, sir?
Laxton. Right, sir.
Master Gallipot. Then pray, sir, wear not her; for she's a garment
So fitting for my body, I am loth
Another should put it on: you will undo both.
Your letter (as she said) complained you had spent,
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'll pay it.
Shall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?
Laxton. Well, if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid, sir, I am gone.
Farewel: oh women! happy's he trusts none.
Mistress Gallipot. Dispatch him hence, sweet husband.
Master Gallipot. Yes, dear wife:
Pray, sir, come in; ere master Laxton part,
Thou shalt in wine drink to him. [*Exit.*
Mistress Gallipot. With all my heart—
How dost thou like my wit?

Laxton. Rarely: that wile,
By which the serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since all women's bosoms fill;
Y'are apple-eaters all, deceivers still. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE: *Sir* DAVY DAPPER, *Sir* ADAM APPLETON *at one door, and* TRAPDOOR *at another door.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam.
A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

Sir Davy Dapper. Nay; if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

Trapdoor. A duck's egg, sir a duck that has eaten a frog; I have crackt the shell, and some villainy or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the [32]bouncing Ramp (that Roaring Girl my mistress); the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Be quick.

Trapdoor. As the tongue of an oyster-wench.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. And see thy news be true.

Trapdoor. As a barber's every Saturday-night—mad Moll—

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ah.

Trapdoor. Must be let in without knocking at your back gate.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So.

Trapdoor. Your chamber will be made bawdy.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Good.

Trapdoor. She comes in a shirt of mail.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. How shirt of mail?

Trapdoor. Yes, sir, or a male shirt; that's to say in man's apparel.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. To my son?

Trapdoor. Close to your son: your son and her moon will be in conjunction, if all Almanacks lie not; her black saveguard is turned into a deep slop, the

[32] *bouncing Ramp*] See Note 60 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

holes of her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket to the ancient seat of a cod-piece, and you shall take them both with standing collars.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Art sure of this?

Trapdoor. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket; as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas Term, and of the pox after the Term.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. The time of their tilting?

Trapdoor. Three.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. The day?

Trapdoor. This.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Away; ply it, watch her.

Trapdoor. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. She's fast: here weave thou the nets; hark!

Trapdoor. They are made.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I told them thou didst owe me money; hold it up: maintain't.

Trapdoor. Stifly; as a puritan does contention—
For I owe thee not the value of a half-penny halter.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet, I'll make thee look through a grate.

Trapdoor. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate: drawer! pish. [*Exit Trapdoor.*

Sir Adam Appleton. Has the knave vext you, sir?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Askt him my money,
He swears my son receiv'd it. Oh, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Sir Adam Appleton. Is he still wild?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. As is a Russian bear.

Sir Adam Appleton. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Worse still, and worse:
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

Sir Davy Dapper. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him,

All in one pasture.

Sir Adam Appleton. Proves your son bad too, sir?

Sir Davy Dapper. As villainy can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand,
[33] A noise of fidlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck: oh,
Bring him a bed with these: when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys follow at's tail, fencers and [34] ningles,
(Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to) these horse-leeches suck
My son; he being drawn dry, they all live on smoak.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Tobacco?

Sir Davy Dapper. Right, but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise,
Or a stark fool. Pray lend me your advice.

Both. That shall you, good sir Davy.

Sir Davy Dapper. Here's the springe
I have set to catch this woodcock in: an action
In a false name (unknown to him) is entered
I'th' Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

Sir Davy Dapper. Think you the Counter cannot break him?

Sir Adam Appleton. Break him?
Yes, and break's heart too, if he lie there long.

Sir Davy Dapper. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor sure.

Sir Adam Appleton. No way to tame him like it; there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.

Sir Davy Dapper. He's bridled there.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I, yet knows not how to mend it.

[33] *A noise of fidlers.*] See Note 76 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

[34] *ningles*] This word is to be found as often in our ancient Plays as *ingle*, to which it seems to be synonymous. An explanation of it is in Blount's *Glossographia*.

Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year,
Than one of the Counters does; men pay more dear
There for their wit than any where: a Counter!
Why, 'tis an university, who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies (all alike).
Scholars learn first Logick and Rhetorick;
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy;
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic, and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

Sir Adam Appleton. Say they do.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Then he's a graduate.

Sir Davy Dapper. Say they trust him not.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. [35] Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence; but being still barr'd,
Be expulst from the master's side, to th' two-penny ward,
[36] Or else i'th' hole, beg place.

Sir Adam Appleton. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. When money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts:
Sir Davy send your son to Woodstreet college,
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

Sir Davy Dapper. There gallants study hard.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. True: to get money.

[35] *Then is he held a freshman and a sot,*
And never shall commence;] The speaker is here employing terms in use only at the University. Every one is acquainted with the Cambridge *commencement*. See, however, Mr. Tyrwhitt's Note on the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. vol. V. p. 561. edit. 1778. S.

[36] *Or else i'th' hole, beg place*] The quarto reads *beg plac't*. S.
For an account of that part of the Counter called *The Hole*, see Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 4to. 1617. p. 79.

Sir Davy Dapper. 'Lies by th' heels i'faith: thanks, thanks; I have sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.

Enter Serjeant CURTILAX, *and Yeoman* HANGER.

Sir Adam Appleton. Who comes yonder?

Sir Davy Dapper. They look like [37] puttocks; these should be they.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I know 'em, they are officers; sir, we'll leave you.

Sir Davy Dapper. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exeunt Sir Alexander and Sir Adam.*

Serjeant Curtilax. This old muzzle chops should be he
By the fellow's description: Save you, sir.

Sir Davy Dapper. Come hither you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watch'd here for you?

Serjeant Curtilax. One in a blue coat, sir, told us, that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.

Sir Davy Dapper. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?

Serjeant Curtilax. Serjeant Curtilax I, sir.

Sir Davy Dapper. An excellent name for a serjeant, Curtilax.
Serjeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtilax?

Serjeant Curtilax. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.

Sir Davy Dapper. And what young toward whelp is this?

Yeoman Hanger. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir: my name's Hanger.

[37] *puttocks*] i. e. buzzards. So Shakspeare,
"Who finds the partridge in the *puttock's* nest,
"But, &c. S.

Sir Davy Dapper. Yeoman Hanger:
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats,
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats:
You two are villainous loads on gentlemen's backs,
Dear ware, this Hanger and this Curtilax.

Serjeant Curtilax. We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but he who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood; all that live in the world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another: some eat up whole men, a serjeant cares but for the shoulder of a man. They call us knaves and curs; but many times he that sets us on worries more lambs one year than we do in seven.

Sir Davy Dapper. Spoke like a noble Cerberus! is the action entered?

Yeoman Hanger. His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

Sir Davy Dapper. What book's that?

Serjeant Curtilax. The book where all prisoners' names stand; and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, believes to come out in haste.

Sir Davy Dapper. Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

Both. O, sir!

Sir Davy Dapper. You know the unthrift Jack Dapper.

Serjeant Curtilax. I, I, sir, that Gull? as well as I know my yeoman.

Sir Davy Dapper. And you know his father too, Sir Davy Dapper?

Serjeant Curtilax. As damn'd a usurer as ever was among Jews: if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would when he dies flea it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

Sir Davy Dapper. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face! do you see (my honest rascals) yonder grey-hound is the dog he hunts with;

out of that Tavern, Jack Dapper will sally, sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him.

Both. We'll charge him upon the back, sir.

Sir Davy Dapper. Take no bail; put mace enough into his caudle: double your files, traverse your ground.

Both. Brave, sir.

Sir Davy Dapper. Cry arm, arm, arm.

Both. Thus, sir.

Sir Davy Dapper. There, boy; there, boy; away: look to your prey, my true English wolves, and so I vanish. [*Exit Sir Davy Dapper.*

Serjeant Curtilax. Some warden of the serjeants begat this old fellow upon my life: stand close.

Yeoman Hanger. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Serjeant Curtilax. No; nook thou yonder.

Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

Moll. Ralph.

Trapdoor. What says my brave Captain male and female.

Moll. This Holborn is such a wrangling street.

Trapdoor. That's because Lawyers walk to and fro in't.

Moll. Here's such justling, as if every one we met were drunk and reel'd.

Trapdoor. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

Moll. Carrion! no, yet I spy ravens.

Trapdoor. Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives must bring him to bed i'th' counter: there all those that are great with child with debts lie in.

Moll. Stand up.

Trapdoor. Like your new May-pole.

Yeoman Hanger. Whist, whew.

Serjeant Curtilax. Hump, no.

Moll. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game. They look for all the world like two infected malt-men coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

Trapdoor. A course, Captain; a bear comes to the stake.

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Moll. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.

Yeoman Hanger. Whew.

Serjeant Curtilax. Hemp.

Moll. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

Jack Dapper. Gull.

Gull. Master.

Jack Dapper. Did'st ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

Gull. No, by my troth, sir; to lose all your money, yet have false dice of your own: why 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel.

Both. Honest serjeant, fly; fly, master Dapper, you'll be arrested else.

Jack Dapper. Run, Gull, and draw.

Gull. Run, master, Gull follows you.

[*Exit Dapper and Gull.*

Serjeant Curtilax. I know you well enough: you're but a whore to hang upon any man.

Moll. Whores then are like serjeants; so now hang you; draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds, and recover twenty marks damages.

Serjeant Curtilax. You shall pay for this rescue; run down Shoe-lane and meet him.

Trapdoor. Shu, is this a rescue, gentlemen, or no?

Moll. Rescue! a pox on 'em: Trapdoor, let's away; I'm glad I have done perfect one good work to-day,
If any gentleman be in scriviner's bands,
Send but for *Moll*, she'll bail him by these hands.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, *solus.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgment, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Oh wretched father! Now Trapdoor, will she come?

Trapdoor. In man's apparel, sir; I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Peace, peace, peace!
Here take [38]my German watch, hang't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trapdoor. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her, sir. This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Good Trapdoor, say'st thou so? thou cheer'st my heart
After a storm of sorrow—my gold chain too,
Here, take a hundred marks in yellow links.

Trapdoor. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir; and worth a thousand of your Headborough's lanthorns.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Place that a'the [39]Court-cup-board, let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.

Trapdoor. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain, that I could steal't myself.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty: what she leaves,
Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.

Trapdoor. You cannot assure that, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. No; what [40]lets it?

Trapdoor. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Belly or back I care not, so I've one.

[38] *my German watch.*] Clock and watch-making had their origin in *Germany*. See Note to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1. S. See also Note 38, to *A Mad World my Masters*, Vol. V.

[39] *Court cup-board.*] See Note 25 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[40] *lets it;*] i. e. hinders it.

Trapdoor. You're of my mind for that, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;

It may be she'll like that best.

Trapdoor. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her: if you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself. 'Twould do a man good to be hang'd when he is so well provided for.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So, well said; all hangs well; would she hung so too!

The sight would please me more than all their glisterings:

Oh that my mysteries to such streights should run,

That I must rob myself to bless my son! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, *with* MARY FITZ-ALLARD; *like a Page, and* MOLL.

Sebastian Wengrave. Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch

Either of sin or shame; our loves are honest.

Moll. I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.

Sebastian Wengrave. Now have I time and opportunity

Without all fear to bid thee welcome love. [*Kiss.*

Mary Fitz-allard. Never with more desire and harder venture.

Moll. How strange this shews, one man to kiss another!

Sebastian Wengrave. I'd kiss such men to chuse, Moll;

Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.

Moll. Many an old madam has the better fortune then

Whose breath's grew stale before the fashion came;

If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,

They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.

Sebastian Wengrave. The older they wax, Moll, troth I speak seriously,

As some have a conceit their drink tastes better

In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two.
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber;
Upon which floor he never steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming,
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me.
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still check'd and curb'd; here he shall miss his purpose.

Moll. And what's your business now, you have your mind, sir?

At your great suit I promis'd you to come.
I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many,
That owes nine lays apiece, and not so little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his work?

Sebastian Wengrave. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose!

But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.

Moll. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ring-doves.

Sebastian Wengrave. I'll offer no worse play.

Moll. Nay, and you should, sir,
I should draw first and prove the quicker man.

Sebastian Wengrave. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;

But cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Here take this viol, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.

Moll. Like a swan above bridge;
For look you here's the bridge, and here am I.

Sebastian Wengrave. Hold on, sweet Moll.

Mary Fitz-allard. I've heard her much commended, sir, for one that was ne'er taught.

Moll. I'm much beholding to 'em. Well, since you'll needs put us together, sir, I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er be said I came into a gentleman's chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

Sebastian Wengrave. Why, well said, Moll, i'faith; it had been a shame for that gentleman then that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it.

Moll. There it should have been still then for Moll; for though the world judge impudently of me, I ne'er came into that chamber yet where I took down the instrument myself.

Sebastian Wengrave. Pish, let 'em prate abroad; th'art here where thou art known and lov'd; there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

Moll. Pish, I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir; And thus I dream.

Sebastian Wengrave. Pr'ythee, let's hear thy dream, Moll.

THE SONG.

Moll. *I dream there is a mistress,*
And she lays out the money,
She goes unto her sisters,
She never comes at any.

Enter Sir ALEXANDER *behind them.*

She says she went[41] *to th' Bursse for patterns,*
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's,
And comes home with never a penny.

Sebastian Wengrave. That's a free mistress, i'faith.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing. [*Aside.*

Moll. But shall I dream again?

Here comes a wench will brave ye,
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one o' the navy,
Her husband lying i'the fleet.
Yet oft with him she cavel'd,
I wonder what she ails:
Her husband's ship lay gravel'd,

[41] *to th' bursse for* patterns,] *The bursse* is the Exchange. *Bourse* F. Over this building, in the time of Middleton, were many shops where women's finery was sold. S.

When her's could hoist up sails;
Yet she began like all my foes,
To call whore first: for so do those,
A pox of all false tails!

Sebastian Wengrave. Marry, amen say I.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. So say I too. [*Aside.*

Moll. Hang up the viol now, sir; all this while I was in a dream, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keep my legs together. A watch! what's a clock here?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Now, now, she's trapt. [*Aside.*

Moll. Between one and two; nay, then I care not: a watch and a musician are cousen-germans in one thing, they must both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em; the one else deserves to be dash'd against a wall, and t'other to have his brains knock'd out with a fiddle case. What! a loose chain and a dangling diamond? Here were a brave booty for an evening-thief now: there's many a younger brother would be glad to look twice in at a window for't, and wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag. Oh, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em, 'twould be the general'st execution, that e'er was seen in England! there would be but few left to sing the ballads, there would be so much work: most of our brokers would be chosen for hangmen; a good day for them: they might renew their wardrobe of free cost then.

Sebastian Wengrave. This is the roaring wench must do us good.

Mary Fitz-allard. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use,
Which is confirm'd in her.

Sebastian Wengrave. Peace, peace; 'foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.

Moll. Who did you hear?

Sebastian Wengrave. My father; 'twas like a sight of his: I must be wary.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. No! wilt not be? am I alone so wretched

That's nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.
[*Aside.*

Sebastian Wengrave. Life! here he comes. Sir, I beseech you take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir.
I think I name it right. Help me, good Moll;—
Forty in hand.

Moll. Sir, you shall pardon me:
I have more of the meanest scholar I can teach:
This pays me more than you have offered yet.

Sebastian Wengrave. At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose sorrows had blind eyes;
But mine behold his follies and untruths,
With two clear glasses—how now?

Sebastian Wengrave. Sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. What's he there?

Sebastian Wengrave. You're come in good time, sir, I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. What, is he there?

Sebastian Wengrave. A gentleman, a musician, sir; one of excellent fingering.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ay, I think so, I wonder how they 'scapt her.

Sebastian Wengrave. Has the most delicate stroke, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. A stroke indeed; I feel it at my heart.

Sebastian Wengrave. Puts down all your famous musicians.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of 'em.

Sebastian Wengrave. Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between us:
Now, sir, my present means mounts but to half on't.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. And he stands upon the whole?

Sebastian Wengrave. I, indeed does he, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. And will do still; he'll ne'er be in other tale.

Sebastian Wengrave. Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, and I could.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hum, true; there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.—
Now, sir, I understand you profess music.

Moll. I am a poor servant to that liberal science, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Where is it you teach?

Moll. Right against Clifford's-Inn.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hum, that's a fit place for it: you have many scholars?

Moll. And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ay, true, a company of whoremasters: you teach to sing too?

Moll. Marry, do I, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son, especially for prick-song.

Moll. I have much hope of him,

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I am sorry for't, I have the less for that: you can play any lesson?

Moll. At first sight, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. There's a thing called the Witch: can you play that?

Moll. I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Ay, I believe thee, thou hast so bewitcht my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
Here are four angels markt with holes in them
Fit for his crackt companions: gold he will give her;
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
Here, son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you; pay the gentleman
His latter half in gold.

Sebastian Wengrave. I thank you, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, may the operation on't, end three!
In her, life; shame, in him; and grief, in me.
[*Exit Sir Alexander.*

Sebastian Wengrave. Faith thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift:
Never was man beguil'd with better shift.

Moll. He that can take me for a male musician,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistress GALLIPOT, *and Mistress* OPENWORK.

Mistress Gallipot. Is then that bird of yours (master Goshawk) so wild?

Mistress Openwork. A Goshawk? a [42]Puttock; all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

Mistress Gallipot. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

Mistress Openwork. Possible! why have not many handsome legs [43] in silk stockings villainous splay-feet, for all their [44] great roses?

[42] *Puttock;*] See Note 37 to this Play.

[43] *silk stockings*] Among the other extravagances of the times, that of silk stockings seems to have been one which gave great offence to the rigid and precise. Stubbes, in *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to. 1596, p. 31. says, "Then have they *Neyther stockes*, [i. e. "stockings] to these gay hosen, not of cloth (though never so fine) "for that is thought too base, but of Jarnsey, Worsted, Crewell, "Silke, Thred, and such like, or els at the least of the finest yarne "that can be got, and so curiously knit with open seame downe the "legge, with quirkes and clockes about the anckles, and sometime "(haplie) interlaced with gold or silver threds, as is woonderfull "to beholde. And to such impudent insolency and shamefull out-"rage it is now growne, that every one almost, though otherwise "verie poore, having scarce fourtie shillings of wages by the yeare, "will not sticke to have two or three paire of these silke nether "stockes, or els of the finest yarne that may be got, though the "price of them be a royal or twenty shillings or more, as commonly "it is, for how can they be lesse, when as the very knitting of "them is worth a noble or a royall, and some much more. The "time hath bene, when one might have clothed all his body wel, "fro'n top to toe, for lesse than a paire of these nether stocks will "cost."

[44] *great roses*] i. e. roses anciently worn in shoes. See Note on *Hamlet*, vol. X. p. 303. edit. 1778. S.

Mistress Gallipot. Troth, sirrah, thou sayst true.

Mistress Openwork. Didst never see an archer (as thou hast walk'd by Bunhill) look a-squint when he drew his bow?

Mistress Gallipot. Yes, when his arrows have flone toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.

Mistress Openwork. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.

Mistress Gallipot. Oh fie upon him! if he double once he's not for me.

Mistress Openwork. Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in't, which shows like an agate set in [45]a cramp ring, he thinks I'm in love with him.

Mistress Gallipot. 'Las! I think he takes his mark amiss in thee.

Mistress Openwork. He has by often beating into me made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

Mistress Gallipot. Very good.

Mistress Openwork. Swore to me, that my husband this very morning went in a boat with a tilt over it, to the Three Pigeons at Brentford, and his punk with him under his tilt.

Mistress Gallipot. That were wholesome.

Mistress Openwork. I believ'd it; fell a swearing at him, cursing of harlots; made me ready to hoist up sail, and be there as soon as he.

Mistress Gallipot. So, so.

Mistress Openwork. And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently: but, sirrah, this water spaniel dives after no duck but me; his hope is having me at Brentford, to make me cry quack.

Mistress Gallipot. Art sure of it?

Mistress Openwork. Sure of it! my poor innocent Openwork came in [46] as I was poking my ruff: presently hit I him i'th' teeth with the Three Pigeons; he

[45] *a cramp ring*] See Note 62 to *The Ordinary*, vol. V.

[46] *as I was poking my ruff*] See Note 24 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

forswore all, I up and opened all; and now stands he (in shop hard by) like [47] a musket on a rest, to hit Goshawk i'th' eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mistress Gallipot. Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin (Laxton, sirrah), but I am rid of him now.

Mistress Openwork. Happy is the woman can be rid of them all: 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh them rightly, man for man?

Mistress Gallipot. Troth, mere shallow things.

Mistress Openwork. Idle simple things, running heads; and yet let them run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers (when all's done) are sure to have them in our

[47] *a musket on a rest,*] The following extract from an ingenious, and, I believe, noble author, as quoted in the Life of Roger Ascham, will explain the above allusion: "The first *muskets* were very "heavy, and could not be fired *without a rest;* they had match-locks, "and barrels of a wide bore, that carried a large ball and charge "of powder, and did execution at a greater distance.

"The musketeers on a march carried only their rests and am-"munition, and had boys to bear their muskets after them, for "which they were allowed great additional pay.

"They were very slow in loading, not only by reason of the "unwieldiness of the pieces, and because they carried the powder "and balls separate, but from the time it took to prepare and ad-"just the match; so that their fire was not near so brisk as ours is "now. Afterwards a lighter kind of match-lock musket came into "use, and they carried their ammunition in bandeliers, which were "broad belts that came over the shoulder, each containing a charge "of powder; the balls they carried loose in a pouch; and they "had also a priming horn by their side.

"The old English writers called those large muskets calivers: "the harquebuze was a lighter piece, that could be fired without a "rest. The match-lock was fired by a match fixed by a kind of "tongs in the serpentine or cock, which, by pulling the trigger, "was brought down with great quickness upon the priming in the "pan; over which there was a sliding cover, which was drawn "back by the hand just at the time of firing. There was a great "deal of nicety and care required to fit the match properly to the "cock, so as to come down exactly true on the priming, to blow "the ashes from the coal, and to guard the pan from the sparks "that fell from it. A great deal of time was also lost in taking it "out of the cock, and returning it between the fingers of the left "hand every time that the piece was fired; and wet weather often "rendered the matches useless."

pursnets at length; and when they are in, Lord what simple animals they are! Then they hang the head.*

Mistress Gallipot. Then they droop.

Mistress Openwork. Then they write letters.

Mistress Gallipot. Then they cog.

Mistress Openwork. Then deal they under-hand with us, and we must ingle with our husbands a-bed; and we must swear they are our cozens, and able to do us a pleasure at Court.

Mistress Gallipot. And yet when we have done our best, all's but put into [48] a riven dish; we are but frump'd at and libel'd upon.

Mistress Openwork. Oh, if it were the good Lord's will, there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of them all!

Enter GOSHAWK.

Mistress Gallipot. Hush, sirrah, Goshawk.

Goshawk. How now, are you ready?

Mistress Openwork. Nay, are you ready? a little thing you see makes us ready.

Goshawk. Us? why, must she make one i'th' voyage?

Mistress Openwork. Oh by any means! do I know how my husband will handle me?

Goshawk. 'Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? Well, since you'll needs be clapt under hatches, if I sail not with you both [49] till all split, hang me up at the main yard and duck me. It's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork-heels fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water, diving to catch gudgeons. Come, come, oars stand ready; the tide's with us; on with those false faces; blow winds, and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brentford.

* "Then they hang the head," is printed in the old quarto as a separate speech by Mrs. Openwork, but it is obviously a continuation of what she has been before saying. C.

[48] *a riven dish*] i. e. a broken dish.

[49] *till all split*] This expression occurs in many old Plays: See the Notes of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 1. S. 2.

Mistress Gallipot. I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing, before you reach half way thither.

Goshawk. So, so, follow close; pin as you go.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Laxton. Do you hear?

Mistress Gallipot. Yes, I thank my ears.

Laxton. I must have a bout with your 'Potticariship.

Mistress Gallipot. At what weapon?

Laxton. I must speak with you.

Mistress Gallipot. No.

Laxton. No? you shall.

Mistress Gallipot. Shall? away, souc'd sturgeon! half fish, half flesh.

Laxton. 'Faith gib, are you spitting? I'll cut your tail pus-cat for this.

Mistress Gallipot. 'Las, poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already: your worst.

Laxton. If I do not—— [*Exit Laxton.*

Goshawk. Come, have you done?

Enter Master OPENWORK.

'Sfoot, Rosamond, your husband.

Master Openwork. How now? sweet master Goshawk, none more welcome,
I have wanted your embracements: when friends meet,
The musick of the spheres sounds not more sweet,
Than does their conference: who is this? Rosamond;
Wife! how now, sister?

Goshawk. Silence, if you love me!

Master Openwork. Why mask'd?

Mistress Openwork. Does a mask grieve you, sir?

Master Openwork. It does.

Mistress Openwork. Then y'are best get you a mumming.

Goshawk. 'Sfoot, you'll spoil all.

Mistress Gallipot. May not we cover our bare faces with masks,
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?

Master Openwork. No masks; why, th'are thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.

Why are masks worn? why good? or, why desired?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fired
To read the vilest* looks; many bad faces,
(Because rich gems are treasured up in cases)
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn miser's gold, so masks are beauties graves.
Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldam. Come, off with't.

Mistress Openwork. I will not.

Master Openwork. Good faces mask'd are jewels kept by spirits†;
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights;
Show then as shop-keepers do their broidered stuff,
(By owl-light) fine wares cannot be open enough.
Pr'ythee (sweet Rose) come strike this sail.

Mistress Openwork. Sail?

Master Openwork. Ha? yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes:

Mistress Openwork. Th'are here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.

Master Openwork. Ha, brows! (what says she, friend)? pray tell me why
[50] Your two flags were advanc'd; the Comedy,
Come, what's the Comedy?

Mistress Openwork. [51] Westward hoe.

Master Openwork. How?

Mistress Openwork. 'Tis Westward hoe, she says.

Goshawk. Are you both mad?

Mistress Openwork. Is't Market-day at *Brentford*, and your ware not sent up yet?

* Here is another instance of *vildest* being mistaken for *wildest*, when in fact it is only the old spelling of *vilest*. As Mr. Reid allowed it to stand, viz. *wildest*, the passage was almost nonsense. C.

† A thousand instances might be quoted, besides this, to shew that *spirits* was anciently pronounced *sprites*; and in most cases it is necessary so to read it for the sake of the measure. C.

[50] *Your two flags*] Alluding to the flags which were placed formerly on the tops of play-houses. See Note 5 to *A Mad World, my Masters*, vol. V.

[51] *Westward hoe*] This is the title of a Comedy written by Thomas Dekkar and John Webster, printed in 4to. 1607.

Master Openwork. What market-day? what ware?
Mistress Openwork. A pie with three pigeons in't: 'tis drawn, and stays your cutting up.
Goshawk. As you regard my credit.
Master Openwork. Art mad?
Mistress Openwork. Yes, letcherous goat; baboon.
Master Openwork. Baboon? then toss me in a blanket.
Mistress Openwork. Do I it well?
Mistress Gallipot. Rarely.
Goshawk. Belike, sir, she's not well; best leave her.
Master Openwork. No;
I'll stand the storm now, how fierce so e'er it blow.
Mistress Openwork. Did I for this lose all my friends? refuse
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
[52]A stale to a common whore?
Master Openwork. This does amaze me.
Mistress Openwork. Oh, God! oh, God! feed at reversion now?
A strumpet's leaving?
Master Openwork. Rosamond!
Goshawk. I sweat; would I lay in [53]Cold Harbour!
Mistress Openwork. Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through my heart.
Master Openwork. Not I, by heaven! sweet wife.
Mistress Openwork. Go, devil, go! that which thou swear'st by, damns thee!
Goshawk. S'heart will you undo me?
Mistress Openwork. Why stay you here? the star, by which you sail, shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore, if this moon light you, seek out your light whore.

[52] A stale *to a common whore*] See the Notes of Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Collins, to *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 2. S. 1.

[53] *Cold Harbour*] Cold Harbour is in the parish of Alhallows the Less. It was formerly a large house, which, in the year 1485, Richard the Third granted to the Heralds. It afterwards came into the possession of Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, from whom it was conveyed as is supposed to the Earl of Shrewsbury. After continuing some time in that family, it was pulled down, and a number of houses built on the spot.

Master Openwork. Ha?

Mistress Gallipot. Pish; your Western pug.

Goshawk. Zounds! now hell roars.

Mistress Openwork. With whom you tilted in a pair of oars this very morning.

Master Openwork. Oars?

Mistress Openwork. At Brentford, sir.

Master Openwork. Rack not my patience: Master Goshawk, some slave has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in Brentford with a woman? 'tis a lie! What old bawd tells thee this? S'death, 'tis a lie!.

Mistress Openwork. 'Tis one to thy face shall justify all that I speak.

Master Openwork. Ud'soul, do but name that rascal.

Mistress Openwork. No, sir, I will not.

Goshawk. Keep thee there, girl:—then!

Mistress Openwork. Sister, know you this varlet?

Mistress Gallipot. Yes.

Master Openwork. Swear true; is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second Judas? a common hangman, cutting a man's throat, does it to his face? bite me behind my back? a cur dog? swear if you know this hell-hound.

Mistress Gallipot. In truth I do.

Master Openwork. His name?

Mistress Gallipot. Not for the world;
To have you to stab him.

Goshawk. Oh, brave girls! worth gold!

Master Openwork. A word honest master Goshawk. [*Draws out his sword.*

Goshawk. What do you mean, sir?

Master Openwork. Keep off, and if the devil can give a name to this new fury, holla it through mine ear, or wrap it up in some hid character. [54] I'll ride

[54] *I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak:*] We have here an allusion to an idle story very current of a brazen head, which was said to have been made by the celebrated Friar Bacon, with the assistance of Friar Bungay. These two learned Friars are supposed to have been employed no less than

to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak: or else show me but one hair of his head or beard, that I may sample it. If the fiend I meet (in mine own house) I'll kill him:—the street,
Or at the church-door:—there—(cause he seeks to untie
The knot God fastens) he deserves most to die.
Mistress Openwork. My husband titles him.
Master Openwork. Master Goshawk, pray, sir,
Swear to me that you know him, or know him not.
Who makes me at Brentford to take up a petticoat besides my wife's.
Goshawk. By heaven, that man I know not.
Mistress Openwork. Come, come, you lie.
Goshawk. Will you not have all out?
By heaven I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong; but if I had his name,
I'd print it in text letters.
Mistress Openwork. Print thine own then;
Did'st thou not swear to me he kept his whore?
Mistress Gallipot. And that in sinful Brentford they would commit
That which our lips did water at, sir,—ha?
Mistress Openwork. Thou spider that hast woven thy cunning web
In mine own house t'insnare me! hast not thou
Suck'd nourishment even underneath this roof,
And turn'd it all to poison? spitting it
On thy friend's face (my husband's)? he as 'twere sleeping,
Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes,

seven years in framing it; and the information they were to receive from it was, Whether it might not be possible to build a wall of brass round this island? They were, however, disappointed in their expected intelligence; for neglecting the time at which the head was to speak, they lost the opportunity of hearing the answer distinctly; and thus their labour being vain, and the head in a manner useless, it was demolished. See also Robert Green's *Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay*, 1630.

The earliest edition of this play by Greene, was in 1594. C.

That they might glance on thee.
Mistress Gallipot. Speak! are these lies?
Goshawk. Mine own shame me confounds.
Mistress Openwork. No more, he's stung.
Who'd think that in one body there could dwell
Deformity and beauty (heaven and hell)?
Goodness I see is but outside; we all set,
In rings of gold, stones that be counterfeit:
I thought you none.
Goshawk. Pardon me.
Master Openwork. Truth I do.
This blemish grows in nature, not in you;
For man's creation sticks even moles in scorn
On fairest cheeks: wife, nothing is perfect born.
Mistress Openwork. I thought you had been born perfect.
Master Openwork. What's this whole world, but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old core still.
I'll tell you, master Goshawk; [55] I, in your eye
I have seen wanton fire; and then, to try,
The soundness of my judgment, I told you,
I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat; but find,
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiv'n;
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.
Mistress Openwork. You'll deal upon men's wives no more?
Goshawk. No; you teach me a trick for that.
Mistress Openwork. Troth do not, they'll o'er-reach thee.
Master Openwork. Make my house yours, sir, still.
Goshawk. No.
Master Openwork. I say you shall:
Seeing (thus beseig'd) it holds out, 'twill never fall.
Enter Master GALLIPOT, *and* GREENWIT, *like a Sumner,* LAXTON *muffled aloof off.*

[55] *aye;*] i. e. even.

Omnes. How now?

Master Gallipot. With me, sir?

Greenwit. You, sir. I have gone snaffling up and down by your door this hour, to watch for you.

Mistress Gallipot. What's the matter, husband?

Greenwit. ——I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting up late in the Rose tavern; but I hope you understand my speech.

Master Gallipot. So, sir.

Greenwit. I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon *Crastino*, do you see, *Crastino sancti Dunstani* (this Easter Term) in Bow Church.

Master Gallipot. Where, sir? what says he?

Greenwit. Bow: Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another: y'are best, sir, take a copy of the citation, 'tis but twelve-pence.

Omnes. A citation!

Master Gallipot. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to this?

Laxton. Slave! I have nothing to do with you; do you hear, sir?

Goshawk. Laxton, is't not?—what fagary is this?

Master Gallipot. Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago
Had been full laid, when (if you be remembered)
I paid you the last fifteen pounds, besides
The thirty you had first—for then you swore—

Laxton. Tush, tush, sir, oaths,—
Truth, yet I'm loth to vex you—tell you what;
Make up the money I had an hundred pounds,
And take your belly full of her.

Master Gallipot. An hundred pounds?

Mistress Gallipot. What! a hundred pounds? he gets none: what! a hundred pounds?

Master Gallipot. Sweet Pru, be calm; the gentleman offers thus:
If I will make the moneys that are past,
A hundred pounds, he will discharge all courts,

And give his bond never to vex us more.

Mistress Gallipot. A hundred pounds? 'Las! take, sir, but threescore:
Do you seek my undoing?

Laxton. I'll not 'bate one sixpence—I'll maul you, puss, for spitting.

Mistress Gallipot. Do thy worst.—
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Laxton. No.

Mistress Gallipot. Y'are a slave;
Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat:
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny-coat.*

Greenwit. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, [55] I must lose my hair in their company I see.

Mistress Openwork. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Goshawk. He has had the better Chirurgion. Master Greenwit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a Sumner's?

Master Gallipot. I pray, who plays a [56] knack to know an honest man in this company?

Mistress Gallipot. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pounds:
I had no shift but that.

Master Gallipot. A very clean shift; but able to make me lousy: on.

Mistress Gallipot. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted me to think well of him) [57] feathers from thy wings, to make him fly more lofty.

Master Gallipot. A'the top of you, wife? on.

* *Tawny* was the usual dress of a Summoner or Apparitor. See Henry VI. P. I. vol. vi. p. 192. edit. 1778.

[55] *I must lose my hair*, &c.] Alluding to the consequences of lewdness, one of which in the first appearance of the disease in Europe was the loss of hair.

[56] *a knack to know an honest man*] The name of an ancient anonymous Comedy. S.

It was printed for Cuthbert Burby in 1596. C.

[57] *Feathers*] The quarto reads "*get* feathers," &c. but *get* seems superfluous. S.

Mistress Gallipot. He having wasted them, comes now for more,
Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath. By heaven! I vow,
Thy bed he never wrong'd more than he does now.

Master Gallipot. My bed! ha, ha, like enough; a shop-board will serve to have a cuckold's coat cut out upon: of that we'll talk hereafter. Y'are a villain.

Laxton. Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.

Omnes. Pray, sir, be patient and hear him.

Master Gallipot. I am muzzled for biting sir; use me how you will.

Laxton. The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other gentlemen sitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoak, and speech being used,
That men who have fairest wives are most abused,
And hardly scap'd the horn; your wife maintain'd
That only such spots in city dames were stain'd,
Justly, but by men's slanders: for her own part,
She vow'd that you had so much of her heart,
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Never so fine spun, should yourself beguile
Of what in her was yours.

Master Gallipot. Yet, Pru, 'tis well: play out [58] your game at Irish, sir: who wins?

Mistress Openwork. The trial is when she comes to bearing:

Laxton. I scorn'd one woman thus should brave all men,
And (which more vex'd me) a she-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her; out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compell'd
With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust:
Then, seeing all base desires rak'd up in dust,

[58] *your game at Irish*] *Irish* is a game which differs very slightly from Back-Gammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gamester*, 1680, p. 109.

It is mentioned in *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623, Sig. H 1.

"I have done it
" Many a time and often, when a cause
" Has proved like an after *game at Irish*." O. C.

And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again: she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly;
And (since I was a gentleman) if it run low,
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at nought;
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with; but, sir, I swear,
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed; what's done, is merriment.
Your gold I pay back with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.

Master Gallipot. If this no gullery be, sir,—

Omnes. No, no, on my life.

Master Gallipot. Then, sir, I am beholden (not to you, wife),
But, master Laxton, to your want of doing ill,
Which it seems you have not. Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Master Openwork. Brother, we have a jest,
As good as yours, to furnish out a feast.

Master Gallipot. We'll crown our table with it: wife, brag no more
Of holding out: who most brags is most whore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter JACK DAPPER, MOLL, SIR BEAUTEOUS GANYMED, *and* SIR THOMAS LONG.

J. Dapper. But pr'ythee, Master Captain Jack, be plain and perspicuous with me; was it your Megg of Westminster's* courage, that rescued me from the [59] Poultry puttocks indeed?

* Meg of Westminster, or Long Meg of Westminster, was a heroine of much the same stamp as the Roaring Girl who gives title to this play. A pamphlet containing her pranks was published in 1635, and no doubt earlier, as she died before 1594. According to Field's *Amends for Ladies* there was a play containing her feats; and by Reed's Shakespeare, iii. 362. it was performed by the Lord Admiral's servants. C.

[59] *Poultry puttocks*] See Note 37 to this Play.

Moll. The valour of my wit, I ensure you, sir, fetch'd you off bravely, when you were i'the forlorn hope among those desperates. Sir Beauteous Ganymed here, and sir Thomas Long, heard that cuckoo (my man Trapdoor) sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Uds so, Moll, where's that Trapdoor?

Moll. Hang'd I think by this time: a justice in this town, (that speaks nothing but "make a mittimus, away with him to Newgate") used that rogue like a fire-work to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes. How, how?

Moll. Marry, to lay trains of villainy to blow up my life: I smelt the powder, spy'd what [60]linstock gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the [61]Gallifoyst, and away slid I my man like a [62]shovel-board shilling. He struts up and down the suburbs I think: and eats up whores; feeds upon a bawd's garbage.

Sir Thomas Long. Sirrah, Jack Dapper.

J. Dapper. What say'st, Tom Long?

Sir Thomas Long. Thou hadst a sweet-fac'd boy, hail-fellow with thee, to your little Gull: how is he spent?

J. Dapper. Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off a my fist, because when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth still, and said I look'd like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death's head. Sirrah, Jack, Moll.

Moll. What says my little Dapper?

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Come, come; walk and talk, walk and talk.

J. Dapper. Moll and I'll be i'the midst.

[60] *linstock*] See Note 47 to *The Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII.

[61] *Gallifoyst*,] See Note 8 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.

[62] *shovel-board shilling*.] *A shovel-board shilling* Mr. Steevens supposes to have been a piece of polished metal, made use of in the play of *shovel-board*. See Note on Second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S 4. and Mr. Whalley's Note on *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 5.

Moll. These knights shall have squires places belike then: well, Dapper, what say you?

J. Dapper. Sirrah, captain, mad Mary, the gull my own father (Dapper Sir Davy) laid these London [63] boot-halers the catch-poles in ambush to set upon me.

Omnes. Your father? away Jack.

J. Dapper. By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true: and what was his warlike stratagem, think you? he thought, because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowsy prison could make an ass of me.

Omnes. A nasty plot.

J. Dapper. I: as though a Counter, which is a park in which all the wild beasts of the city run head, by head could tame me.

Enter the Lord NOLAND.

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord Noland.

Omnes. Save you, my lord.

Lord Noland. Well met, gentlemen all: good Sir Beauteous Ganymed, Sir Thomas Long, and how does master Dapper?

J. Dapper. Thanks, my lord.

Moll. No tobacco, my lord?

Lord Noland. No faith, Jack.

J. Dapper. My Lord Noland, will you go to Pimlico with us? we are making a boon voyage to that happy land of spice-cakes.

Lord Noland. Here's such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to sail to the world's end with such company: come, gentlemen, let's on.

J. Dapper. Here's most amorous weather, my lord.

[63] *boot-halers*] Cotgrave explains *Picoreur* to be "*A boot-haler* (in "a friend's country), a ravening or filching souldier." So, in *Pierce Penilesse, his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 6. "It were lament-"able to tell what miserie the rattes and myce endured in this hard "world, how when all supply of victualls fayled them, they went a "*boot-haling* one night to Signior Greedinesse bed-chamber."

Dekker's *Belman of London*, H 3: "some of these *boot-halers* "are called Termers, and they ply Westminster Hall."

Dekker's *Belman's Night-walkes*, F 2: "like *boot-halers*, they "forrage up and downe countries, five or six in a company."

Omnes. Amorous weather! [*They walk.*

J. Dapper. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter TRAPDOOR, *like a poor Soldier, with a patch o'er one eye; and* TEAR-CAT *with him, all tatters.*

Trapdoor. Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot? Zounds! yonder comes Moll, my whorish master and mistress: would I had her kidnies between my teeth!

Tear-Cat. I had rather have a cow-heel.

Trapdoor. Zounds! I am so patch'd up, she cannot discover me: we'll on.

Tear-Cat. Alla corago * then.

Trapdoor. Good your honours and worships enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe penetrate your pitiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of silver as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maim'd soldiers.

J. Dapper. Where are you maim'd?

Tear-Cat. In both our nether limbs.

Moll. Come, come, Dapper, let's give 'em something: 'las! poor men! what money have you? by my troth I love a soldier with my soul.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Stay, stay, where have you serv'd?

Sir Thomas Long. In any part of the Low-countries?

Trapdoor. Not in the Low-countries, if it please your manhood; but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.

Lord Noland. Who serv'd there with you, sirrah?

Trapdoor. Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Valachians, and Transilvanians, with some Sclavonians; and retiring home, sir, the Venetian gallies took us prisoners; yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.

J. Dapper. You have ambled all over Italy then?

Trapdoor. Oh, sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchio, Bononia, Romania, Bolonia, Modena, Piacenza, and

* A corruption of *coraggio, Ital.* C.

Tuscana; with all her cities, as Pistoia, Valteria, Mountepulchena, Arezzo, with the Siennois, and divers others.

Moll. Mere rogues, put spurs to 'em once more.

J. Dapper. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English, what art thou?

Tear-Cat. Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Tear-Cat,
Den, braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all Dutchlant.
Eueresen: Der Shellum das meere ine Beasa
Ine woert gaeb,
Ick flaag dm stroakes ou tom Cop:
Daflick Den hundred touzun Diuell halle,
Frollick mine Here.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Here, here; let's be rid of their jobbering.

Moll. Not a cross, Sir Beauteous; you base rogues, I have taken measure of you better than a taylor can; and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eye) have fitted me.

Trapdoor. Your worship will not abuse a soldier.

Moll. Soldier! thou deserv'st to be hang'd up by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession: soldier! you [64] skeldering varlet! hold, stand, there should be a trapdoor here abouts. [*Pulls off his patch.*

[64] *skeldering*] A cant term generally applied to a vagrant, and often used by our ancient Poets. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

So, in *The Poetaster*, A. 1. S. 1: "An honest decayed commander "cannot *skelder*, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall "be strait in one of their wormwood comedies."

Ibid. "O no; and there was the mad *skeldering* captain with the "velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him, as he comes down: he that "presses every man he meets with an oath to lend him money."

Ibid. A. 3. S. 4. "A man may *skelder* ye now and then of half a "dozen shillings, or so."

Ibid. A. 5. S. 3. "Would I were abroad *skeldring* for a drachm, &c."

Every Man out of his Humour, Dramatis Personæ. *Shift.* "A "thread bare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet live upon "lendings. His profession is *skeldring* and odling, his bank Paul's, "and his warehouse Pictliatch."

Trapdoor. The balls of these glasiers of mine (mine eyes) shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible mistress.

J. Dapper. I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches, as now I see.

Moll. Oh, sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs, and can both fawn like a spaniel, and bite like a mastiff, as he finds occasion.

Lord Noland. What are you, sirrah? a bird of this feather too?

Tear-Cat. A man beaten from the wars, sir.

Sir Thomas Long. I think so, for you never stood to fight.

J. Dapper. What's thy name, fellow-soldier?

Tear-Cat. I am call'd, by those that have seen my valour, Tear-Cat.

Omnes. Tear-Cat!

Moll. A mere whip-jack, and that is in the commonwealth of rogues a slave, that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English, ever found out; yet, indeed, all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such ventrous exploit. Tear-Cat! 'foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb, you know how.

Tear-Cat. No indeed, captain Moll (for I know you by sight); I am no such nipping christian, but a [65] maunderer upon the pad I confess; and meeting with honest Trapdoor here, whom you had cashier'd from bearing arms, out at elbow, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my

Dekker's *Satiromastrix*: "---come, my dear mandrake, if *skeldring* "fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish."

Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, A. 3. S. 4:

"— or else
"Wandring abroad to *skelder* for a shilling
"Amongst your bowling alleyes, &c."

[65] *maunderer upon the pad*] For an explanation of these cant terms, see the end of the play.

map made him sail over any country you can name; so that now he can maunder better then myself.

J. Dapper. So then, Trapdoor, thou art turn'd soldier now?

Trapdoor. Alas, sir! now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Moll. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.

Trapdoor. As any walks the highway, I assure you.

Moll. And, Tear-Cat, what are you? a wild rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

Tear-Cat. Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood; ruffling Tear-Cat is my name, and a ruffler is my style, my title, my profession.

Moll. Sirrah, where's your doxy? halt not with me.

Omnes. Doxy! Moll; what's that?

Moll. His wench.

Trapdoor. My doxy? I have by the Salomon a doxy, that carries a kinchin * mort in her slate at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel, and drink ben baufe, and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat.

J. Dapper. Here's [66] old cheating.

Trapdoor. My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken, brave captain.

Moll. He says his wench stays for him in an alehouse: [67] you are no pure rogues.

Tear-Cat. Pure rogues! no, we scorn to be pure rogues; but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall find neither him nor me a quire cuffin.

Moll. So, sir, no churl of you.

Tear-Cat. No, but a ben cave, a brave cave, a gentry cuffin.

* The quarto calls it *kitchin mort*, but it is probably a misprint. C.

[66] *old cheating.*] See Note 48 to *Lingua*, vol. V.

[67] *you are no pure rogues.*] See Note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. XI.

Lord Noland. Call you this canting?

J. Dapper. Zounds! I'll give a school-master half-a-crown a week, and teach me this pedler's French.*

Trapdoor. Do but stroll, sir, half a harvest with us, sir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Moll. Come, you rogue, cant with me.

Sir Thomas Long. Well said, Moll; cant with her, sirrah, and you shall have money, else not a penny.

Trapdoor. I'll have a bout, if she please.

Moll. Come on, sirrah.

Trapdoor. Ben mort, shall you and I heave a bough, mill a ken, or nip a bung, and then we'll couch a hogs-head under the ruffemans, and there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you.

Moll. Out you damn'd impudent rascal.

Trapdoor. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stamps.

Lord Noland. Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

Moll. Marry, this, my lord, says he: Ben mort (good wench) shall you and I heave a bough, mill a ken, or nip a bung? shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?

Omnes. Very good.

Moll. And then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffemans; and then we'll lie under a hedge.

* *Pedlar's French* means the *cant* and *slang* used by vagabonds in general. It was also applied generally to an unintelligible jargon, as in *A Discovery of the Spanish Inquisition*, 1568: "For thys is one "other peece of their Arte, to talke by signes and watchwordes, "like to *pedler's French*." Wither, in his *Abuses stript and whipt*, 1613, applies it to the language of the law:

"Besides, as I suppose, their laws they pen'd,
"In their old *Pedler's French*, unto this end,
"The vulgar should no further knowledge reach,
"Than what shall please their masterships to teach."

What was understood by a *Pedlar* of old, we may learn from the *Pedlar's Prophesie*, printed in 1595, but probably much more ancient.

"I never knew honest man of this occupation,
"But either he was a dycer, a drunkard or maker of strife,
"A picker, a cut-purse, a raiser of simulation,
"Or such a one as run away with another man's wife."

Trapdoor. That was my desire, captain, as 'tis fit a soldier should lie.

Moll. And there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Nay, nay, Moll, what's that wap?

J. Dapper. Nay, teach me what niggling is, I'd fain be niggling.

Moll. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trapdoor. 'Tis fadoodling, if it please you.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. This is excellent, one fit more, good *Moll.*

Moll. Come, you rogue, sing with me.

THE SONG.

A gage of ben Rom-bouse
In a bousing ken of Rom-vile.
Tear-Cat.
Is Benar than a Caster,
Peck, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans;
Oh I woud lib all the darkmans,
By the sollamon under the Ruffemans;
By the sollamon in the Hartmans.
Tear-Cat.
And scoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew rom-bouse well.
Avast to the pad, let us bing.
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

Omnes. Fine knaves i'faith.

J. Dapper. The grating of ten new cart wheels, and the gruntling of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford-market, cannot make a worse noise than this canting language does in my ears: pray, my Lord Noland, let's give these soldiers their pay.

Sir Beauteous Ganymed. Agreed, and let them march.

Lord Noland. Here, Moll.

Moll. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue,

and are not ashamed of your professions, look you, my Lord Noland here and these gentlemen bestow upon you two, two boards and a half, that's two shillings and six-pence.

Trapdoor. Thanks to your lordship.

Tear-Cat. Thanks, heroical captain.

Moll. Away.

Trapdoor. We shall cut ben whiddes of your masters and mistress-ship wheresoever we come.

Moll. You'll maintain, sirrah, the old Justice's plot to his face?

Trapdoor. Else trine me on the cheats: hang me.

Moll. Be sure you meet me there.

Trapdoor. Without any more maundering I'll do't: follow, brave Tear-Cat.

Tear-Cat. I præ, sequor; let us go, mouse.

[*Exeunt Trapdoor and Tear-Cat.**

Lord Noland. Moll, what was in that canting song?

Moll. Troth, my Lord, only a praise of good drink, the only milk
Which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus it was:

A rich cup of wine,
Oh it is juice divine,
More wholesome for the head,
Than meat, drink, or bread,
To fill my drunken pate,
With that, I'd sit up late,
By the heels wou'd I lie,
Under a lowsy hedge die,
Let a slave have a pull
At my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor;

And a parcel of such stuff, my lord, not worth the opening.

Enter a CUT-PURSE *very gallant, with four or five men after him, one with a wand.*

Lord Noland. What gallant comes yonder?

Sir Thomas Long. Mass, I think I know him; 'tis one of Cumberland.

* Or in the words of the quarto "*Exeunt they two, manet the rest.*" C.

First Cut-purse. Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of gallants, and strike?

Second Cut-purse. 'Tis a question whether there be any silver shells amongst them, for all their satin outsides.

Omnes. Let's try.

Moll. Pox on him, a gallant? shadow me, I know him; 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if he swim near to the shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses.

Omnes. Is't possible!

Moll. This brave fellow is no better than a foist.

Omnes. Foist! what's that?

Moll. A diver with two fingers, a pick-pocket; all his train study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foisting. One of them is a nip; I took him once in the twopenny gallery [68] at the Fortune: then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogs any new brother in that trade, and shaps, will have half in any booty. He with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man in the streets, whilst shells are drawn by another, and then with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he, by the nimbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will, in cheaping a piece of plate at a goldsmith's stall, make four or five rings mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and, as if it were at leap-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

Second Cut-purse. Zounds! we are smoak'd.

Omnes. Ha?

Second Cut-purse. We are boil'd, pox on her! see *Moll*, the roaring drab!

First Cut-purse. All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil her! away.

Moll. Bless you, sir.

First Cut-purse. And you, good sir.

Moll. Do'st not ken me, man?

First Cut-purse. No trust me, sir.

Moll. 'Heart, there's a Knight, to whom I'm bound for many favours, lost his purse at the last new play [69] in the Swan, seven Angels in't; make it good, you'd best; do you see? no more.

[68] *at the Fortune:*] In White Cross-street. This Play-house belonged to Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich-College.

[69] *in the Swan*] This Play-house was situated near the Globe

First Cut-purse. A Synagogue shall be call'd Mistress Mary; disgrace me not; *pocas palabras,** I will conjure for you: farewel. [*Exit.*

Moll. Did not I tell you, my lord?

Lord Noland. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villains.

Sir Thomas Long. And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee Moll
Cut-purse? a name, methinks, damn'd and odious.

Moll. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I have ta'en thee doing so, Moll? I must confess,
In younger days, when I was apt to stray,
I have sat amongst such adders; seen their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watch'd their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name:
When next, my lord, you spy any one of those,
So he be in his art a scholar, question him;
Tempt him with gold to open the large book
Of his close villanies: and you yourself shall cant
Better than poor Moll can, and know more laws
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards, curbers,
With all the devils black guard, than it is fit
Should be discovered to a noble wit.
I know they have their orders, offices,
Circuits, and circles, unto which they are bound
To raise their own damnation in.

J. Dapper. How do'st thou know it?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.
Suppose, my lord, you were in Venice.

Lord Noland. Well.

Moll. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close tricks of curtizans, woul d not you
Hearken to such a fellow?

Lord Noland. Yes.

and the Bear Garden. See the South View of the City, and part of Southwark, as it appeared about the year 1599.

* These are the words used by the Tinker in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, and they are also employed in the Spanish Tragedy: according to *The Roaring Girl*, they were *cant* terms, or at least perfectly well understood in the "fraternity." C.

Moll. And here,
Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear
That were to travel thither, you would proclaim
Your knowledge in those villanies, to save
Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
A black ill name, because ill things you know?
Good troth, my lord, I am made Moll Cut-purse so.
How many are whores, in small ruffs and still looks?
How many chaste, whose names fill slander's books?
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for goring horns.
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me,
I please myself, and care not else who love me.*

Omnes. A brave mind, Moll, i'faith.

Sir Thomas Long. Come, my lord, shall's to the Ordinary?

Lord Noland. Ay, 'tis noon sure.

Moll. Good, my lord; let not my name condemn me to you, or to the world: a fencer I hope may be call'd a coward, is he so for that? If all that have ill names in London were to be whipt, and to pay but twelve-pence a-piece to the beadle, I would rather have his office, than a Constable's.

J. Dapper. So would I, Captain Moll: 'twere a sweet tickling office i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT, *and others.*

Sir Alexander Wengrave. My son marry a thief, that impudent girl,
Whom all the world stick their worst eyes upon?

Greenwit. How will your care prevent it?

Goshawk. 'Tis impossible!
They marry close, they are gone, but none knows whither.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh, gentlemen, when has a father's heart-strings

Enter a SERVANT.

Held out so long from breaking? now what news, sir?

* The quarto has it "and care not else who *loves* me," which spoils the intended jingle of a rhime. C.

Servant. They were met upon the water an hour since, sir,
Putting in towards the Sluice.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. The Sluice! come gentlemen,
'Tis Lambeth works against us.
Greenwit. And that Lambeth joins more mad matches, than your six wet towns[70] 'twixt that and Windsor-bridge, where fares lie soaking.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Delay no time, sweet gentlemen: to Black Friers! we'll take a pair of oars and make after them.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trapdoor. Your son, and that bold masculine ramp my mistress,
Are landed now at the Tower.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Hoyda, at Tower?
Trapdoor. I heard it now reported.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Which way, gentlemen, shall I bestow my care?
I'm drawn in pieces betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter Sir GUY FITZ-ALLARD.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Sir Alexander,
You're well met, and most rightly served;
My daughter was a scorn to you.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Say not so, sir.
Sir Guy Fitz-allard. A very abject: she poor gentlewoman,
Your house had been dishonoured. Give you joy, sir,
Of your son's Gaskoyne-bride; you'll be a grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters;
'Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well, sir.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. O! play not with the miseries of my heart!
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left

[70] These I should apprehend to be Fulham, Richmond, Kingston, Hampton, Chertsey, Staines.—The other intermediate towns are, Chelsea, Battersea, Kew, Isleworth, Twickenham, and Walton. N.

Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornful air let in: rather let pity
And advice charitably help to refresh 'em.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Who'd place his charity so unworthily,
Like one that gives alms to a cursing beggar?
Had I but found one spark of goodness in you
Toward my deserving child, which then grew fond
Of your son's virtues, I had eased you now:
But I perceive both fire of youth and goodness
Are rak'd up in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should have come near your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrow touch* your heart.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. If not for worth, for pity's sake assist me.

Greenwit. You urge a thing past sense: how can he help you?
All his assistance is as frail as ours;
Full as uncertain where's the place that holds 'em.
One brings us water-news; then comes another
With a full-charg'd mouth, like a culverin's voice,
And he reports the Tower. Whose sounds are truest?

Goshawk. In vain you flatter him. Sir Alexander—

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. I flatter him! gentlemen, you wrong me grossly.

Greenwit. He does it well, i'faith.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Both news are false,
Of Tower or water: they took no such way yet.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Oh strange! hear you this, gentlemen? yet more plunges.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Th'are nearer than you think for, yet more close than if they were further off.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. How am I lost in these distractions?

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. For your speeches gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashness; fore you all,
I will engage my state to half his wealth,

* The true reading is "*touch* your heart," not "*touch'd* your heart," as Mr. Reed allowed it to stand: the alteration was unwarranted and needless. C.

Nay, to his son's revenues, which are less,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him,
That I could (if my will stuck to my power)
Prevent this marriage yet, nay banish her
For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me
Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter!
I'd willingly resign up half my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

Greenwit. He talks impossibilities, and you believe 'em.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. I talk no more than I know how to finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me.
The poor young gentleman I love and pity;
And to keep shame from him, (because the spring
Of his affection was my daughter's first,
Till his frown blasted all,) do but estate him
In those possessions which your love and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may have room
To entertain fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants cast him upon her,
And if I do not for his own sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now grows on him,
I'll forfeit my whole state, before these gentlemen.

Greenwit. Troth, but you shall not undertake such matches;
We'll persuade so much with you.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Here's my ring,
He will believe this token. Fore these gentlemen
I will confirm it fully: all those lands,
My first love lotted him, he shall straight possess
In that refusal.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. If I change it not, change me into a beggar.

Greenwit. Are you mad, sir?

Sir Guy Fitz-allard. 'Tis done.

Goshawk. Will you undo yourself by doing,
And shew a prodigal trick in your old days?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. 'Tis a match, gentlemen.
Sir Guy Fitz-allard. I, I, sir, I.
I ask no favour; trust to you for none,
My hope rests in the goodness of your son.
[*Exit Sir Guy Fitz-allard.*
Greenwit. He holds it up well yet.
Goshawk. Of an old knight i'faith.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Curst be the time I laid his first love barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this hour
Had sprung forth fruits, of comfort and of honour!
He lov'd a virtuous gentlewoman.
Enter MOLL.
Goshawk. Life! here's *Moll.*
Greenwit. Jack.
Goshawk. How dost thou, Jack?
Moll. How dost thou, gallant?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Impudence, where's my son?
Moll. Weakness, go look him.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Is this your wedding gown?
Moll. [71] The man talks monthly:
Hot broth and a dark chamber for the knight;
I see he'll be stark-mad at our next meeting.
[*Exit Moll.*
Goshawk. Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,
No priest will marry her, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on; and it was never known,
Two men were married and conjoin'd in one:
Your son hath made some shift to love another.

[71] *The man talks monthly*] i. e. madly; as if under the influence of the *moon.* The Saxon words for *a lunatic,* or *madman,* are Monaȣ-ɼeoc or monaȣ-aȣlic. S.

So a *moonman* was formerly a cant term for *a madman.* See Dekker's *Villanies Discovered,* Sign. F.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass,* A. 1. S. 6:

"I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
"But such a *moonling* as no wit of man
"Or roses can redeem from being an ass."

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Whate'er she be, she has my blessing with her:
May they be rich, and fruitful, and receive
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them.
H'as pleased me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amiss.

Greenwit. Glad y'are so penitent for your former sin, sir.

Goshawk. Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and arms?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Why, who thrive better, sir? they have most blessing,
Though other have more wealth, and least repent:
Many that want most, know the most content.

Greenwit. Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner?

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Age will quench that; any offence but theft and drunkenness,
Nothing but death can wipe away.
Their sins are green, even when their heads are grey;
Nay, I despair not now, my heart's cheer'd, gentlemen;
No face can come unfortunately to me.
Now, sir, your news?

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your son with his fair bride is near at hand.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Fair may their fortunes be!

Greenwit. Now you're [72] resolv'd, sir, it was never she.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. I find it in the musick of my heart.

Enter MOLL *masked, in* SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE'S *hand, and Sir* GUY FITZ-ALLARD.

See where they come.

Goshawk. A proper lusty presence, sir.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Now has he pleased me right: I always counsel'd him

[72] *resolv'd*], i. e. *convinc'd*. It is frequently used in this sense by Massinger and other writers of the times. See also Note 23 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

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To choose a goodly personable creature.
Just of her pitch was my first wife his mother.
Sebastian Wengrave. Before I dare discover my offence, I kneel for pardon.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. My heart gave it thee before thy tongue could ask it.
Rise, thou hast rais'd my joy to greater height,
Than to that seat where grief dejected it.
Both welcome to my love, and care for ever:
Hide not my happiness too long, all's pardoned;
Here are our friends, salute her, gentlemen.
[*They unmask her.*
Omnes. Heart, who this? Moll?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. O my reviving shame! is't I must live
To be struck blind? be it the work of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.
Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Darkness and death!
Have you deceiv'd me thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. You ask'd no favour;
And you shall find as little: since my comforts
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee
As grief to father's hearts.
Moll. Why, what's the matter with you?
Lest too much joy should make your age forgetful,
Are you too well, too happy?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. With a vengeance.
Moll. Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man as your son.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. O monstrous impudence!
Moll You had no note before, an unmark'd knight,
Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake:
You may pass where you list, through crowds most thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpick'd.
You do not know the benefits I bring with me;
No cheat dares work upon you, with thumb or knife,

While y'ave a Roaring Girl to your son's wife.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. A devil rampant!
Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Have you so much charity,
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain,
And I'll give in your pledge?
Sir Alexander Wengrave. No, sir, I stand to't, I'll work upon advantage,
As all mischiefs do upon me.
Sir Guy Fitz-allard. Content: bear witness all then
His are the lands, and so contention ends,
Here comes your son's bride, twixt two noble friends.
Enter the Lord NOLAND, *and Sir* BEAUTEOUS GANYMED, *with* MARY FITZ-ALLARD *between them, the Citizens and their Wives with them.*
Moll. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thank me for't,
I'd a fore-finger in't.
Sebastian Wengrave. Forgive me, father;
Though there before your eyes my sorrow feign'd,
This still was she for whom true love complain'd.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Blessings eternal, and the joys of angels,
Begin your peace here to be sign'd in heaven!
How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundless comforts,
That finds no want but utterance, and expression!
My lord, your office here appears so honourably,
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man,
Than in your comfortable presence now.
Lord Noland. Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue,
Than in this worthy gentlewoman your son's bride,
Noble Fitz-allard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame I am a servant vow'd:
So is this knight.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. Your loves make my joys proud.
Bring forth those deeds of land, my care laid ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge,

Join'd with thy daughter's virtues, whom I prize now
As dearly as that flesh I call mine own.
Forgive me, worthy gentlewoman; 'twas my blindness
When I rejected thee, I saw thee not.
Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films
Over the eyes of judgment, now so clear
I see the brightness of thy worth appear.

Mary Fitz-allard. Duty and love may I deserve in those,
And all my wishes have a perfect close.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. That tongue can never err, the sound's so sweet.
Here, honest son, receive into thy hands
The keys of wealth, possession of those lands,
Which my first care provided: they are thine own.
Heaven give thee a blessing with 'em! the best joys
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
Are fertile lands, and a fair fruitful bride;
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Sebastian Wengrave. I hope so too, sir.

Moll. Father and son, I ha' done you simple service here.

Sebastian Wengrave. For which thou shalt not part, Moll, unrequited.

Sir Alexander Wengrave. Thou art a mad girl, and yet I cannot now
Condemn thee.

Moll. Condemn me? troth, and you should, sir,
I'd make you seek out one to hang in my room:
I'd give you the slip at gallows, and cozen the people.
Heard you this jest, my lord?

Lord Noland. What is it, Jack?

Moll. He was in fear his son would marry me,
But never dreamt that I would ne'er agree.

Lord Noland. Why? thou had'st a suitor once, Jack! when wilt marry?

Moll. Who I, my lord, I'll tell you when, i'faith,

When you shall hear,
Gallants void from serjeant's fear,

Honesty and truth unslandered,
Woman man'd, but never pandered,
Cheats booted, but not coach'd,
Vessels older ere they're broach'd.
If my mind be then not varied,
Next day following I'll be married.

Lord Noland. This sounds like domesday.
Moll. Then were marriage best;
For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. In troth thou art a good wench: I'm sorry now,
The opinion was so hard I conceiv'd of thee.
Some wrongs I've done thee.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trapdoor. Is the wind there now?
'Tis time for me to kneel and confess first,
For fear it come too late, and my brains feel it.
Upon my paws I ask you pardon, mistress.
Moll. Pardon! for what, sir? what has your rogueship done now?
Trapdoor. I have been from time to time hir'd to confound you by this old gentleman.
Moll. How?
Trapdoor. Pray forgive him:
But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
Many a snare to entrap your worship's life
Have I laid privily: chains, watches, jewels,
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted angels he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. To all which shame and grief in me cry guilty:
Forgive me now, I cast the world's eyes from me,
And look upon thee freely with mine own:
I see the most of many wrongs before thee,
Cast from the jaws of envy and her people,
And nothing foul but that; I'll never more
Condemn by common voice, for that's the whore

That deceives man's opinion, mocks her trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.
Moll. Here be the Angels, gentlemen, they were given me
As a musician: I pursue no pity;
Follow the law, and you can cuck me, spare not,
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not.
Sir Alexander Wengrave. So far I'm sorry, I'll thrice double them
To make thy wrongs amends.
Come worthy friends, my honourable lord,
Sir Beauteous Ganymed, and noble Fitz-allard,
And you kind gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence
Are glories set in marriage, beams of society,
For all your loves give lustre to my joys:
The happiness of this day shall be remembered,
At the return of every smiling spring:
In my time now 'tis born, and may no sadness
Sit on the brows of men upon that day,
But as I am, so all go pleas'd away.

EPILOGUS.

A Painter, having drawn, with curious art
The picture of a woman (every part
Limn'd to the life), hung out the piece to sell:
People (who pass'd along), viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it; some disprais'd
The hair; some said the brows too high were rais'd;
Some hit her o'er the lips, mislik'd their colour;
Some wish'd her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller;
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they look'd too pale; others cry'd no.
The workman still, as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all: but this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous, and so ugly all men did smile
At the poor painter's folly. Such, we doubt
Is this our comedy; some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a Poet, seeing
In the world's eye none weighs so light: others look
For all those base tricks publish'd in a book,
(Foul as his brains they flow'd from) of Cut-purses,
Of nips and Foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as empty of worth or wit,
*For any honest ear or eye unfit.**
And thus,
If we to every brain (that's humorous)
Should fashion Scenes, we (with the Painter) shall,
In striving to please all, please none at all.

* Alluding no doubt to some tract of the time. Dekkar himself wrote several of the kind; but it is not to be supposed that any of these are here so roughly handled. C.

Yet for such faults, as either the writer's wit,
Or negligence of the Actors, do commit,
Both crave your pardons: if what both have done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roaring Girl *herself, some few days hence,*
Shall on this stage give larger recompence.
Which mirth that you may share in, herself does woo you,
And craves this sign, your hands to beckon her to you.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE CANT WORDS USED IN THIS PLAY.

Angler] Sometimes called a Hooker, one who begs in the day time, observing at the same time what he can steal at night. See a description of the Angler, in Greene's *Groundwork of Coney-catching*, 4to. B. L. N. D. Sign. B 3; and Dekkar's *Belman of London*, 1616, Sign. D.

ben baufe] I do not find an explanation of *baufe* in any of the canting Glossaries; *ben bowse*, which may have been intended, is good drink.

benar] better.

bing] away. Dekkar, Sign. N.

bousing ken] an ale-house. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

cackling cheat] a cock, or a capon. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

caster] a cloak. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

cave] or rather *cove*. The word Cove, or Cofe, or Cuffin, signifies a man, a fellow, &c. But differs something in his property, according as it meets with other words. So a *good fellow* is called *Ben Cofe*, &c. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

cheats] the Gallows. Dekkar, Sign. N.

couch a hogshead] to lie down asleep. Dekkar, Sign. N.

curber] See Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. G.

cut benar whiddes] speak better words. Dekkar, Sign. M 4.

darkman] the night. Dekkar, Sign. N.

dell] a young wench undebauched.

docked] to dock is to lie with a woman. Canting Dictionary.

doxy] a strumpet. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. E.

faldoodling] The explanation of this word is evident from Trapdoor's use of it, p. 92.

fambles] hands. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. N.

figging law] See Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. H 2.

foist] a pick-pocket. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. H 2.

gage] a quart pot. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. N.

gentry cuffin] a Gentleman.

gruntling cheat] a pig. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

hartmans] the stocks. Dekkar, Sign. N.

heave a Booth] rob a house. Dekkar, Sign. N.

kenchen mort] *kenchin morts* are girls of a year or two old, which the morts their mothers carry at their backs in their *slates*, which, in the canting tongue, are *sheets*. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. D 4.

lay] or more probably *lap*, which signifies *butter milk*, or *whey*. Dekkar, Sign. N.

lib ken] a house to lye in. Dekkar, Sign. N.

lib all the lightmans] lye all the day. Dekkar, Sign. N.

lib all the darkmans] lye all the night. Dekkar, Sign. N.

lifter] See Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. G 4.

maunderer upon the pad] a composition of beggar and thief.

mill in deuse a vile] steal in the country. Dekkar, Sign. M 4.

mill a ken] rob a house. Dekkar, Sign. N.

mort] a woman, or wench.

nab] a head. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

niggle] to company with a woman. Dekkar, Sign. N.

nip a bung] cut a purse. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

nipping christian] a cut-purse.

pad] highway. *Canting Dictionary.*

palliard] See a description of a *palliard*. Dekkar, Sign. D 2.

pannum] bread. Dekkar, Sign. M 3.

peck] meat. Dekkar, Sign. N.

popler] pottage. Dekkar, Sign. N.

puggard] See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

quacking cheat] a duck. Dekkar, M 3.

quire cuffin] a churl. Dekkar, Sign. M 5.

Rom-vile] London. Dekkar, Sign. N.

Rom-bouse] wine. Dekkar, Sign. N.

ruffler] See a description of *a ruffler*. Dekkar's *Belman of London*, Sign. D.

ruffmans] woods, or bushes. Dekkar, Sign. N.

scour the quire cramp ring] to wear bolts or fetters. Dekkar, Sign. N.

salomon] the beggar's oath. Dekkar, Sign. T 3.

skew] a cup. Dekkar, Sign. N.

slate] a sheet. Dekkar, Sign. N.

stalling ken] a house that will receive stolen ware. Green.

stamps] legs. Dekkar, Sign. N.

strommel] straw. Dekkar, Sign. N.

trine] hang. Dekkar, Sign. N.

upright man] See a description of an upright man. Dekkar's *Belman of London*, C 4.

wap] The *Canting Dictionary* explains *wap* to lie with a man; and this will prove the truth of Mr. Steevens's conjecture concerning the phrase *wappen'd widow* in *Timon of Athens*.

wild rogue] See a description of a wild rogue. Dekkar's *Belman of London*, Sign. D 2.

wild dell] Of Dells, some are termed *wild dells*, and those are such as are born and begotten under a hedge. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. E.

THE

WIDOW'S TEARS.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said that there were two editions of *The Widow's Tears* in 1612, yet it is a fact not hitherto mentioned, that the copies with that date have some variations, probably introduced at the instance of the author, who seems to have been rather more anxious about the correctness of his productions than most of his contemporaries. The differences indeed are not so important or striking as those pointed out between two copies of Chapman's *All Fools* in 1605 (vol. V. p. 107); but it is remarkable that there is this similarity connected with them, viz. that Mr. Reed printed in both cases from copies that were without the dedications; that to *All Fools* has been already supplied, and we now subjoin, in a note, the epistle which precedes *The Widow's Tears*.*

The variations in the text are pointed out in notes in the course of the play, and they will be found such as to shew, perhaps, that Chapman revised the play after it first made its appearance, in consequence of many having "desired to see it printed." The nature

* "To the Right virtuous and truly noble gentleman, Mr. Jo. Reed, of Milton, in the county of Gloucester, Esquire.

"Sir, if any work of this nature be worth the presenting to friends worthy and noble, I presume this will not want much of that value. Other countrymen have thought the like worthy of Dukes' and Princes' acceptations: *Injusti Sdegni, Il Pentamento Amoroso, Calisthe, Pastor Fido*, (all being but plays) were all dedicate to Princes of Italy. And, therefore, only discourse to shew my love to your right virtuous and noble disposition, this poor Comedy (of many desired to see printed) I thought not utterly unworthy that affectionate design in me; well knowing that your free judgment weighs nothing by the name or form, or any vain estimation of the vulgar, but will accept acceptable matter, as well in plays as in many lesse materials masking in more serious titles. And so, till some work more worthy I can select and perfect out of my other studies, that may better express me, and more fit the gravity of your ripe inclination, I rest,

"Yours at all parts most truly affected,

"GEO. CHAPMAN."

of the story,* and the mode in which it is conducted,† were calculated to render the play popular, and on the title-page we are informed that it was often presented at the theatres in Black and White Friars.

In the former reprints by Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Reed, the measure was very defectively given, and many passages of verse were considered mere prose: the mistake originated in the old copy of 1612, where little regard was paid to the metre. In several instances it has been restored, and in many others it would have been easy to do so with slight alterations: but verbal alterations were not warranted by the edition of 1612, and the omission of needless particles might generally be left to the ear of the reader.

* Langbaine has justly remarked, in a passage quoted at the head of this play, that Chapman derived the fable from Petronius Arbiter, a tale which Bishop Taylor's beautiful paraphrase has subsequently familiarized, under the title of the Ephesian Matron; but Langbaine has neglected to observe, that Chapman has made a two-fold story of his original, in the vows of the widow Eudora, in the first place, and in the similar affirmations of Cynthia, under the supposed death of Lysander, in the two last acts. This divison of the same story discredits, it must be owned, the poet's invention; but, after all, it will be acknowledged that the divided story had been united with as much dexterity as the situations rendered it capable of being. Still the repetition of the example of female irresolution weakens the interest, and the play, with much gaiety in the character of Tharsalio, is far inferior to the author's comedy of *All Fools*. O. G.

† The conclusion of that part of the fable which relates to Lysander and Cynthia is huddled up very confusedly and unsatisfactorily; but the author might well be at a loss for an excuse for the lady that could at all reconcile the husband. This defect would have been avoided if Chapman, having given an instance of the frailty of female resolution in Eudora, had counterpoised it by a proof of the constancy of the sex, and their resistance to all temptation, in Cynthia. The change might not have improved the comedy with the audience, but at all events it is unnatural, and therefore revolting, that the husband should himself be the direct instrument of his wife's error. C.

THE ACTORS.

THARSALIO, *the woer.*
LYSANDER, *his brother.*
Governor of Cyprus.
LYCUS, *servant to the widow countess.*
ARGUS, *gentleman-usher.*
Three Lords, suitors to Eudora, the widow countess.
HYLUS, *nephew to Tharsalio, and son to Lysander.*
Captain of the watch.
Two Soldiers.
EUDORA, *the widow countess.*
CYNTHIA, *wife to Lysander.*
STHENIO.
IANTHE, *gentlewoman attending on Eudora.*
ERO, *waiting-woman to Cynthia.**

* This list of the *dramatis personæ* is as it stands in the old copy of 1612, and to them the names of Laodice, Arsace, Tomasin and Clinias, are to be added. The names of the three suitors to Eudora are Rebus, Hiarbas and Psorabeus. C.

THE WIDOW'S TEARS.[1]

ACTUS I. SCENE I.

THARSALIO *solus, with a glass in his hand making ready.*

Tharsalio. Thou blind imperfect goddess, that delights
(Like a deep-reaching statesman) to converse
Only with fools: jealous of knowing spirits;
For fear their piercing judgments might discover
Thy inward weakness, and despise thy power;
Contemn thee for a goddess: thou that lad'st
Th' unworthy ass with gold; while worth and merit
Serve thee for nought; weak Fortune, I renounce
Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty
And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts
To a more noble deity; sole friend to worth,
And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence:
She be my guide, and her's the praise of these
My worthy undertakings.

[1] "The plot of Lysander and Cynthia (says Langbaine, p. 65.) "is borrowed from *Petronius Arbyter's* Satyricon, being the story of "the Matron of Ephesus related by *Eumolpus*: a story since handled "by several other pens, as *Janus Dousa the Father*, in his notes on "this story; and *Gabbema* in the last edition of *Petronius*, who ob- "serves. That it was translated into Latin verse by *Romulus*, an "Antique Grammarian; that it was translated from the German "language into Latin; and into French rhime by *Hebertus*. We "have it not only in the *Seven wise Masters*, a book vulgarly known, "and which, if I may believe my Author, is a translation of *Modius*, "who new-modelled the story, and published his Version, under "this title *Ludus septem Sapientum de Astrei regii adolescentis, educa- "tione, periculis*, &c.; but, also, I have read the same story, with "little alteration, in the *Cento Novelle Antiche di Carlo Gualteruzzi*, "Nov. 51. We have it likewise much improved, with a Philoso- "phical Comment upon it, by a Countryman of our own, under the "title of the *Ephesian Matron*, printed in 8vo. Lond. 1668, and "others."

Enter LYSANDER, *with a glass in his hand;* CYNTHIA, HYLUS, *and* ERO.

Lysander. 'Morrow, brother. Not ready yet?

Tharsalio. No; I have somewhat of the brother in me; I dare say, your wife is many times ready, and you not up.—Save you, sister; how are you enamoured of my presence? How like you my aspect?

Cynthia. Faith, no worse than I did last week; the weather has nothing chang'd the grain of your complexion.

Tharsalio. A firm proof 'tis in grain, and so are not all complexions. A good soldier's face, sister.

Cynthia. Made to be worn under a beaver.

Tharsalio. Ay, and 'twould shew well enough under a mask too.

Lysander. So much for the face.

Tharsalio. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon?

Lysander. None: but fortune send you well to wear it: for she best knows how you got it.

Tharsalio. Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers, valour and good cloaths. Marry, if you ask how we come by this new suit, I must take time to answer it; for as the ballad says, *in written books I find it.** Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit; and I will have it said, for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lysander. Not all?

Tharsalio. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you? My former suits have been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

Lysander. A thing to be heartily wish'd; but, brother, take heed you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

Tharsalio. 'Thad been well for me, if you had follow'd that counsel: you were too forward when you

* In imitation of the Italian Romance Poets, *Come e scritto*, &c. When Pulci wishes to vouch his greatest extravagancies, he always refers to the authority of Alcuinus, Ormanno, or that infallible witness, Turpin. C.

stept into the world before me, and gull'd me of the land, that my spirits and parts were indeed born to.

Cynthia. May we not have the blessing to know the aim of your fortunes? what coast, for heaven's love?

Tharsalio. Nay, 'tis a project of state: you may see the preparation; but the design lies hidden in the breasts of the wise.

Lysander. May we not know't?

Tharsalio. Not unless you'll promise me to laugh at it; for without your applause I'll none.

Lysander. The quality of it may be such as a laugh will not be ill bestow'd upon't: pray heaven I call not Arsace sister.

Cynthia. What! the pand'ress?

Tharsalio. Know you (as who knows not?) the exquisite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow, the rich and haughty countess Eudora? Were not she a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

Lysander. How's that? how's that?

Tharsalio. Brother, there is a certain goddess call'd Confidence, that carries a main stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her; Cupid is at her beck;* she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business.

Lysander. But if this deity should draw you up in a basket to your countess's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to shoot at; how then?

Tharsalio. If she do, let them shoot their bolts and spare not; I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the bar? You'll say, I was page to the count her husband. What of that? I have thereby one foot in her favour already: she has taken note of my spirit, and survey'd my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye: which sleep, I know, cannot close till she have embrac'd the substance.

* The quarto with the dedication, not seen by Mr. Reed, has it "Cupid is at her *beck*," and not "Cupid is at her *back*." The correct reading has been restored to the text. C.

Lysander. All this savours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Tharsalio. Why should I despair, but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship; as well as for any other huge lady, whom she hath made stoop gallant, to kiss their worthy followers. In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts, led by a brave resolve, are evermore seconded by fortune.

Cynthia. But, brother, have I not heard you say, your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him, to preserve till death the unstain'd honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Tharsalio. Tush, sister! suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done, if ever heaven hears your prayers, that you may live to see my brother nobly interred) to feed only upon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lysander. I am therein most confident.

Tharsalio. Indeed! you had better believe it than try it; but pray, sister, tell me (you are a woman) do not you wives nod your heads, and smile one upon another, when ye meet abroad?

Cynthia. Smile! why so?

Tharsalio. As who should say, are not we mad wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? Do you not brag amongst yourselves, how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? How they adore you for saints, and you believe it? while you adorn their temples, and they believe it not? How you vow widow-hood in their life-time, and they believe you; when even in the sight of their breathless corse, ere they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new Hymeneal bonds with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian?

Lysander. As for example—

Tharsalio. And make him the top of his house, and

sovereign lord of the palace? As for example; look you, brother, this glass is mine—

Lysander. What of that?

Tharsalio. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any other? will it not do his office to you, or you, and as well to my groom as to myself? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe, when I have conquer'd that sort of chastity, the great countess, that if another man of my making and metal shall assault her, her eyes and ears should lose their function, her other parts their use; as if nature made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters?

Cynthia. Brother, I fear me, in your travel you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poison'd the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses, that whatsoever enters there takes from them contagion, and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself perhaps is spotless.

Tharsalio. No, sister, it hath refin'd my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem; and through their mask to discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-liv'd widows tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns, and laugh in their sleeves; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolv'd to burn in that faith. And in that resolution do I march to the great lady.

Lysander. You lose time, brother, in discourse; by this, had you bore up with the lady and clapt her aboard; for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service.

Tharsalio. No; I will perform it in the conqueror's stile. Your way is, not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprise. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelvemonth's siege. It

would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure a stand at the palace, to see with what alacrity I'll accost her countess-ship, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lysander. It shall go hard but we'll hear your entertainment, for your confidence sake.

Tharsalio. And having won her, nephew, this sweet face,
Which, all the city says, is so like me,
Like me shall be preferr'd; for I will wed thee
To my great widow's daughter and sole heir,
The lovely spark, the bright Laodice.

Lysander. A good pleasant dream!

Tharsalio. In this eye I see
That fire that shall in me inflame the mother,
And that in this shall set on fire the daughter.
It goes, sir, in a blood: believe me brother,
These destinies go ever in a blood.

Lysander. These diseases do, brother: take heed of them.
Fare you well: take heed you be not baffled.

[*Exeunt Lysander, Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.*
Manet Tharsalio.

Tharsalio. Now thou that art the third blind deity
That governs earth in all her happiness,
The life of all endowments, Confidence:
Direct and prosper my intention.
Command thy servant deities, Love and Fortune,
To second my attempts for this great lady,
Whose page I lately was; that she, whose board
I might not sit at, I may board a bed,
And under bring, who bore so high her head. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* LYCUS.

Lycus. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me, sir; he come to woo our lady mistress for his wife?

Lysander. 'Tis a frenzy he is possess'd with, and will not be cur'd but by some violent remedy. And you shall favour me so much to make me a spectator of the scene. But is she (say you) already accessible for suitors? I thought she would have stood so stifly on her

widow vow, that she would not endure the sight of a suitor.

Lycus. Faith, sir, Penelope could not bar her gates against her wooers, but she will still be mistress of herself. It is, as you know, a certain itch in female blood, they love to be sued to; but she'll hearken to no suitors.

Lysander. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope is not so wise as her husband Ulysses; for he, fearing the jaws of the Syren, stopt his ears with wax against her voice. They that fear the adder's sting, will not come near her hissing. Is any suitor with her now?

Lycus. A Spartan lord, dating himself our great viceroy's kinsman; and two or three other of his country lords, as spots in his train. He comes armed with his altitude's letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a duchess, if she embrace the match. This is no mean attraction to her high thoughts; but yet she disdains him.

Lysander. And how then shall my brother presume of acceptance? Yet I hold it much more under her contentment, to marry such a nasty braggart, than under her honour to wed my brother: a gentleman (though I say it) more honourably descended than that lord; who perhaps, for all his ancestry, would be much troubled to name you the place where his father was born.

Lycus. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother and him. And the Venerean disease, to which, they say, he has been long wedded, shall, I hope, first rot him, ere she endure the savour of his sulphureous breath. Well, her ladyship is at hand; y'are best take you to your stand.

Lysander Thanks, good friend Lycus. [*Exit.*

Enter ARGUS *bareheaded, with whom another usher* LYCUS *joins, going over the stage;* HIARBAS, *and* PSORABEUS *next:* REBUS *single before* EUDORA, IAODICE, STHENIO *bearing her train,* IANTHE *following.*

Rebus. I admire, madam, you cannot love whom the viceroy loves.

Hiarbas. And one whose veins swell so with his blood, madam, as they do in his lordship.

Psorabeus. A near and dear kinsman his lordship is to his altitude, the viceroy; in care of whose good speed here, I know his altitude hath not slept a sound sleep since his departure.

Eudora. I thank Venus I have, ever since he came.

Rebus. You sleep away your honour, madam, if you neglect me.

Hiarbas. Neglect your lordship! that were a negligence no less than disloyalty.

Eudora. I much doubt that, sir; it were rather a presumption to take him, being of the blood viceroyal.

Rebus. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eudora. But offered ware is not so sweet, you know. They are the graces of the viceroy that woo me, not your lordship's; and I conceive it should be neither honour nor pleasure to you, to be taken in for another man's favours.

Rebus. Taken in, madam! you speak as I had no house to hide my head in.

Eudora. I have heard so indeed, my lord, unless it be another man's.

Rebus. You have heard untruth then; these lords can well witness I want no houses.

Hiarbas. Nor palaces neither, my lord.

Psorabeus. Nor courts neither.

Eudora. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe, we shall have a god of him.

Enter THARSALIO.

Argus. See the bold fellow! whither will you, sir?

Tharsalio. Away—All honour to you, madam.

Eudora. How now, base companion?

Tharsalio. Base, madam! he's not base that fights as high as your lips.

Eudora. And does that beseem my servant?

Tharsalio. Your court-servant, madam.

Eudora. One that waited on my board?

Tharsalio. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam.

Eudora. How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

Tharsalio. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loved shadows. And would any way make terrible the access of my love to you---

Eudora. Love me? love my dog.

Tharsalio. I am bound to that by the proverb, madam.

Eudora. Kennel without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presum'st on?

Tharsalio. On your judgment, madam, to chuse a man, and not a giant; as these are that come with titles and authority, as they would conquer, or ravish you. But I come to you with the liberal and ingenuous graces, love, youth, and gentry, which (in no more deform'd a person than myself) deserve any princess.

Eudora. In your saucy opinion, sir, and sirrah too; get gone; and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for afore heaven I'll have thee tost in blankets.

Tharsalio. In blankets, madam! you must add your sheets, and you must be the tosser.

Rebus. Nay then, sir, y'are as gross as you're saucy.

Tharsalio. And all one, sir, for I am neither.

Rebus. Thou art both.

Tharsalio. Thou liest; keep up your smiter, lord Rebus.

Hiarbas. Usest thou thus his altitude's cousin?

Rebus. The place thou know'st protects thee.

Tharsalio. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me loose to you; you are the lord (I take it) that woo'd my great mistress here with letters from his Altitude; which while he was reading, your lorship (to entertain time) straddl'd, and scal'd your fingers; as you would shew what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheets.

Hiarbas. 'Slight, why does your ladyship endure him?

Rebus. The place, the place, my lord.

Tharsalio. Be you his attorney, sir?

Hiarbas. What would you do, sir?

Tharsalio. Make thee leap out window, at which thou cam'st in---whore's son, bag-pipe lords!

Eudora. What rudeness is this?

Tharsalio. What tameness is it in you, madam, to stick at the discarding of such a suitor? a lean lord, dubb'd * with the lard of others: a diseased lord too, that opening certain magick characters in an unlawful book, up start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in his skin. Send him (mistress) to the widow your tenant, the virtuous panderess, Arsace. I perceive he has crowns in's purse, that make him proud of a string; let her pluck the goose therefore, and her maids dress him.

Psorabeus. Still, my lord, suffer him?

Rebus. The place, sir, believe it, the place!

Tharsalio. O good lord Rebus! the place is never like to be yours, that you need respect it so much.

Eudora. Thou wrong'st the noble gentleman.

Tharsalio. Noble gentleman! a tumour, an imposthume he is, madam; a very haut-boy, a bag-pipe; in whom there is nothing but wind, and that none of the sweetest neither.

Eudora. Quit the house of him, by th' head and shoulders.

Tharsalio. Thanks to your honour, madam; and my lord cousin the viceroy shall thank you.

Rebus. So shall he indeed, sir.

Lycus and Argus. Will you be gone, sir?

Tharsalio. Away, poor fellows!

Eudora. What is he made of? or what devil sees
Your childish and effeminate spirits in him,
That thus ye shun him? free us of thy sight;
Begone, or I protest thy life shall go.

Tharsalio. Yet shall my ghost stay still, and haunt those beauties,

* Ought we not rather to read "a lean lord, *daub'd* with the lard of others?" The quarto has it, *dub'd* the letter *a* having probably dropped out. C.

And glories that have render'd it immortal.
But since I see your blood runs (for the time)
High in that contradiction that fore-runs
Truest agreements (like the elements,
Fighting before they generate), and that time
Must be attended most in things most worth;
I leave your honour freely; and commend
That life you threaten, when you please, to be
Adventur'd in your service; so your honour
Require it likewise.

Eudora. Do not come again.

Tharsalio. I'll come again, believe it, and again. [*Exit.*

Eudora. If he shall dare to come again, I charge you shut
The doors upon him.

Argus. You must shut them (madam)
To all men else then, if it please your honour;
For if that any enter, he'll be one.

Eudora. I hope, wise sir, a guard will keep him out.

Argus. Afore heaven, not a guard (an't please your honour).

Eudora. Thou liest, base ass; one man enforce a guard!
I'll turn ye all away (by our isle's goddess)
If he but set a foot within my gates.

Lord. Your honour shall do well to have him poison'd.

Hiarbas. Or beg'd of your cousin the viceroy. [*Exeunt.*

LYSANDER *from his stand.*

Lysander. This braving wooer hath the success expected; the favour I obtain'd made me witness to the sport; and let his confidence be sure, I'll give it him home. The news, by this, is blown through the four quarters of the city. Alas, good confidence! but the happiness is, he has a forehead of proof; the stain shall never stick there, whatsoever his reproach be.

Enter THARSALIO.

Lysander. What, in discourse?

Tharsalio. Hell and the furies take this vile encounter!
Who would imagine this Saturnian peacock
Could be so barbarous, to use a spirit
Of my erection with such [1] low respect?
'Fore heaven it cuts my gall; but I'll dissemble it.

Lysander. What! my noble lord?

Tharsalio. Well, sir, that may be yet, and means to be.

Lysander. What means your lordship then to hang that head, that hath been so erected? it knocks, sir, at your bosom, to come in and hide itself.

Tharsalio. Not a jot.

Lysander. I hope by this time it needs fear no horns.

Tharsalio. Well, sir, but yet that blessing runs not always in a blood.

Lysander. What, blanketed? O the gods! spurn'd out by grooms like a base [2] bisogno? thrust out by th' head and shoulders?

Tharsalio. You do well, sir, to take your pleasure of me: (I may turn tables with you, ere long.)

Lysander. What, has thy wit's fine engine taken cold? art stuff'd in th' head? canst answer nothing?

[1] *low respect?*] The quarto reads *loved respect?* The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

This is another instance in which the quarto not seen by either Reed or Dodsley, amends the reading. Dodsley guessed at the change, and guessed right, for one of the old copies has it, "with "such *low* respect."

[2] *bisogno?*] This is a term of contempt frequently used in our old plays. It is probably derived from the Ital. *bisogno*, or the Fr. *besoin, want, need*, and is generally applied to people in want, or of the lower rank. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 85. "It may bee thought that every mercinarie man and common hire-"ling (taken up for a while, or serving a small season) is a soul-"dier fit to be registred, or honoured among the renouned sort of "warlike people. For such numbers of *bezoingnies*, or necessarie "instruments for the time, are to fall to their occupation when the "service is ended, and not to live idlely, or looke for imbrasin-"."

Again, in *Love's Cure*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 2. S. 1.

"I know ye not! what are ye? hence ye base *besognios*."

See also the Notes of Mr. Theobald and Mr. Steevens to the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 5. S. 3.

Tharsalio. Truth is, I like my entertainment the better, that 'twas no better.

Lysander. Now the gods forbid that this opinion should run in a blood!

Tharsalio. Have not you heard this principle, *All things by strife engender?*

Lysander. Dogs and cats do.

Tharsalio. And men and women too.

Lysander. Well, brother, in earnest,
You have now set your confidence to school,
From whence I hope 't has brought home such a lesson,
As will instruct his master never after,
To begin such attempts as end in laughter.

Tharsalio. Well, sir, you lesson my confidence still: I pray heavens your confidence have not more shallow ground (for that I know) than mine you reprehend so.

Lysander. My confidence, in what?

Tharsalio. May be you trust too much.

Lysander. Wherein?

Tharsalio. In human frailty.

Lysander. Why, brother, know you aught that may impeach my confidence, as this success may yours? hath your observation discovered any such frailty in my wife? (for that is your aim, I know) then let me know it.

Tharsalio. Good, good.—Nay, brother, I write no books of observations, let your confidence bear out itself, as mine shall me.

Lysander. That's scarce a brother's speech. If there be ought wherein your brother's good might any way be question'd, can you conceal it from his bosom.

Tharsalio. So, so.—Nay, my saying was but general; I glanc'd at no particular.

Lysander. Then must I press you farther. You spake (as to yourself, but yet I over-heard) as if you knew some disposition of weakness where I most had fix'd my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Tharsalio. Brother, are you wise?

Lysander. Why?

Tharsalio. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Acteon?

Lysander. What then?

Tharsalio. Curiosity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he must needs dog her to her retired pleasures, and see her in her nakedness. Do you enjoy the sole privilege of your wife's bed? have you no pretty Paris for your page? no mystical * Adonis to front you there?

Lysander. I think none; I know not.

Tharsalio. Know not still, brother: ignorance and credulity are your sole means to obtain that blessing. You see your greatest clerks, your wisest politicians, are not that way fortunate; your learned lawyers would lose a dozen poor mens causes to gain a lease on't but for a term. Your physician is jealous of his. Your sages in general, by seeing too much, oversee that happiness. Only your blockheadly tradesman, your honest-meaning citizen; your [3] not-headed country-gentleman; your unapprehending stinkard, is blest with the sole prerogative of his wife's chamber; for which he is yet beholding, not to his stars, but to his ignorance; for if he be wise, brother, I must tell you, the case alters.

How do you relish these things, brother?

Lysander. Passing ill.

* The edition of 1612, with which this reprint has now been collated for the first time, gives this passage only "no *young* Adonis to "front you there:" *mystical* seems used in the sense of *mysterious*.

[3] *not-headed.*] "So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is "thus described:

"A *nott-head* had he with a brown visage.

"A person is said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and "round: Ray says, the word is still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*. "Vide Ray Coll. p. 108. Morell's Chaucer, 8vo. p. 11. Vid. "Jun. Etym. ad verb." Dr. Percy's Note to the First Part of *King Henry* IV. A. S. 4. See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the "me passage.

Mr. Tyrrwhit explains *A not-head*; "*A' head like a nut*; fromt he sa hair, probably, being cut short. It has since been called a "Round-head, for the same reason." Note to *Chaucer*, vol. 4. p. 195.

Tharsalio. So do sick men solid meats. Hark ye, brother, are you not jealous?

Lysander. No: do you know cause to make me?

Tharsalio. Hold you there; did your wife never spice your broth with a dram of sublimate? hath she not yielded up the fort of her honour to a staring soldado? and (taking courage from her guilt) plaid open bankrout of all shame, and run the country with him? then bless your stars, bow your knees to Juno. Look where she appears.

Enter CYNTHIA, HYLUS.

Cynthia. We have sought you long, sir; there's a messenger within, hath brought you letters from the court, and desires your speech.

Lysander. I can discover nothing in her looks.—Go, I'll not be long.

Cynthia. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer says; and, besides, much hastens his departure.—Honourable brother, cry mercy! what, in a conqueror's stile? but come and overcome?

Tharsalio. A fresh course.

Cynthia. Alas! you see of how slight metal widows vows are made.

Tharsalio. And that shall you prove too ere long.

Cynthia. Yet for the honour of our sex, boast not abroad this your easy conquest; another might perhaps have staid longer below stairs; but it was your confidence, that surpriz'd her love.

Hylus. My uncle hath instructed me how to accost an honourable lady; to win her, not by suit, but by surprize.

Tharsalio. The whelp and all!

Hylus. Good uncle, let not your near honours change your manners; be not forgetful of your promise to me, touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs so upon't, that I dream every night of her.

Tharsalio. A good chicken! go thy ways, thou hast done well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cynthia. Come, sir, will you in?

Lysander. I'll follow you.

Cynthia. I'll not stir a foot without you. I cannot satisfy the messenger's impatience.

Lysander. [*He takes Tharsalio aside.*] Will you not resolve me, brother?

Tharsalio. Of what?

[*Lysander stamps, and goes out vex'd with Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.*

So, there's [4] veny for veny; I have given't him i'th' speeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth, than my baffling. It shall go hard, but I'll make my constant sister act as famous a scene as Virgil did his mistress, who caus'd all the fire in Rome to fail, so that none could light a torch, but at her nose. Now forth: At this house dwells a virtuous dame, sometime of worthy fame; now, like a decay'd merchant, turn'd broker, and retails refuse commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I must employ upon this business, to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall [5] make all split.—Ho, madam Arsace—pray heaven the oister-wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongst their stale pilchards.

Enter ARSACE, TOMASIN.

Arsace. What, my lord of the palace?

Tharsalio. Look you——

Arsace. Why, this was done like a beaten soldier.

[4] *veny for veny*] i. e. touch for touch, bout for bout; technical terms at fencing and cudgel-playing from the French *venue.* See Cotgrave. The word appears to have been out of fashion with the fantastick gallants of the times very early. Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 5. says, in answer to Master Matthew's request for one *venue*, "*Venue!* fie; Most gross deno-" mination as ever I heard! O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, " note that."

The Old Law, A. 3. S. 2.

" I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's muskcat,
" To give your perfum'd worship three *venues;*
" A sound old man puts his thrust better home,
" Than a spic'd young man."

[5] *make all split*] This expression is to be found in many of our old plays. See the Notes of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, to *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, A. 1. S. 2.

Tharsalio. Hark, I must speak with you. I have a share for you, in this rich adventure. You must be the ass charg'd with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the conqueror to follow and seize it. Seest thou this, jewel?

Arsace. Is't come to that? why, Tomasin.

Tomasin. Madam.

Arsace. Did not one of the countess's serving men tell us that this gentleman was sped?

Tomasin. That he did, and how her honour grac'd and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Arsace. And brought him down stairs herself.

Tomasin. Ay, forsooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors.

Tharsalio. 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs!

Arsace. Nay more, that he had already possess'd her sheets.

Tomasin. No indeed, mistress, 'twas her blankets.

Tharsalio. Out, you young hedge-sparrow, learn to tread afore you be fledg'd! [*He kicks her out.*] Well, have you done now, lady.

Arsace. O, my sweet kill-buck.

Tharsalio. You now, in your shallow pate, think this a disgrace to me; such a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a soldier's head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I use thee?

Arsace. Use me!

Tharsalio. O holy reformation! how art thou fallen down from the upper-bodies of the church to the skirts of the city! Honesty is stripp'd out of his true substance into verbal nicety. Common sinners startle at common terms; and they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white o'the eye. Thou art the lady's tenant.

Arsace. For term, sir.

Tharsalio. A good induction: be successful for me, make me lord of the palace, and thou shalt hold thy tenement to thee and thine heirs for ever, in free smockage, as of the manor of panderage: provided always—

Arsace. Nay, if you take me unprovided—

Tharsalio. Provided, I say, that thou mak'st thy repair to her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for thy surer access to her greatness, thou shalt present her, as from thyself, with this jewel.

Arsace. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

Tharsalio. Fear not that.

Presents are present cures for female grudges:
Make bad seem good; alter the case—with judges.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS II. SCENE I.

LYSANDER *and* THARSALIO.

Lysander. So, now we are by* ourselves. Brother, that ill-relish'd speech you let slip from your tongue hath taken so deep hold of my thoughts, that they will never give me rest, till I be resolv'd what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

Tharsalio. Tush! I am weary of this subject, I said n ot so

Lysander. By truth itself you did! I overheard you:
Come, it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be;
Pr'ythee, unfold briefly what you know.

Tharsalio. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth, and the envy of the heavens; virtuous, loyal, and what not. Briefly, I know she hath vow'd, that till death, and after death, she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue; all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother, I have other irons on th' anvil. [*Going.*

Lysander. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied;
Tell me what it is you know

Tharsalio. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almanacks for after-times? whether

* One of the quartos of 1612 gives this passage "So, now we "are ourselves." C.

some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion, or [6] whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch till Atropos cut her thread? Beware of curiosity, for who can resolve you? you'll say, perhaps, her vow.

Lysander. Perhaps, I shall.

Tharsalio. Tush! herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow. You are now a sober and staid gentleman: but if Diana, for your curiosity, should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambols you should play? your only way to be resolv'd is to die, and make trial of her.

Lysander. A dear experiment! then I must rise again to be resolv'd.

Tharsalio. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by [7] the next ripier that rides that way with mackrel. And so I leave you. [*Exit Tharsalio.*

Lysander. All the furies in hell attend thee; he has giv'n me
[8] A bone to tire on with a pestilence. 'Slight! know? What can he know? what can his eye observe
More than mine own, or the most piercing sight

[6] *whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch,* &c.] Mr. Malone observes (Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 5. S. 3.), that this seems to be imitated from the following passage in Lodge's *Rosalynd or Euphues' golden Legacie*, 1592:

" A *turtle* sat upon a *leaveless* tree,
" Mourning her absent *pheer*
" With sad and sorry cheere.---
" And whilst her plumes she rents,
" And for her love *laments*, &c."

Which also was probably what Shakspeare had in his mind when he wrote the following lines:

" ——— I, an old turtle,
" Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
" My mate, that's never to be found again,
" Lament 'till I am lost."

[7] *the next ripier*] " Ripiers (riparii)," says Minshieu, " be those " that use to bring fish from the sea-coast to the inner parts of the " land. It is a word made of the Latin *ripa*, the banke or shoare."

[8] *A bone to tire on*] i. e. to peck at. A term of Falconry. See Note 36 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

That ever viewed her? by this light, I think
Her privat'st thought may dare the eye of heaven,
And challenge th'envious world to witness it.
I know him for a wild corrupted youth,
Whom profane ruffians, 'squires to bawds, and strumpets,
Drunkards, spew'd out of taverns into th' sinks
Of tap-houses and stews, revolts from manhood,
[9] Debauch'd perdues, have by their companies
Turn'd devil, like themselves, and stuff'd his soul
With damn'd opinions, and unhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood, of all humanity,
Nay deity itself.

Enter LYCUS.

Lysander. Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lycus. Have you met with your capricious brother?

Lysander. He parted hence but now.

Lycus. And has he yet resolv'd you of that point
You brake with me about?

Lysander. Yes, he bids me die
For farther trial of her constancy.

Lycus. That were strange physick for a jealous patient: to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith, sir, discharge your thoughts on't; think 'twas but a buz devis'd by him to set your brains a work, and divert your eye from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honour'd fame; her virtue's so admir'd in this isle, as the report thereof sounds in foreign ears; and strangers oft arriving here (as some rare sight) desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the picture with the original. Nor think he can turn so far rebel to his blood'
Or to the truth itself, to misconceive
Her spotless love and loyalty: perhaps
Oft having heard you hold her faith so sacred,
As you being dead, no man might stir a spark
Of virtuous love, in way of second bonds;
As if you at your death should carry with you

[9] *Debauch'd perdues*] i. e. Fellows undone by debauchery; or such as prowl about at late hours for the purposes of debauchery. S.

Both branch and root of all affection;
'T may be, in that point he's an infidel,
And thinks your confidence may over-ween.

Lysander. So think not I.

Lycus. Nor I; if ever any made it good,
I am resolv'd, of all, she'll prove no changling.

Lysander. Well, I must yet be farther satisfied;
And vent this humour by some strain of wit.
Somewhat I'll do; but what, I know not yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter STHENIO,* IANTHE.

Sthenio. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this panderess, that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a panderess?

Ianthe. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting women.

Sthenio. A shrew take your comparison.

Ianthe. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does, or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

Sthenio. Who, an't please your honour? none so fit to set on any dangerous exploit. Ho! Argus?

Enter ARGUS *bare.*

Argus. What's the matter, wenches?

Sthenio. You must tell my lady, here's a gentlewoman call'd Arsace, her honour's tenant, attends her, to impart important business to her.

Argus. I will presently. [*Exit Argus.*

Ianthe. Well, she has a welcome present, to bear out her unwelcome presence; and I never knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest.—Arsace!

Enter ARSACE.

Arsace. I, mistress.

Sthenio. Give me your present, I'll do all I can to make way both for it and yourself.

Arsace. You shall bind me to your service, lady,

* Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Reed altered this name to *Sthenia*, but the quartos print it uniformly *Sthenio*. C.

Sthenio. Stand unseen.*

Enter LYCUS, EUDORA, LAODICE, REBUS, HIARBUS, PSORABEUS, *coming after;* ARGUS *coming to* EUDORA.

Argus. Here's a gentlewoman (an't please your honour) one of your tenants desires access to you.

Eudora. What tenant? what's her name?

Argus. Arsace, she says, madam.

Eudora. Arsace! what, the bawd?

Argus. The bawd,
Madam? [*she strikes*] that's without my privity.

Eudora. Out, ass!
Know'st not thou the panderess Arsace?

Sthenio. She presents your honour with this jewel.

Eudora. This jewel? how came she by such a jewel? She has had great customers.

Argus. She had need, madam, she sits at a great rent.

Eudora. Alas! for your great rent: I'll keep her jewel, and keep you her out, ye were best: speak to me for a pand'ress!

Argus. What shall we do?

Sthenio. Go to; let us alone—Arsace.

Arsace. I, lady.

Sthenio. You must pardon us, we cannot obtain your access.

Arsace. Mrs. Sthenio, tell her honour, if I get not access to her, and that instantly, she's undone.

Sthenio. This is something of importance—Madam, she swears your honour is undone, if she speak not with you instantly.

Eudora. Undone!

Arsace. Pray her, for her honour's sake, to give me instant access to her.

Sthenio. She makes her business your honour, madam, and entreats, for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

Eudora. How comes my honour in question? bring her to me.

* She stands aside but not out of sight of the audience as she afterwards takes part in the dialogue. C.

Enter ARSACE.

Arsace. Our Cyprian goddess save your good honour!

Eudora. Stand you off, I pray—How dare you, mistress, importune access to me thus, considering the last warning I gave for your absence?

Arsace. Because, madam, I have been mov'd by your honour's last most chaste admonition, to leave the offensive life I led before.

Eudora. Ay! have you left it then?

Arsace. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the pleasure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights to their husbands.

Eudora. Out on thee, impudent!

Arsace. Alas, madam! we would all be glad to live in our callings.

Eudora. Is this the reform'd life thou talk'st on?

Arsace. I beseech your good honour mistake me not; I boast of nothing but my charity; that's the worst.

Eudora. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endanger'd, I pray?

Arsace. In care of that, madam, I have presum'd to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth, and generally, that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio—

Eudora. I take him to husband!

Arsace. If your honour does, you are utterly undone; for he's the most incontinent, and insatiate man of women, that ever Venus blest with ability to please them.

Eudora. Let him be the devil, I abhor his thought; and could I be inform'd particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

Arsace. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's

known virtue resist and defy it for him; for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me!) I wink'd at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in one night made mad with his love.

Eudora. What, tell'st thou me of his love? I tell thee, I abhor him; and destiny must have another mould for my thoughts, than nature or mine honour; and a witchcraft above both, to transform me to another shape, as soon as to another conceit of him.

Arsace. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you; and, good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole womanhood against him. He will so inchant you, as never man did woman: nay, a goddess (say his light housewives) is not worthy of his sweetness.

Eudora. Go to; be gone.

Arsace. Dear madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the fill.

Eudora. Manhood! quoth you?

Arsace. Nay beastlyhood I might say, indeed, madam, but for saving your honour; nine in a night, said I?

Eudora. Go to; no more.

Arsace. No more, madam? that's enough one would think.

Eudora. Well, be gone, I bid thee.

Arsace. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city, and to whom shall I complain of these inchastities, (being your ladyship's reform'd tenant) but to you that are chastest?

Eudora. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Arsace. I humbly thank your good honour, that was first cause of it.

Eudora. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor.

Arsace. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eudora. Yet again?

Arsace. All my duty to your excellence.

[*Exit Arsace.*

Eudora. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world, to dispraise faults and use them, that so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings: beshrew her, would she had spared her news! [*Exit.*

Rebus. See if she take not a contrary way, to free herself of us.

Hiarbas. You must complain to his altitude.

Psorabeus. All this for trial is; you must indure,
That will have wives; nought else with them is sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter THARSALIO, ARSACE.

Tharsalio. Hast thou been admitted then?

Arsace. Admitted! ay, into her heart, [10] I'll able it; never was man so prais'd with a dispraise; nor so spoken for, in being rail'd on. I'll give you my word, I have set her heart upon as ticklish a pin as the needle of a dial, that will never let it rest till it be in the right position.

Tharsalio. Why dost thou imagine this?

Arsace. Because I saw Cupid shoot in my words, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart; and these changes, I can tell you, are shrewd tell-tales.

Tharsalio. Thou speak'st like a doctress in thy faculty: but howsoever, for all this foil, I'll retrieve the game once again; he's a shallow gamester that for one displeasing cast gives up so fair a game for lost.

Arsace. Well, 'twas a villainous invention of thine, and had a swift operation; it took like sulphur. And

[10] *I'll able it;*] An old phrase, signifying to *undertake*, or *answer for one.* So, in *King Lear*, A. 4. S. 7:

"None does offend, none, I say, none *I'll able 'em.*"

yet this virtuous countess hath to my ear spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sisters thread against concupiscence; but ever with such an affected zeal, as my mind gave me she had a kind of secret titillation to grace my poor house sometimes, but that she fear'd a spice of the sciatica, which, as you know, ever runs in the blood—

Tharsalio. And, as you know, soaks into the bones. But to say truth, these angry heats, that break out at the lips of these straight-lac'd ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustful fever that boils within them; for wherefore rage wives at their husbands so, when they fly out? for zeal against the sin?

Arsace. No; because they did not purge that sin.

Tharsalio. Thou'rt a notable syren; and I swear to thee, if I prosper, not only to give thee thy manor-house gratis, but to marry thee to some one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyship: Go, be gone.

[*Exit Arsace.*

Enter LYCUS.

Tharsalio. What news, Lycus? where's the lady?

Lycus. Retir'd into her orchard.

Tharsalio. A pregnant badge of love; she's melancholy.

Lycus. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartan woer; but howsoever it is with her, you have practis'd strangely upon your brother.

Tharsalio. Why so?

Lycus. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That spark jealousy falling into his dry melancholy brain, had well near set the whole house on fire.

Tharsalio. No matter, let it work; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with such a volley of unseason'd scoffs, as would have made patience itself turn ruffian, attiring itself in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified then?

Lycus. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the sickness. You know how strange his dotage ever was on his wife, taking special glory to

have her love and loyalty to him so renown'd abroad: to whom she oftentimes hath vow'd constancy after life, till her own death had brought, forsooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he joy'd in strangely, and was therein of infallible belief, till your surmise began to shake it: which hath loos'd it so, as now there's nought can settle it but a trial; which he's resolv'd upon.

Tharsalio. As how, man? as how?

Lycus. He is resolved to follow your advice, to die and make trial of her stableness; and you must lend your hand to it.

Tharsalio. What, to cut's throat?

Lycus. To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumstance, maintain a publick face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

Tharsalio. I, but the means, man? what time? what probability?

Lycus. Nay, I think he has not lick'd his whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly hear on't.

Tharsalio. And when shall this strange conception see light?

Lycus. Forthwith; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up, lest perhaps his absence, by occasion of his intended trial, be prolonged above his aims.

Tharsalio. Thanks for this news, i'faith. This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well, and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues; but she hath so possess'd my brother's heart with vows and disvowings, seal'd with oaths, of second nuptials, as in that confidence he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family, and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion; so as, he dead, and she matching (as I am resolved she will) with some young prodigal, what must ensue, but her post-issue beggar'd, and our house, already sinking, buried quick in ruin? But this trial may remove it; and since 'tis come to this, mark but

the issue, Lycus; for all these solemn vows, if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travel. This resolution then has set his wits in joint again, he's quiet?

Lycus. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner, listens after your speed.

Tharsalio. Nay, he's passing kind; but I'm glad of this trial for all that.

Lycus. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Tharsalio. But he will change that thought ere long. My bird * you saw even now sings me good news, and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lycus. Somewhat can I say too: since your messenger's departure, her ladyship hath been something alter'd, more pensive than before, and took occasion to question of you what your addictions were? of what taste your humour was? of what cut you wore your wit? and all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Tharsalio. Good calendars, Lycus. Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.
Thy wishes shall assist me.

Lycus. And my means. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARGUS, CLINIAS, STHENIO, IANTHE.

Argus. I must confess I was ignorant what it was to court a lady till now.

Sthenio. And I pray you what is it now?

Argus. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from court; for so this Spartan lord's court-discipline teacheth.

Sthenio. His lordship hath procured a new pacquet from his altitude.

Clinias. If he bring no better ware than letters in's pacquet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ianthe. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

* *i. e.* Arsace. O. G.

Clinias. Well, these retired walks of her's are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenio?

Sthenio Nay, 'twould trouble Argus, with his hundred eyes, to descry the cause.

Ianthe. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is, that some of the serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood; if they do, good night to our good days.

Sthenio. 'Twere a sin to suspect her: I have been witness to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course; to her infinite oaths imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression; to her open and often detestation of that incestuous life (as she term'd it) of widows marriages, as being but a kind of lawful adultery, like usury, permitted by the law, not approv'd; that to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first; that women would entertain wedlock as one body, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it: so as if the conscience of her vows should not restrain her, yet the world's shame to break such a constant resolution should repress any such motion in her.

Argus. Well, for her vows, they are gone to heaven with her husband? they bind not upon earth: and as for women's resolutions, I must tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolemy says) the winds, have a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning, if her late strangeness and exorbitant solitude be not hatching some new monster.

Ianthe. Well applied, Argus; make you husbands monsters?

Argus. I spoke of no husbands; but you wenches have the pregnant wits to turn monsters into husbands, as you turn husbands into monsters.

Sthenio. Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in, to part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

Ianthe. We shall appear to her like the two fortunate stars in a tempest, to save the shipwreck of her patience.

Sthenio. Ay, and to him too, I believe; for by this time he hath spent the last dram of his news.

Argus. That is, of his wit.

Sthenio. Just, good wittals.

Ianthe. If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall hear from his lordship what such a lord said of his wife the first night he embrac'd her; to what gentleman such a count was beholden for his fine children; what young lady such an old count should marry; what revels, what presentments are towards, and [11] who penn'd the pegmas, and so forth: and yet for all this, I know her harsh suiton hath tir'd her to the uttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will do more, unless we two, like a pair of sheers, cut asunder the thread of his discourse.

Sthenio. Well then, let's in: but, my masters, wait you on your charge at your perils; see that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

Ianthe. Excepting young Tharsalio.

Sthenio. True, excepting him indeed; for a guard of men is not able to keep him out, an't please your honour.

Argus. O wenches! that's the property of true valour, to promise like a pigmy, and perform like a giant. If he come, I'll be sworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon him.

Ianthe. What, beat him out?

Sthenio. If he should, Tharsalio would not take it ill at his hands; for he does but his lady's commandment.

Enter THARSALIO.

Argus. Well! by Hercules, he comes not here.

Sthenio. By Venus! but he does; or else she hath heard my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit

[11] *who penn'd the pegmas;*] i. e. the bills fix'd up at pageants, to give some account of their contents. S.

in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Tharsalio. There stand her centinels.

Argus. 'Slight, the ghost appears again!

Tharsalio. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms; save ye, my women.

Sthenio. Your women, sir.

Tharsalio. 'Twill be so. What no courtesies? no preparation of grace? observe me, I advise you for your own sakes.

Ianthe. For your own sake I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think.

Clinias. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio?

Argus. Well said, Clinias, talk to him.

Clinias. I wonder, that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatenings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again.

Tharsalio. Come, y'are a widgeon: off with your hat, sir; acknowledge forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-ey'd? can you not see afore you? A little foresight, I can tell you, might stead you much, as the stars shine now.

Clinias. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is asham'd on you: but, sir, you must know, we are charg'd to bar your entrance.

Tharsalio. But [12] whifler, know you, that whoso shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Argus. By Jove! Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Tharsalio. Well, I see this house needs reformation; here's a fellow stands behind now, of a forwarder insight than ye all. What place hast thou?

Argus. What place you please, sir.

Tharsalio. Law you, sir! here's a fellow to make a gentleman-usher, sir. I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room: make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely; and for the full posses-

[12] *whifler,*] See Note 22 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.

sion of thine office, come, usher me to thy lady; and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Argus. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship.

Tharsalio. Go to, thou do'st well, but pocket it for all that; 'tis no impair to thee, the greatest do't.

Argus. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect; but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming. [*Exit Argus.*

Tharsalio. How say by this? Have I not made a fit choice, that hath so soon attain'd the deepest mystery of his profession? Good sooth, wenches, a few courtesies had not been cast away upon your new lord.

Sthenio. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting.

Enter ARGUS, EUDORA, REBUS, HIARBAS, PSORABEUS.

Eudora. What's the matter? who's that you say is come?

Argus. The bold gentleman, an't please your honour.

Eudora. Why, thou fleering ass thou!

Argus. An't please your honour—

Eudora. Did not I forbid his approach, by all the charge and duty of thy service?

Tharsalio. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly understood your command, according to the stile of the court of Venus; that is, by contraries: when you forbid, you bid.

Eudora. By heaven! I'll discharge my house of ye all.

Tharsalio. You shall not need, madam; for I have already cashier'd your officious usher here, and choose this for his successor.

Eudora. O incredible boldness!

Tharsalio. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforc'd letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coneyskins in Sparta.

Rebus. Whom mean you, sir?

Tharsalio. Sir, I name none but him who first shall name himself.

Rebus. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form upon't.

Tharsalio. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an answer.

Argus. Anser's Latin for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eudora. Well noted, gander; and what of that?

Argus. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he said he would make his lordship an answer.

Eudora. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor.—Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, did'st thou (when thou had'st means to note me best) ever observe so base a temper in me, as to give any glance at stooping to my vassal?

Tharsalio. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eudora. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors, that may advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot my head?

Tharsalio. No, but your side, to keep you warm a-bed. But, madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's serious answer; though I confess, to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable, my person more gracious, my mind more adorn'd with noble and heroical virtues; yet, madam (that you think not your blood disparag'd by mixture with mine), deign to know this; Howsoever I o ice, only for your love, disguis'd myself in the service of your late lord and mine; yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartan attempter, who, by unknown quills or conduits under ground, draws his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe to the viceroy's little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave itching.

Rebus. 'Tis well, sir, presume still of the place.

Tharsalio. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage that hath stoop'd to disguises for love? what

think you of our countryman Hercules, that for love put on Omphale's apron, and sat spinning amongst her wenches, while his mistress wore his lion's skin, and lamb-skin'd him, if he did not his business?

Eudora. Most fitly thou resembl'st thyself to that violent outlaw,* that claim'd all other men's possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? Come into my house, beat away these honourable persons.

Tharsalio. That I will, madam.—Hence, ye Sparta-velvets.

Psorabeus. Hold, she did not mean so.

Tharsalio. Away, I say, or leave your lives I protest here.

Hiarbas. Well, sir, his altitude shall know you.

Rebus. I'll do your errand, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Tharsalio. Do, good cousin Altitude, and beg the reversion of the next lady: for Dido has betroth'd her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Caledonian boar.

Eudora. O most prodigious audaciousness!

Tharsalio. True, madam; O fie upon 'em, they are intolerable. And I cannot but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex, and must therefore carry with it some rare endowment of other masculine and heroical virtues; to hear a rude Spartan court so ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens, or the viceroy's court; how many dogs were spoil'd at the last bull-baiting; what ladies dubb'd their husbands knights, and so forth.

Eudora. But hast thou no shame? no sense of what disdain I shew'd thee in my last entertainment? chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty, not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner? No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

* One copy of 1612 reads, "Most fitly thou resembl'st thyself to that violent *Atlas*." C.

Tharsalio. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name; term it not boldness, which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eudora. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Tharsalio. No, madam; that proves I am no fool: then had I been here a fool, and a base low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely pluck'd by a profane finger—No, madam; first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eudora. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Tharsalio. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration: know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eudora. What would'st thou have me know? what seeks thy coming? why dost thou haunt me thus?

Tharsalio. Only, madam, that the Ætna of my sighs, and Nilus of my tears, pour'd forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducible to your divine contentment.

Eudora. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee. This you learn'd when you were a serving-man.

Tharsalio. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other title, or state, than your servant's: not approaching your board, but bidden; not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known, if you will command me any service.

Eudora. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths; as common as the air; and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light housewives, thy muses, hath thy love promis'd this service besides, I pray thee?

Tharsalio. Compare shadows to bodies, madam; pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eudora. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortalest enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety: keep back; no one foot follow me farther; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past lets pass a prepar'd ambush to thy latest breath. [*Exit Eudora.*

Tharsalio. This for your ambush. [*He draws.*] Dare my love with death! [*Exit.*

Clinias. 'Slight; follow, an't please your honour.

Argus. Not I, by this light.

Clinias. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthenio. Not we, sir; we are no parters of frays.

Clinias. Faith, nor will I be any breaker of customs. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENE I.

Enter LYSANDER *and* LYCUS *booted.*

Lycus. Would any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocence as you intend to do? [12] It was a strange curiosity in that emperor, that ript his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lysander. Come do not load me with volumes of persuasion; I am resolv'd: if she be gold she may abide the test. Let's away; I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter CYNTHIA, HYLUS, *and* ERO.

Cynthia. Sir!

[12] *It was a strange curiosity,* &c.] This is related of the Emperor Nero. Tacitus, however, speaks of it as a very doubtful fact.

Lysander. I pray thee, wife, shew but thyself a woman, and be silent: question no more the reason of my journey, which our great viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cynthia. Let me but see that letter; there is something in this presaging blood of mine tells me this sudden journey can portend no good; resolve me, sweet, have not I given you cause of discontent, by some misprison, or want of fit observance? Let me know, that I may [13] wreak myself upon myself.

Lysander. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and staid,
And must not wanton it in tricks of court,
Nor interchang'd delights of melting lovers;
Hanging on sleeves, sighing, loth to depart:*
These toys are past with us; our true love's substance
Hath worn out all the shew: let it suffice,
I hold thee dear; and think some cause of weight
With no excuse to be dispens'd withal,
Compels me from thy most desir'd embraces.
I stay but for my brother; came he not in last night?

Hylus. For certain no, sir; which gave us cause of wonder, what accident kept him abroad.

Cynthia. Pray heaven it prove not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the countess!

Lysander. Trust me, I something fear it, this insatiate spirit of aspiring being so dangerous and fatal; desire, mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

Hylus. Sir, sir, here's my uncle.

Enter THARSALIO.

Lysander. What, wrapt in careless cloak, face hid in hat unbanded? These are the ditches, brother, in which out-raging colts plunge both themselves and their riders.

[13] *wreak*] i. e. revenge. See Note 44 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

* The song of *Loth to Depart*. O. G.

Tharsalio. Well, we must get out as well as we may; if not, there's the making of a grave saved.

Cynthia. That's desperately spoken, brother: had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in?

Tharsalio. True, sister; but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lysander. This is your blind goddess Confidence!

Tharsalio. Alas, brother, our house is decay'd, and my honest ambition to restore it, I hope, is pardonable. My comfort is, the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head *Magnis tamen excidit ausis:*

Which in our native idiom, lets you know,
His mind was high, tho' fortune was his foe.

Lysander. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you; let's in.

Tharsalio. Good brother, stay a little, help this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lysander. How now?

Tharsalio. Now I confess my oversight: this have I purchas'd by my confidence.

Lysander. I like you, brother; 'tis the true garb, you know:
What wants in real worth, supply in show.

Tharsalio. In show! alas, 'twas even the thing itself. I op't my compting-house, and took away
These simple fragments of my treasury:
Husband, my countess cry'd, take more, more yet;
Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store,
Kiss'd and came off; and this time took no more.

Cynthia. But, good brother——

Tharsalio. Then were our honour'd 'spousal rites perform'd,
We made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lysander. [14] He's rapt!

[14] *He's rapt*] i. e. He is in a reverie. So, in *Volpone*, A. 2. S. 4.

" —— he
" Would lye you often, three, four hours together,

Tharsalio. Then did my ushers and chief servants stoop:
Then made my women curt'sies, and envied
Their lady's fortune: I was magnified.

Lysander. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Tharsalio. Brother and sister, as I love, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true; and the conclusion is, the great countess is mine: the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honour'd nuptials.

Lysander. Can this be credited?

Tharsalio. Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate atchievement?

Lysander. Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable.

Tharsalio. Good.

Lysander. If the issue were successful.

Tharsalio. A good state-conclusion! happy events make good the worst attempts. Here are your widow-vows, sister! thus are ye all in your pure naturals! certain moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your [15] busk-points; which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? poor naked sinners, God wot! weak paper-walls, thrust down with a finger! this is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust, and then take them down in the nick.

Cynthia. Is there probability in this; that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop?

Tharsalio. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the lure she stoop'd at: greatness! think you that can curb affection? no, it whets it more; they have the full stream of blood to bear them; the sweet

> "To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so *rapt*,
> "As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
> "Like you, and you are like him, just."

[15] *busk-points*;] See Note 34 to *Lingua*, vol. V.—Here metaphorically used for bosom. O. G.

gale of their sublimed spirits to drive them; the calm of ease to prepare them; the sun-shine of fortune to allure them; greatness to waft them safe through all rocks of infamy. When youth, wit, and person, come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you chuse but hoist sail, and put forward to the main?

Lysander. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; would she in so short time wear out his memory? so soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, still remember with grief, the impression of his loss taking worthily such root in us? how think you, wife?

Cynthia. I am asham'd on't, and abhor to think,
So great and vow'd a pattern of our sex
Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed,
(O stain to woman-hood!) a second love.

Lysander. In so short time?

Cynthia. In any time.

Lysander. No, wife?

Cynthia. By Juno, no; sooner a loathsome toad.

Tharsalio. High words, believe me, and I think she'll keep them. Next turn is yours, nephew; you shall now marry my noblest lady-daughter; the first marriage in Paphos: next my nuptials, shall be yours. These are strange occurrents, brother; but pretty and pathetical: if you see me in my chair of honour, and my countess in mine arms; you will then believe, I hope, I am lord of the palace; then shall you try my great lady's entertainment, see your hands free'd of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

Lysander. Well, all this rids not my business: Wife, you shall be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way to think of your revels and nuptial sports. Brother, my stay hath been for you; wife, pray thee be gone; and soon prepare for the solemnity; a month returns me.

Cynthia. Heavens guide your journey!

Lysander. Farewell.

Tharsalio. Farewell. Nephew, prosper in virility;

but do you hear? keep your hand from your voice, I have a part for you in our hymeneal show.

Hylus. You speak too late for my voice; but I'll discharge the part. [*Exeunt Cynthia and Hylus.*

Lysander. Occurrents call ye them? foul shame confound them all! that impregnable fort of chastity and loyalty, that amazement of the world—O ye deities, could nothing restrain her? I took her spirit to be too haughty for such a depression.*

Tharsalio. But who commonly more short-heel'd, than they that are high i'the instep?

Lysander. Methinks yet shame should have controul'd so sudden an appetite.

Tharsalio. Tush! shame doth extinguish lust as oil doth fire;
The blood once hot, shame doth enflame the more;
What they before by art dissembled most,
They act more freely; shame once found, is lost.
And to say truth, brother, what shame is due to't? or what congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant, vigorous, full of spirit and complexion; her appetite new-whetted with nuptial delights; to be confined to the speculation of a death's head, or for the loss of a husband, (the world affording flesh enough) make the noon-tide of her years, the sun-set of her pleasures?

Lycus. And yet there have been such women.

Tharsalio. Of the first stamp perhaps, when the metal was purer than in these degenerate days: of later years, much of that coin hath been counterfeit, and besides so crack'd and worn with use, that they are grown light, and indeed fit for nothing, but to be turn'd over in play.

Lysander. Not all, brother.

Tharsalio. My matchless sister only excepted: for she, you know, is made of another metal, than that she

* Hitherto misprinted *impression*: the true reading is *depression*, which is supported by the quarto Mr. Reed did not meet with. C.

borrow'd of her mother. But do you, brother, [16] sadly intend the pursuit of this trial?

Lysander. Irrevocably.

Tharsalio. It's a high project: if it be once rais'd, the earth is too weak to bear so weighty an accident: it cannot be conjur'd down again without an earthquake; therefore believe she will be constant.

Lysander. No, I will not.

Tharsalio. Then believe she will not be constant.

Lysander. Neither: I will believe nothing but what trial enforces. Will you hold your promise for the governing of this project with skill and secrecy?

Tharsalio. If it must needs be so—But hark you, brother; have you no other capricions* in your head, to entrap my sister in her frailty, but to prove the firmness of her widow-vows after your supposed death?

Lysander. None in the world.

Tharsalio. Then here's my hand; I'll be as close as my lady's shoe to her foot, that pinches and pleases her, and will bear on with the plot till the vessel split again.

Lysander. Forge any death, so you can force belief: say I was poison'd, drown'd—

Tharsalio. Hang'd.

Lysander. Any thing, so you assist it with likely circumstance; I need not instruct you; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lycus. Well, sir.

Tharsalio. But, brother, you must set in too: to countenance truth out, a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions; I have mark'd a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse, and weep devoutly.

Lycus. All those things leave to me.

Lysander. But, brother, for the bestowing of this

[16] *sadly*] i. e. seriously. See Note 20 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

* *Capricions*, or caprices, is the reading of the old copy, which was perhaps revised by the author. Mr. Reed allowed it to stand *capricorns*. C.

heasse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral—

Tharsalio. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions: that being done, I'll come to visit the distress'd widow; apply old ends of comfort to her grief; but the burden of my song shall be to tell her, words are but dead comforts, and therefore counsel her to take a living comfort, that might ferret out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepared with choice of suitors; either my Spartan lord, for grace at the viceroy's court, or some great lawyer, that may solder up her crack'd estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival?

Lysander. By this hand, split her wezand.

Tharsalio. Well, forget not your wager; a stately chariot with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove victor: but, well remember'd, where will you lurk the whiles?

Lysander. Mew'd up close, some short day's journey hence; Lycus shall know the place; write still how all things pass: brother, adieu; all joy attend you.

Tharsalio. Will you not stay, our nuptial now so near?

Lysander. I should be like a man that hears a tale
And heeds it not; one absent from himself:
My wife shall attend the countess, and my son.

Tharsalio. Whom you shall hear at your return call me father.
Adieu: Jove be your speed,
My nuptials done, your funerals succeed.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Lycus.*

Enter ARGUS, *bareheaded.*

Argus. [17] A hall, a hall: who's without there?

[17] *A hall, a hall:*] This exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies *make room.* See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 5.

Enter two or three with cushions.

Come on; y'are proper grooms, are ye not? 'slight, I think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so; a company of dormice. Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready. [18] Rushes and seats instantly!

Tharsalio. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumber'd with an office!

Argus. Perfume, sirrah; the room's dampish.

Tharsalio. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies; they'll perfume it sufficiently.

Argus. Cry mercy, sir, here's a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, curvetting and tripping o'th' toe, as the ground they trod on were too hot for their feet. The device is rare; and there's your young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds, deified with Hymen's shape.

Tharsalio. Is he perfect in's part? has not his tongue learned of the Sylvans to trip o'th' toe?

Argus. Sir, believe it, he does it preciously for accent and action, as if he felt the part he play'd: he ravishes all the young wenches in the palace. Pray Venus my young lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her, she's so diligent at's rehearsals.

Tharsalio. No force; so my next vows be heard, that if Cupid have prick'd her, Hymen may cure her.

Argus. You mean your nephew, sir, that presents Hymen.

Tharsalio. Why so. I can speak nothing, but thou art within me: fye of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But howsoever you please to understand, Hymen send the boy no worse fortune. And where's my lady's honour?

Argus. At hand, sir, with your unparagon'd sister: please you take your chair of honour, sir?

Tharsalio. Most serviceable Argus, the gods reward thy service; for I will not.

[18] *Rushes and seats*] See Note 7 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

Enter EUDORA, *leading* CYNTHIA; LAODICE, STRENIO, IANTHE, ERO, *with others following.*

Eudora. Come, sister, now we must exchange that name
For stranger titles: let's dispose ourselves
To entertain these Sylvan revellers,
That come to grace our loved nuptials.
I fear me, we must all turn nymphs to-night,
To side those sprightly wood-gods in their dances;
Can you do't nimbly, sister? 'slight, what ail you?
Are you not well?

Cynthia. Yes, madam.

Eudora. But your looks,
Methinks are cloudy; suiting* all the sun-shine
Of this clear honour to your husband's house.
Is there aught here that sorts not with your liking?

Tharsalio. Blame her not, mistress, if her looks show care.
Excuse the merchant's sadness that hath made
A doubtful venture of his whole estate,
His livelihood, his hopes, in one poor bottom,
To all encounters of the sea and storms.
Had you a husband that lov'd you as well,
Would you not take his absent plight as ill?
Cavil at every fancy? not an object
That could present itself, but it would forge
Some vain objection, that did doubt his safety?
True love is ever full of jealousy.

Eudora. Jealous! of what? of every little journey?
Mere fancy then is wanton, and doth cast
At those slight dangers there, too doating glances;
Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances:
Shines not the sun in his way bright as here?
Is not the air as good? what hazard doubt you?

Argus. His horse may stumble, if it please your honour;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him;

* 'Till now it has stood *unsuiting;* but *suiting* (which is supported by the old copy) means *clouding* or *covering* all the sunshine. C.

Many shrewd hazards watch poor travellers.
Eudora. True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckon'd us.
Good sister, these cares fit young married wives.
Cynthia. Wives should be still young in their husband's loves.
Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him.
Our lives he may cut short, but not our loves.
Tharsalio. Sister, be wise, and ship not in one bark
All your ability: if he miscarry,
Your well-try'd wisdom should look out for new.
Cynthia. I wish them happy winds that run that course,
From me 'tis far; one temple seal'd our troth;
One tomb, one hour shall end, and shroud us both.
Tharsalio. Well, y'are a Phœnix; there, be that your cheer;
Love with your husband be, your wisdom here.
Hark! our sports challenge it; sit, dearest mistress.
Eudora. Take your place, worthiest servant.
Tharsalio. Serve me, heaven, [*Musick.*
As I my heavenly mistress: sit, rare sister.
[*Musick. Hymen descends; and six Sylvans enter beneath, with torches.*
Argus. A hall, a hall; let no more citizens in there.
Laodice. O not my cousin, see! but Hymen's self.
Sthenio. He does become it most enflamingly.
Hymen. Hail, honoured bridegroom, and his princely bride,
With the most fam'd for virtue, Cynthia;
And this young lady, bright Laodice,
One rich hope of this noblest family.
Sthenio. Hark how he courts! he is enamour'd too.
Laodice. O grant it, Venus, and be ever honour'd!
Hymen. In grace and love of you, I Hymen search'd
The groves and thickets that embrace this palace,
With this clear-flam'd and good-aboding torch,
For summons of these fresh and flowery Sylvans

To this fair presence; with their winding hays,
Active and antique dances, to delight
Your frolick eyes, and help to celebrate
These noblest nuptials; which great destiny,
Ordain'd past custom and all vulgar object,
To be the re-advancement of a house,
Noble and princely, and restore this palace
To that name, that six hundred summers since
Was in possession of this bridegroom's ancestors,
The ancient and most virtue-fam'd Lysandri.
Sylvans, the courtships you make to your Dryads,
Use to this great bride, and these other dames,
And heighten with your sports my nuptial flames.

Laodice. O would himself descend, and me command!

Sthenio. Dance; and his heart catch in another's hand.

[*Sylvans take out the bride and the rest; they dance; after which all sit in their places.*

Hymen. Now, what the power and my torch's influence
Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys,
(Great bride and bridegroom) you shall amply part
Betwixt your free loves, and foregoe it never.

Omnes. Thanks to great Hymen, and fair Sylvans ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENE I.

THARSALIO, LYCUS *with his arm in a scarf, a night-cap on's head.*

Lycus. I hope, sir, by this time—

Tharsalio. Put on, man, by ourselves.

Lycus. The edge of your confidence is well taken off; would you not be content to withdraw your wager?

Tharsalio. Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager were weakly built, this unexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinary, to fol-

low her husband's body into the tomb, and there for his company to bury herself quick: 'tis new and stirring; but for all this, I'll not despair of my wager.

Lycus. Why, sir, can you think such a passion dissembled?

Tharsalio. All's one for that; what I think, I think; in the mean time forget not to write to my brother, how the plot hath succeeded, that the news of his death hath taken; a funeral solemnity perform'd; his suppos'd corpse bestowed in the monument of our family; thou and I horrible mourners: but above all, that his intolerable virtuous widow, for his love, and (for her love) Ero her handmaid, are descended with his corpse into the vault; there wipe their eyes time out of mind, drink nothing but their own tears, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say 'tis true), where left you him?

Lycus. At Dipolis, sir, some twenty miles hence.

Tharsalio. He keeps close.

Lycus. Ay, sir, by all means; skulks unknown under the name of a strange knight.

Tharsalio. That may carry him without descrying; for [19] there's a number of strange knights abroad. You left him well?

Lycus. Well, sir, but for this jealous humour that haunts him.

Tharsalio. Well, this news will absolutely purge that humour. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discovery of his slaughter. Did she perform it well for her husband's wager?

Lycus. Perform it, call you it? you may jest; men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for your pleasure, but she takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I never saw such an extasy of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew up to her

[19] *there's a number of strange knights abroad.*] I believe this was intended as a sneer on the multitude of knights created by King James the First.

Chapman seems to have felt great contempt for this numerous creation, as he has attacked them again in *Monsieur d'Olive*, Act I.

head like furies, hid all her beauties in her dishevel'd hair, and wept as she would turn fountain. I would you and her husband had been [20] behind the arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in despight of my discretion, I was forc'd to turn woman, and bear a part with her: humanity broke loose from my heart, and stream'd through mine eyes.

Tharsalio. In prose, thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play; when the story was but a mere fiction.—And [21] did'st act the Nuntius well? would I had heard it: could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit?

Lycus. Not without preparation, sir; no more than my speech; 'twas a plain acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the part.

Tharsalio. As how, for heaven's sake?

Lycus. Phœbus addrest his chariot towards the west,
To change his wearied coursers, and so forth.

Tharsalio. Nay on, and thou lov'st me.

Lycus. Lysander and myself beguil'd the way
With interchang'd discourse: but our chief theme
Was of your dearest self, his honour'd wife;
Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy.

Tharsalio. Then was her cue to whimper—on.

Lycus. When suddenly appear'd, as far as sight,
A troop of horse, arm'd, as we might discern,
With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements,
He doubted nought (as innocency * ever

[20] *behind the arras.*] "In old houses there were always large "spaces left between the arras and the walls. Such are those "which Fantome mentions in the Drummer."

Mr. Steevens's Note on the *First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4. See also Mr. Malone's Note on the same passage.

[21] *did'st act the* Nuntius *well?*] i. e. the Messenger or Narrative-monger in the Greek and Roman tragedies, whence the term was adopted in some of ours. See Mr. Theobald's Note on *Titus Andronicus*, A. 4. S. 4. S.

* *Innocency* and not *innocence* is necessary for the measure in this line and so it is printed in the old copies, although subsequently altered. C.

Is free from doubting ill).

Tharsalio. There dropt a tear.

Lycus. My mind misgave me,
They might be mountainers. At their approach
They us'd no other language but their weapons,
To tell us what they were: Lysander drew,
And bore himself Achilles like in fight;
And as a mower sweeps off th' heads of bents,
So did Lysander's sword shave off the points
Of their assaulting lances.
His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him;
I, seeing I could not rescue, us'd my spurs
To flie away.

Tharsalio. What, from thy friend?

Lycus. I in a good quarrel; why not?

Tharsalio. Good; I am answer'd.

Lycus. A lance pursued me, brought me back again;
And with these wounds left me t'accompany
Dying Lysander: Then they rifled us,
And left us.
They gone; my breath not yet gone, 'gan to strive
And revive sense: I with my feeble joints
Crawl'd to Lysander, stirr'd him, and withal
He gasp'd; cried Cynthia! and breath'd no more.

Tharsalio. O then she howl'd outright.

Lycus. Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us
Straight to a neighbour town; where I forthwith
Coffin'd my friend in lead; and so convey'd him
To this sad place.

Tharsalio. 'Twas well; and could not show but strangely.

Lycus. Well, sir, this tale
Pronounc'd with terror, suited with action,
Cloathed with such likely circumstance;
My wounds in shew, her husband's hearse in sight;
Think what effect it wrought: and if you doubt
Let the sad consequence of her retreat
To his tomb be your woful instructor.

Tharsalio. For all this, I'll not despair of my wager:

These griefs, that sound so loud, prove always light;
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

This strain of mourning with sepulchre, like an over-doing actor, affects grossly, and is indeed so far forc'd from the life, that it bewrays itself to be altogether artificial. To set open a shop of mourning! 'Tis palpable. Truth, the substance, hunts not after the shadow of popular fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemns her sincerity. When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably, but she did dissemble?

Lycus. O Gods! a passion thus born; thus apparelled with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembled! by Venus, I am sorry I ever set foot in't. Could she, if she dissembled, thus dally with hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite, not having these four days relieved nature with one dram of sustenance?

Tharsalio. For this does she look to be deified, to have hymns made of her, nay to her: the tomb, where she is, to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our family the Lysandri, but the new-erected altar of Cynthia: to which all the Paphian widows shall, after their husbands funerals, offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they have past, as seamen do their wet garments at Neptune's temple after a shipwreck.

Lycus. Well, I'll apprehend you at your pleasure: I, for my part, will say, that if her faith be as constant, as her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may justly challenge a deity to enshrine them.

Tharsalio. I, there's another point too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. [22] If the brain of the west were in the heads of the learned, then might parish-clerks be common-council-men, and poets aldermen's deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love; but till Niobe be turn'd to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove

[22] *If the brain of the* West] So the quarto. I would propose to read *the wisest*. S. P.

By the *brain of the West* may be meant parliamentary wisdom, which is usually displayed at *West*minster. S.

a woman. Let the trial run on; if she do not out-run it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but woodmongers.

[*Exit.*

Lycus. A sweet gentleman you are! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't! Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail:

But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,
Her tears are true, tho' women's truths are weak.

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *like a soldier, disguised at all parts, with a half-pike, gorget, &c. he discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, &c.*

Lysander. O miracle of nature! women's glory!
Men's shame! and envy of the deities!
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,
Accus'd, condemn'd? Now, by th' immortal gods,
They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
Than love and courtship.
Yet see, the queen of these lies here interr'd,
Tearing her hair, and drowned in her tears,
Which Jove should turn to crystal, and a mirrour
Make of them, wherein men may see and wonder
At women's virtues. Shall she famish then?
Will men (without dissuasions) suffer thus
So bright an ornament to-earth, tomb'd quick
In earth's dark bosom?—Ho! Who's in the tomb there?

Ero. Who calls? whence are you?

Lysander. I am a soldier of the watch, and must enter.

Ero. Amongst the dead?

Lysander. Do the dead speak? ope, or I'll force it open.

Ero. What violence is this? what seek you here,
Where nought but death and her attendants dwell?

Lysander. What wretched souls are you, that thus by night
Lurk here amongst the dead?

Ero. Good soldier, do not stir her;
She's weak, and quickly seiz'd with swooning and passions, and with much trouble shall we both recall her fainting spirits. Five days thus hath she wasted; and not once season'd her palate with the taste of meat; her powers of life are spent; and what remains of her famish'd spirit serves not to breathe, but sigh.
She hath exil'd her eyes from sleep, or sight,
And given them wholly up to ceaseless tears
Over that ruthful hearse of her dear spouse,
Slain by Banditto, nobly-born Lysander.

Lysander. And hope she with these heavy notes and cries
To call him from the dead? in these five days
Hath she but made him stir a finger, or fetch
One gasp of that forsaken life she mourns?
Come, honour'd mistress I admire your virtues;
But must reprove this vain excess of moan.
Rouse yourself, lady, and look up from death.
Well said, 'tis well; stay by my hand, and rise.
This face hath been maintain'd with better housewifery.

Cynthia. What are you?

Lysander. Lady, I am centinel,
Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard,
On forfeit of my life, these monuments
From rape, and spoil of sacrilegious hands;
And save the bodies, that without you see,
Of crucified offenders, that no friends
May bear them hence to honour'd burial.

Cynthia. Thou seem'st an honest soldier; pray thee then
Be as thou seemest; betake thee to thy charge,
And leave this place: add not affliction
To the afflicted.

Lysander. You misnâme the children.
For what you term affliction now, in you
Is but self-humour; voluntary penance
Impos'd upon yourself; and you lament
As did the Satyr once, that ran affrighted
From that horn's sound that he himself had winded.

Which humour to abate, my counsel tending your
term'd affliction,
What I for physick give, you take for poison.
I tell you, honour'd mistress, these ingredients
Are wholesome, tho' perhaps they seem untoothsome.
Ero. This soldier, sure, is some decay'd 'pothecary.
Lysander. Dear ghost, be wise, and pity your fair
self,
Thus by yourself unnaturally afflicted:
Chide back heart-breaking groans, clear up those
lamps,
Restore them to their first creation,
Windows for light, not sluices made for tears.
Beat not the senseless air with needless cries,
Baneful to life, and bootless to the dead.
This is the inn where all Deucalion's race,
Sooner or later, must take up their lodging;
No privilege can free us from this prison;
No tears, no prayers, can redeem from hence
A captiv'd soul; make use of what you see:
Let this affrighting spectacle of death
Teach you to nourish life.
Ero. Good*; hear him: this is a rare soldier.
Lysander. Say, that with abstinence you should un-
loose
The knot of life; suppose, that in this tomb
For your dear spouse, you should entomb yourself
A living corse; say, that before your hour,
Without due summons from the fates, you send
Your hasty soul to hell; can your dear spouse
Take notice of your faith and constancy?
Shall your dear spouse revive, to give you thanks?
Cynthia. Idle discourser!
Lysander. No, your moans are idle.
Go to, I say; be counsel'd; raise yourself:
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you;
Now, live for a better husband.
No! will you none?

* Mr. Gilchrist suggests the insertion of *Mistress* here to improve the measure, but the quartos have it as it is printed. C.

Ero. For love of courtesy, good mistress, eat;
Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer.
Who knows but this may be some Mercury
Disguis'd, and sent from Juno to relieve us?
Did ever any lend unwilling ears
To those that came with messages of life?
Cynthia. I pray thee leave thy rhetorick.
Ero. By my soul,
To speak plain truth, I could rather wish t'employ
My teeth than my tongue, so your example
Would be my warrant.
Cynthia. Thou hast my warrant.
Lysander. Well then, eat, my wench;
Let obstinacy starve. Fall to.
Ero. Persuade my mistress first.
Lysander. 'Slight, tell me, lady,
Are you resolv'd to die? If that be so,
Chuse not (for shame) a base and beggar's death:
Die not for hunger: like a Spartan lady,
Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink
A noble death; expel your grief with poison:
There 'tis, seize it.—Tush! you dare not die.
Come, wench, thou hast not lost a husband;
Thou shalt eat; th'art now within
The place where I command.
Ero. I protest, sir—
Lysander. Well said; eat, and protest: or I'll protest,
And do thou eat; thou eat'st against thy will,
That's it thou would'st say.
Ero. It is.
Lysander. And under such a protestation
Thou lost thy maiden-head.
For your own sake, good lady, forget this husband:
Come, you are now become a happy widow,
A blessedness that many would be glad of.
That and your husband's inventory together
Will raise you up husbands enow.
What think you of me?
Cynthia. Trifler! pursue this wanton theme no farther;

Lest (which I would be loth) your speech provoke
Uncivil language from me: I must tell you,
One joint of him I lost, was much more worth
Than the rack'd value of thy intire body.

Ero. O, I know what joint she means.

Lysander. Well, I have done.
And well done, frailty; proface,* how lik'st thou it?

Ero. Very toothsome ingredients surely, sir,
Want but some liquor to incorporate them.

Lysander. There 'tis, carouse.

Ero. I humbly thank you, sir.

Lysander. Hold, pledge me now.

Ero. 'Tis the poison, sir,
That preserves life, I take it. [*She drinks.*†

Lysander. Do so, take it.

Ero. Sighing has made me something short-winded.
I'll pledge y'at twice.

Lysander. 'Tis well done; [23] do me right.

Ero. I pray, sir, have you been a 'pothecary?

Lysander. Marry have I, wench; a woman's 'pothecary.

Ero. Have you good ingredients?

* It stands *proface* in the old quarto which was absurdly altered to *profess* in the reprint, an instance of ignorance rarely to be met with in the previous editors. *Proface* means *much good may it do you*, and is from the old French. See various instances in the notes on the word in Shakespeare's Hen. IV. P. 2. A. 5. S. 3. C.

† Or as the quarto expresses it, *bibit Ancilla.* Chapman not unfrequently inserts his stage directions in Latin. C.

[23] *do me right*] *To do a man right*, or *to do him reason*, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drunk to his toast. So, in *The Great Duke of Florence*, A. 4. S. 2:

" —— here is wine too
" As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your taster,
" For I know the fashion---now you must *do me right, Sir,*
" You shall, nor will, nor choose."

The Unnatural Combat, A. 3. S. 2.:

" Now you have *done her right*; if there be any
" Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
" I am your pledge."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone to the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 3.

I like your bottle well. Good mistress, taste it:
Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up
The roses in your cheeks again.
Dr. Verolle's bottles are not like it:
There's no guaicum here, I can assure you.
Lysander. This will do well anon.
Ero. Now fie upon't!
O I have lost my tongue in this same limbo.
The spring of't's spoil'd, methinks; it goes not off
With the old twang.
Lysander. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill make it slide well.
Ero. Aristotle says, sir, in his Posterionds——
Lysander. This wench is learned: and what says he?
Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moves
Is his heart; in a woman, her tongue.
Lysander. Right; and adds further, that you women are
A kind of spinners; if their legs be pluck'd off,
Yet still they'll wag them; so will you your tongues.
With what an easy change does this same weakness
Of women slip from one extream t'another!
All these attractions take no hold of her;
No, not to take refection: 'tmust not be thus.
Well said, wench; tickle that Helicon.
But shall we quit the field with this disgrace
Given to our oratory? both not gain
So much ground of her as to make her eat?
Ero. Faith, the truth is, sir, you are no fit organ
For this business; 'tis quite out of your element:
Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear:
A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear.
Jove never did employ Mercury,
But Iris, for his messenger to Juno.
Lysander. Come, let me kiss thee, wench: wilt undertake
To make thy mistress eat?
Ero. It shall go hard, sir,
But I will make her turn flesh and blood,
And learn to live as other mortals do.

Lysander. Well said: the morning hastes; next night expect me.

Ero. With more provision, good sir.

Lysander. Very good! [*Going.*

Ero. And bring more wine. [*She shuts up the tomb.*

Lysander. What else? shalt have enough.

O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity
Whose name thou do'st inherit, thou disdain'st
(Sever'd from all concretion) to feed
Upon the base food of gross elements.
Thou art all soul; all immortality!
Thou fast'st for Nectar and Ambrosia,
Which, till thou find'st, and eat'st above the stars,
To all food here thou bid'st celestial wars. [*Exit.*

CYNTHIA, ERO; *the tomb opening.*

Ero. So; let's air our dampish spirits, almost stifled in this gross muddy element.

Cynthia. How sweet a breath the calmness of the night
Inspires the air withal!

Ero. Well said! now y'are yourself: did not I tell you how sweet an operation the soldier's bottle had? And if there be such virtue in the bottle, what is there in the soldier? Know, and acknowledge his worth when he comes, in any case, mistress.

Cynthia. So, maid!

Ero. God's my patience! did you look, forsooth, that Juno should have sent you meat from her own trencher, in reward of your widow's tears? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, [24] I'll able't.

Cynthia. I fear me, thy lips have gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith, the truth is, my tongue hath been so long tied up, that 'tis cover'd with rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we do suspected coin, to try whether it be current or no. But now, mistress, for an upshot of

[24] *I'll able't*] See Note 10 to this Play.

this bottle; let's have one carouse to the good speed of my old master, and the good speed of my new.

Cynthia. So, damsel!

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Do me right, I pray.

Cynthia. You say, I must.

Ero. Must! what else?

Cynthia. How excellent ill this humour suits our habit!

Ero. Go to, mistress, do not think but you and I shall have good sport with this jest, when we are in private at home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withal; for I'll no more on't: I'll not turn sal-petre in this vault for never a man's company living; much less for a woman's. Sure I am, the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endur'd this; and so o'my conscience did you. Never deny it.

Cynthia. Nay, pr'ythee take it to thee.

Enter LYSANDER.

Hark! I hear some footing near us.

Ero. God's me! 'tis the soldier, mistress: by Venus, if you fall to your late [25] black Sanctus again, I'll discover you.

[25] *black Sanctus*] This expression occurs likewise in the old Morality of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"I will make him sing the *black Sanctus*, I hold you a groat."

The *Black Sanctus* was a Hymn to Saunte Satan, written in ridicule of monkish luxury. The curious reader will find it published, though with great inaccuracy, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, and in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596. S.

It is also mentioned in *The Mad Lover*, A. 4. S. 1:

"Let's sing him a *black santis;* then let's all howl
"In our own beastly voices."

The Wildgoose Chase, A. 4. S. 3:

"D'you think my heart is soften'd with *a black santis*."

Rowley's *Search for Money*, p. 5. "— at the entrie wee heare a "confused noise like *a blacke sanctus*, or a house haunted with spirits, "such hollowing, shouting, dauncing, and clinking of pots, that sure "now we supposed," &c.

Tarlton's News out of Purgatory, p. 7. "And upon this there was "a generall mourning through all Rome, the Cardinals wept, the

Lysander. What's here? The maid hath certainly prevail'd with her: methinks those clouds that last night cover'd her looks are now dispers'd: I'll try this farther—Save you, lady.

Ero. Honourable soldier! y'are welcome: please you step in, sir?

Lysander. With all my heart, sweet heart: by your patience, lady. Why, this bears some shape of life yet. Damsel, thou'st perform'd a service of high reckoning, which cannot perish unrewarded.

Ero. Faith, sir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cynthia. Your bottle has poison'd this wench, sir.

Lysander. A wholesome poison it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordained to raise such hearts as sink:
Whom woeful stars distemper, let him drink.

I am most glad I have been some mean to this part of your recovery, and will drink to the rest of it.

Ero. Go to, mistress, pray simper no more? pledge the man of war here.

Cynthia. Come, y'are too rude.

Ero. Good.

Lysander. Good sooth, lady, y'are honour'd in her service; I would have you live, and she would have you live freely, without which life is but death. To live freely is to feast our appetites freely, without which humans are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cynthia. I'll pledge you, sir.

Ero. Said like a mistress, and the mistress of yourself! pledge him in love too: I see he loves you. She's silent, she consents, sir.

Lysander. O happy stars! and now, pardon, lady; methinks these are all of a piece.

"Abbots howled, the Monks rored, the Friers cried, the Nuns "puled, the Curtezans lamented, the bels rang, and the tapers "were lighted, that such *a black Sanctus* was not seene a long time "afore in Rome."

Ero. Nay, if you kiss all of a piece, we shall ne'er have done—Well, it was well offer'd, and as well taken.

Cynthia. If the world should see this!

Lysander. The world! should one so rare as yourself respect the vulgar world?

Cynthia. The praise I have had I would continue.

Lysander. What, of the vulgar? who hates not the vulgar, deserves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is!

Ero. Comfortable doctrine, mistress, edify, edify.
Methinks even thus it was when Dido
And Æneas met in the cave: and hark,
Methinks I hear some of the hunters.

[*She shuts the tomb.*

ACTUS V. SCENE I.

Enter THARSALIO, LYCUS.

Lycus. 'Tis such an obstinacy in you, sir,
As never was conceited, to run on
With an opinion against all the world,
And what your eyes may witness: to adventure
The famishment for grief of such a woman,
As all mens merits met in any one
Could not deserve.

Tharsalio. I must confess it, Lycus;
We'll therefore now prevent it, if we may,
And that our curious trial hath not dwelt
Too long on this unnecessary haunt;
Grief, and all want of food, not having wrought
Too mortally on her divine disposure.

Lycus. I fear they have, and she is past our cure.

Tharsalio. I must confess, with fear and shame, as much.

Lycus. And that she will not trust in any thing
What you persuade her to.

Tharsalio. Then thou shalt haste,
And call my brother from his secret shroud,

Where he appointed thee to come, and tell him
How all things have succeeded.
Lycus. This is well.
If (as I say) the ill be not so grown,
That all help is denied her. But I fear
The matchless dame is famish'd.
[*Tharsalio looks into the tomb.*
Tharsalio. 'Slight, whose here?
A soldier with my sister? wipe, wipe, see—
Kissing, by Jove! she, as I lay, 'tis she.
Lycus. What, is she well, sir?
Tharsalio. O no, she is famish'd:
She's past our comfort; she lies drawing on.
Lycus. The gods forbid!
Tharsalio. Look thou, she's drawing on.
How say'st thou?
Lycus. Drawing on? illustrious witchcrafts!
Tharsalio. Lies she not drawing on?
Lycus. She draws on fairly.
Our sister, sir! this she? can this be she?
Tharsalio. She, she, she, and none but she.
[*He dances and sings.*
She, only queen of love and chastity.
* O chastity! this women be.
Lycus. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious.
Tharsalio. Horse, horse, horse!
Four chariot-horses of the Thracian breed,
Come bring me, brother. O the happiest evening,
That ever drew her veil before the sun!
Who is't? can'st tell?
Lycus. The soldier, sir, that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place;
Of which to lose one, it is death to him;
And yet the lustful knave is at his venery,
While one might steal one.
Tharsalio. What a slave was I,
That held not out my wind's strength constantly,

* Probably these lines are quoted from some song or ballad. O. G.

That she would prove thus? O incredible!
A poor eightpenny soldier! She that lately
Was at such height of interjection,
Stoop now to such a base conjunction!
By heaven I wonder, now I see't in act,
My brain could ever dream of such a thought.
And yet 'tis true; Rare! peerless! is't not, Lycus?

Lycus. I know not what it is, nor what to say.

Tharsalio. O had I held out (villain that I was)
My blessed confidence but one minute longer,
I should have been eterniz'd. God's my fortune!
What an unspeakable sweet sight it is!
O eyes, I'll sacrifice to your dear sense,
And consecrate a fane to Confidence.

Lycus. But this you must at no hand tell your brother,
'Twill make him mad; for he that was before
So scourg'd but only with bare jealousy,
What wou'd he be if he should come to know it?

Tharsalio. He would be less mad; for your only way
To clear his jealousy, is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes, suspicion vanishes.
The sun-beams breaking forth swallow the mists.
But as for you, sir gallant, howsoever
Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorous* palate,
It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw.
Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without.

Lycus. To what?

Tharsalio. No booty serve you, sir Soldado,
But my poor sister? Come lend me thy shoulder,
I'll climb the cross: it will be such a cooler
To my venerean gentleman's hot liver,
When he shall find one of his crucified bodies
Stol'n down, and he to be forthwith made fast
In place thereof, for the sign†

* *Liquorous* or *lickerous* is the old word, and there can be no reason for altering it as Mr. Reed did to *liquorish*. Bishop Hall uses the very terms, "licorous palate." C.

† Qy. If something have not been lost here? O. G.

Of the lost centinel. Come, glorify
Firm Confidence in great inconstancy.
And this believe (for all-prov'd knowledge swears)
He that believes in error, never errs. [*Exeunt.*

The tomb opens, LYSANDER, CYNTHIA, ERO.

Lysander. 'Tis late; I must away.

Cynthia. Not yet, sweet love!

Lysander. Tempt not my stay, 'tis dangerous. The law is strict, and not to be dispens'd with; if any centinel be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies should be stol'n from the cross, his life buys it.

Cynthia. A little stay will not endanger them.
The day's proclaimer has not yet given warning,
The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lysander. What, shall we ever dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in publick, sit in Lysander's chair, reign in his wealth?

Cynthia. Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my love to thee
Hath prov'd thus sudden, and for haste leapt over
The compliment of wooing; yet only for the world's opinion—

Lysander. Mark that again.

Cynthia. I must maintain a form in parting hence.

Lysander. Out upon't!—Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeserving persons, contemn it. Thou know'st thou hast done virtuously; thou hast strangely sorrow'd for thy husband, follow'd him to death, farther thou could'st not, thou had buried thyself quick.—(O that it were true!)—spent more tears over his carcase than would serve a whole city of saddest widows in a plague time, besides sighings and swoonings not to be credited.

Cynthia. True; but those compliments might have their time,
For fashion sake.

Lysander. Right, opinion and fashion! 'Sfoot, what call you time? thou hast wept these four whole days.

Ero. Nay, by'r lady, almost five.

Lysander. Look you there, near upon five whole days!

Cynthia. Well, go and see; Return, we'll go home.

[*Exeunt Cynthia and Ero.*

Lysander. Hell be thy home! huge monsters damn ye and your whole creation! O ye Gods, in the height of her mourning, in a tomb, within sight of so many deaths! her husband's believed body in her eye; he dead a few days before: this mirrour of nuptial chastity, this votress of widow constancy, to change her faith, exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger; and but my shame withstood, to give the utmost earnest of her love to an eightpenny centinel; in effect to prostitute herself upon her husband's coffin! Lust, impiety, hell, womanhood itself, add, if you can, one step to this.

Enter CAPTAIN, *with two or three* SOLDIERS.

Captain. One of the crucified bodies taken down?

Lysander. Enough. [*Slinks away.*

Captain. And the centinel not to be heard of?

First Soldier. No, sir.

Captain. Make out; haste, search about for him; does none of you know him, nor his name?

Second Soldier. He's but a stranger here of four day's standing; and we never set eye on him but at setting the watch.

Captain. For whom serves he? you look well to your watch, masters.

First Soldier. For signior Stratio; and whence he is 'tis ignorant to us; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Captain. Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me have him. [*Exeunt.*] This negligence will by the governor be wholly cast on me; he hereby will suggest to the viceroy, that the city-guards are very carelessly attended. He loves me not, I know, because of late I knew him but of mean condition; but now by fortune's injudicious hand, guided by bribing courtiers, he is rais'd to this high seat of honour: nor blushes he to see himself advanc'd over the heads of ten times

higher worths, but takes it all, forsooth, to his merits, and looks (as all upstarts do) for most huge observance. Well, my mind must stoop to his high place, and learn within itself to sever him from that, and to adore Authority the Goddess, however borne by an unworthy beast; and let the beast's dull apprehension take the honour done to Isis done to himself. I must sit fast, and be sure to give no hold to these fault-hunting enemies. [*Exit.*

[*Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along.*

CYNTHIA *and* ERO.

Lysander. Pray thee disturb me not; put out the lights.

Ero. Faith I'll take a nap again.

Cynthia. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolved
What happy wind hath driven thee back to harbour:
Was it my love?

Lysander. No.

Cynthia. Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof
I may enjoy all that I wish on earth.

Lysander. I am sought for. A crucified body is stol'n while I loiter'd here; and I must die for't.

Cynthia. Die? all the gods forbid! O this affright
Torments me ten parts more than the sad loss
Of my dear husband.

Lysander. Damnation! I believe thee.

Cynthia. Yet hear a woman's wit;
Take counsel of necessity and it.
I have a body here, which once I lov'd
And honour'd above all; but that time's past—

Lysander. It is; revenge it heaven.

Cynthia. That shall supply at so extreme a need
The vacant gibbet.

Lysander. Cancro! * What thy husband's body?

Cynthia. What hurt is't, being dead, it saves the living?

* Old Florio, in his Italian Dictionary of 1611, explains *Cancro*, or *Cancaro*, as "a curse that the Italians use to wish one." C.

Lysander. O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion!

Cynthia. Vex not thyself, dear love, nor use delay:
Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.

Lysander. I cannot do't; my heart will not permit
My hands to execute a second murder:
The truth is, I am he that slew thy husband.

Cynthia. The gods forbid!

Cynthia. It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword
In his life blood, while he cry'd out for mercy;
But I remorseless, [26] paunch'd him, cut his throat,
He with his last breath crying Cynthia.

Cynthia. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart!
Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner
This bloody story!—yet see, note my truth;
Yet I must love thee.

Lysander. Out upon thee, monster!
Go, tell the governor; let me be brought
To die for that most famous villainy;
Not for this [27] miching base transgression
Of truant negligence.

Cynthia. I cannot do't.
Love must salve any murder: I'll be judge
Of thee, dear love; and these shall be thy pains,
Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains.

[26] *paunch'd him*] *To paunch* is to pierce or rip the belly. So, in *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2:

" —— or with a log
" Batter his skull, or *paunch* him with a stake,
" Or cut his wezand with thy knife."

[27] *miching*] Minshieu explains " to *Miche*, secretly to hide himselfe out of the way, as truants doe from schoole." So, in Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603: " --- yet went they most bitterly *miching*, " and muffled up and downe," &c.

Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 29. " What made the Gods " so often to truant from heaven, and *mich* heere on earth but " beautie."

See also the Notes of Dr. Warburton, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Steevens, to the *First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4. and of Mr. Warton to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2.

Lysander. O I am infinitely oblig'd!
Cynthia. Arise, I say, thou saver of my life,
Do not with vain affrighting conscience
Betray a life that is not thine, but mine:
Rise and preserve it.
Lysander. Ha! thy husband's body?
Hang't up you say, instead of that that's stol'n;
Yet I his murderer—is that your meaning?
Cynthia. It is, my love.
Lysander. Thy love amazes me!
The point is how we shall get it thither.
Ha? tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gallows;
Shall I, my love?
Cynthia. So you may do, indeed;
Or if your own strength will not serve, we'll add
Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place.
For heaven's love, come; the night goes off apace.
Lysander. All the infernal plagues dwell in thy soul! [*Aside.**
I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.
Cynthia. Do love, be speedy.
Lysander. As I wish thy damnation. [*Shuts the tomb.*]
O I could tear myself into atoms! off with this antick; the shirt that Hercules wore for his wife was not more baneful. Is't possible there should be such a latitude in the sphere of this sex, to entertain such an extension of mischief, and not turn devil? what is a woman? what are the worst, when the best are so past naming? As men like this, let them try their wives again: put women to the test, discover them, paint them; paint them ten parts more than they do themselves, rather than look on them as they are; their wits are but painted that dislike their painting. Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets and ills abroad, look home, and store and choak thee; there sticks an Acheloüs' horn, of all copia enough;

* Many sentences in the preceding dialogue are spoken aside by Lysander; but they were so obvious, that it was not necessary to mark them. C.

As much as [28] Alizon of streams receives,
Or lofty Ida shows of shady leaves.

Enter THARSALIO.

Who's that?

Tharsalio. I wonder Lycus fails me; nor can I hear what's become of him. He would not certain ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

Lysander. My brother's voice! what makes he here about so untimely? I'll slip him. [*Going.*

Tharsalio. Who goes there?

Lysander. A friend.

Tharsalio. Dear friend, let's know you. A friend least look'd for, but most welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted? have you been long arriv'd?

Lysander. Not long; some two hours before night.

Tharsalio. Well, brother, y'have the most rare, admirable, unmatchable wife, that ever suffer'd for the sin of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeed now, it is built on such infallible ground: Lycus, I think, is gone to call you to the rescue of her life; why she! O incomprehensible!—

Lysander. I have heard all related since my arrival; we'll meet to-morrow.

Tharsalio. What haste, brother? But was it related with what intolerable pains I and my mistress, her other friends, matrons and magistrates, labour'd her diversion from that course?

Lysander. Yes, yes.

Tharsalio. What streams of tears she pour'd out? what tresses of her hair she tore, and offered on your supposed hearse?

[28] *As much as* Alizon *of streams receives*] The *Aliso* is a River of Germany. Or perhaps the Author means *the Halys*, another rising out of Mount Tauris, and discharging itself into the Euxine Sea. S.

Or it may be a misprint for some other river. The whole is very corrupt; the passage introducing the above couplet in the quarto of 1612 stands thus: "There sticks an *Achelous* horne of all, *copia* enough." C.

Lysander. I have heard all.

Tharsalio. But above all, how since that time her eyes never harbour'd wink of slumber these six days; no, nor tasted the least dram of any sustenance?

Lysander. How is that assured?

Tharsalio. Not a scruple.

Lysander. Are you sure there came no soldier to her, nor brought her victuals?

Tharsalio. Soldier! what soldier?

Lysander. Why, some soldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies—Well, brother, I am in haste, to morrow shall supply this night's defect of conference. Adieu. [*Exit Lysander.*

Tharsalio. A soldier of the watch bring her victuals? Go to, brother, I have you in the wind; he's unharness'd of all his travelling accoutrements: I came directly from's house, no word of him there; he knows the whole relation; he's passionate; all collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this, that he is stol'n hither in a soldier's disguise? he should have staid at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantick, capricious devil jealousy, hath tost him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture; but the case is clear, he's the soldier.—Sister, look to your fame, your chastity's uncovered. Are they here still? here, believe it, both most woefully weeping over the bottle. [*He knocks.*

Ero. Who's there?

Tharsalio. Tharsalio; open.

Ero. Alas! sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion: she is very weak.

Tharsalio. Here's a true-bred chamber-maid.—Alas! I'm sorry for't; I have brought her meat and Canadian wine to strengthen her.

Ero. O the very naming on't will drive her into a swoon; good sir, forbear.

Tharsalio. Yet open, sweet, that I may bless mine eyes with sight of her fair shrine; and of thy sweetest

self* (her famous pandress); open, I say. Sister, you hear me well; paint not your tomb without; we know too well what rotten carcasses are lodg'd within; open, I say. [*Ero opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin*, &c.]* Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery.

Ero. Alas! she's faint, and speech is painful to her.

Tharsalio. Well said, frubber: was there no soldier here lately?

Ero. A soldier! when?

Tharsalio. This night, last night, t'other night; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cynthia. Who's there?

Ero. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here?

Cynthia. Here was no soldier.

Ero. Yes, mistress, I think here was such a one, tho' you took no heed of him.

Tharsalio. Go to, sister; did you not join kisses, embraces, and plight indeed with him, the utmost pledge of nuptial love with him? Deny't, deny't; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguis'd husband, dispute it not: that you see yonder is but a shadow, an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it; 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test: y'are warn'd, be arm'd. [*Exit.*

Ero. O fie o' these perils!

Cynthia. O Ero! we are undone.

Ero. Nay, you'd ne'er be warn'd; I ever wish'd you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lysander.

Cynthia. Thou didst, thou didst.

Ero. Now you may see th' event. Well, our safety lies in our speed; he'll do us mischief if we prevent

* In the old copy this information is printed as part of the text. C.

not his coming. Let's to your mother's; and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villany on your sex to intrap your frailties.

Cynthia. Nay, I resolve to sit out one brunt more; to try to what aim he'll enforce his project; were he some other man, unknown to me, his violence might awe me; but knowing him as I do, I fear him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should prove outrageous. Despair, they say, makes cowards turn courageous. Shut up the tomb. [*She shuts the tomb.*

Enter one of the SOLDIERS *sent out before to seek the Centinel.*

First Soldier. All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier; his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tir'd hounds.—Who goes there?

Enter Second SOLDIER *another way.*

Second Soldier. A friend.

First Soldier. O! your success and mine, touching this centinel, tells, I suppose, one tale: he's far enough I undertake, by this time.

Second Soldier. I blame him not: the law's severe, (tho' just) and cannot be dispens'd.

First Soldier. Why should the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, pursue offenders? that, not appeas'd with their lives forfeit, exact a justice of them after death? And if a soldier in his watch forsooth lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't. It seems the state needed no soldiers when that was made a law.

Second Soldier. So we may chide the fire for burning us; or say the bee's not good because she stings; 'tis not the body the law respects, but the soldier's neglect, when the watch (the guard and safety of the city) is left abandon'd to all hazards. But let him go; and tell me if your news [29] sort with mine, for Lycus is apprehended, they say, about Lysander's murder.

[29] *sort*] i. e. agree.

First Soldier. 'Tis true; he's at the captain's lodge under guard, and 'tis my charge in the morning to unclose the leaden coffin, and discover the body; the captain will assay [30] an old conclusion often approv'd; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again, and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty 'gainst the murderer.

Second Soldier. O world, if this be true! his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd out for his bosom!

First Soldier. Tush, man; in this topsy-turvy world, friendship and bosom kindness are but made covers for mischief, means to compass ill. Near-allied trust is but a bridge for treason. The presumptions cry aloud against him; his answers sound disjointed, cross-legg'd, tripping up one another. He names a town whither he brought Lysander murder'd by mountaineers; that's false; some of the dwellers have been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show are such as shrews closely give their husbands, that never bleed, and find to be counterfeit.

Second Soldier. O that jade Falsehood is never sound of all; but halts of one leg still.
Truth* pace is all upright, sound every where,
And, like a die, sets ever on a square.
And how is Lycus' bearing in this condition?

First Soldier. Faith (as the manner of such despe-

[30] *an old conclusion often approv'd; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again, and boils afresh;*] Dr. Johnson observes (Note to *King Richard* III. A. 1. S. 2.), "that it is a tradition very gene-" rally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the " murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, " that he has endeavoured to explain the reason." And Mr. Tollet says, "that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient " Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they " practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from " Pitt's Atlas in Sweden, p. 20." See also several instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on the same passage. Other stories of this kind are to be found in Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by Grimeston, 1607, p. 422.

* Perhaps we ought to read
" *Truth's* pace is all upright, sound every where;"
sound in the preceding line has been hitherto printed *found*, which is nonsense. C.

rate offenders is till it come to the point), careless and confident, laughing at all that seem to pity him. But leave it to th' event. Night, fellow soldier: you'll not meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your hand to the unrigging of Lysander's herse?

Second Soldier. I care not if I do, to view heaven's power in this unbottom'd cellar.

Blood, tho' it sleep a time, yet never dies.

The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes. [*Exeunt.*

LYSANDER *solus, with a crow of iron, and a halter, which he lays down, and puts on his disguise again.*

Lysander. Come, my borrow'd disguise, let me once more
Be reconciled to thee, my trustiest friend;
Thou that in truest shape hast let me see
That which my truer self hath hid from me.
Help me to take revenge on a disguise,
Ten times more false and counterfeit than thou.
Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me;
The seeming true, hath prov'd more false than her.*
Assist me to behold this act of lust;
Note with a scene of strange impiety.
Her husband's murder'd corse! O more than horror!
I'll not believe 't untry'd: if she but lift
A hand to act it; by the fates, her brains flie out!
Since she has madded me, let her beware my horns:
For tho' by goring her, no hope be shown
To cure myself, yet I'll not bleed alone. [*He knocks.*

Ero. Who knocks?

Lysander. The soldier; open. [*She opens, and he enters.*
See, sweet, here are the engines that must do't,
Which, with much fear of my discovery,
I have at last procur'd.
Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
Will overtake's; my stay hath been prolong'd
With hunting obscure nooks for these [31] employments:
The night prepares a way; come, art resolv'd?

* Qy. More false than *thee*. O. G.

[31] *employments*:] This word is here used in the same sense as *implements*, to which it was altered by Mr. Dodsley in the former

Cynthia. Ay, you shall find me constant.

Lysander. Ay, so I have, most prodigiously constant. Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Ero. Better you and I join our hands and bear him thither; you take his head.

Cynthia. I, for that was always heavier than his whole body besides.

Lysander. You can tell best, that loaded it.

Ero. I'll be at the feet; I am able to bear against you, I warrant you.

Lysander. Hast thou prepar'd weak nature to digest
A sight so much distasteful? hast sear'd thy heart
It bleed not at the bloody spectacle?
Hast arm'd thy fearful eyes against th' affront
Of such a direful object?
Thy murder'd husband ghastly staring on thee!
His wounds gaping to affright thee; his body soil'd with
Gore! 'fore heaven my heart shrugs at it.

Cynthia. So does not mine.
Love's resolute; and stands not to consult
With petty terror; but in full career
Runs blind-fold through an army of misdoubts,
And interposing fears; perhaps I'll weep,
Or so, make a forc'd face, and laugh again.

Lysander. O most valiant love!
I was thinking with myself as I came
How if this break to light? his body known,
(As many notes might make it) would it not fix
Upon thy fame an unremoved brand
Of shame, and hate? they that in former times
Ador'd thy virtue, would they not abhor
Thy loathed memory?

Cynthia. All this I know.
But yet my love to thee swallows all this,
Or whatsoever doubts can come against it.
Shame's but a feather, balanc'd with thy love.

Edition. *Employments*, however, is the reading of the quarto, and may be defended from Shakspeare, who, in *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5. makes Malvolio say, on taking up a letter, "What *employment* have we here."

Lysander. Neither fear nor shame? you are steel to th' proof,
(But I shall iron you!) Come then, let's to work.
Alas, poor corpse! how many martyrdoms
Must thou endure? mangled by me a villain,
And now expos'd to the foul shame of the gibbet?
'Fore piety, there is somewhat in me strives
Against the deed, my very arm relents
To strike a stroke so inhumane,
To wound a hallow'd herse! suppose 'twere mine,
Would not my ghost start up and fly upon thee?

Cynthia. No, I'd mall it down again with this.
[*She snatches up the crow.*

Lysander. How now?

Cynthia. Nay, then I'll essay my strength; a soldier, and afraid of a dead man? A soft-roed* milk-sop! Come, I'll do't myself.

Lysander. And I look on? give me the iron.

Cynthia. No, I'll not lose the glory on't. This hand, &c.

Lysander. Praythee, sweet, let it not be said the savage act was thine; deliver me the engine.

Cynthia. Content yourself, 'tis in a fitter hand.

Lysander. Wilt thou first? art not thou the most—
[*He catches at her throat.*

Cynthia. Ill-destin'd wife of a transformed monster;
Who, to assure himself of what he knew,
Hath lost the shape of man!

Lysander. Ha! cross-capers?

Cynthia. Poor soldier's case! do not we know you, sir?
But I have given thee what thou cam'st to seek.
Go, Satyr, run affrighted with the noise
Of that harsh sounding horn thyself hast blown;
Farewel; I leave thee there my husband's corpse,
Make much of that. [*Exit with Ero.*

Lysander. What have I done? O let me lie and grieve, and speak no more!

* Hitherto printed *soft-toed*, but the true reading, and the reading of the quarto, is *soft-roed*. C.

CAPTAIN, LYCUS *with a guard of three or four soldiers.*

Captain. Bring him away! you must have patience, sir: if you can say aught to quit you of those presumptions that lie heavy on you, you shall be heard. If not, 'tis not your braves, nor your affecting looks can carry it. We must acquit our duties.

Lycus. Y'are captain o' th' watch, sir?

Captain. You take me right.

Lycus. So were you best do me: see your presumptions be strong; or be assured that shall prove a dear presumption, to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you have been suborn'd by some close villain to defame me.

Captain. 'Twill not be so put off, friend Lycus: I could wish your soul as free from taint of this foul fact, as mine from any such unworthy practice.

Lycus. Conduct me to the governor himself, to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Captain. First, sir, I'll bear you to Lysander's tomb, to confront the murder'd body; and see what evidence the wounds will yield against you. *

Lycus. Y'are wise, captain: but if the body should chance not to speak; if the wounds should be tongue-tied, where's then your evidence, Captain? will not you be laugh'd at for an officious captain?

Captain. Y'are gallant, sir.

Lycus. Your Captainship commands my service no farther.

Captain. Well, sir, perhaps I may; if this conclusion take not, we'll try what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

Lycus. Say you so, Captain? but hark ye, Captain,

* King James in his Dœmonology, p. 79. Edit. 1603, has the following passage referring to this superstition. "For as in a "secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter "handled by the murderer, it will gush out of blood, as if the "blood were crying to the Heaven for revenge of the murderer, "God having appointed that secret supernatural sign, for trial of "that secret unnatural crime." Touching the body does not seem, from other authorities, to have been necessary. C.

might it not concur with the quality of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatening danger, to wink a little at a by slip or so?

Captain. How's that?

Lycus. To send a man abroad under guard of one of your silliest shack-rags; that he may beat the knave, and run away. I mean this on good terms, Captain; I'll be thankful.

Captain. I'll think on't hereafter. Mean time I have other employment for you.

Lycus. Your place is worthily replenish'd, Captain. My duty, sir; hark ye, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army; I'll go raise the governor. [*Going.*

Captain. No haste, sir; he'll soon be here without your summons.

Soldiers thrust up LYSANDER *from the tomb.*

First Soldier. Bring forth the knight o' th' tomb; have we met with you, sir?

Lysander. Pr'ythee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

Second Soldier. Come, convey him to the lord governor.

First Soldier. Afore the Captain, sir. Have the heavens nought else to do, but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man?*

Second Soldier. Captain, here's the centinel we sought for; he's some new-press'd soldier, for none of us know him.

Captain. Where found you him?

First Soldier. My truant was mich't,† sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Captain. Well said; guard him safe—but for the corpse?

First Soldier. For the corpse, sir? bare misprision; there's no body; nothing; a mere blandation; a *de-*

* The latter part of this speech from the words, "Have the heavens," &c. appears to belong rather to Lysander, than to the Soldier, but the old copies do not authorize a change. C.

† See note 27 to this Play.

ceptio visus; unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lycus. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain; the body was born away piece-meal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas seen whole o' th' other side the Downs, [31] upon a colestaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal; which was a miracle Captain.

Captain. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom; and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of the newest stamp. Know you what it is to forsake your stand? there's one of the bodies in your charge stol'n away; how answer you that? see, here comes the governor.

Enter a GUARD *bare; after, the* GOVERNOR; THARSALIO, ARGUS, CLINIAS, *before* EUDORA; CYNTHIA, LAODICE, STHENIO, IANTHE, ERO, &c.

Guard. Stand aside there.

Captain. Room for a strange governor. The perfect draught of a most brainless, imperious upstart. O desert! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of governor? [*Aside.*

Guard. Peace, masters; hear my lord.

Tharsalio. All wisdom be silent; now speaks authority.

Governor. I am come in person to discharge justice.

Tharsalio. Of his office.

Governor. The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this. A villain, whose very sight I abhor; where is he? let me see him.

Captain. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

Governor. Go to, sirrah, y'are too malapert; I have heard of your centinel's escape: look to't.

[31] *upon a colestaff*] i. e. a pole like those on which water vessels are carried by two men. So, in *Arden of Feversham:*

"I, and my companye have taken the constable from his watch,
"And carried him about the fields on *a coltstaffe.*"

Again, at the end of Randolph's *Pedler:*

The Pedler calls for his *colestaff.*

Captain. My lord, this is the centinel you speak of.

Governor. How now, sir? what time a day is't?

Argus. I cannot shew you precisely, an't please your honour.

Governor. What! shall we have replications? rejoinders?

Tharsalio. Such a creature fool is when he bestrides the back of authority.*

Governor. Sirrah, stand you forth. It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconvenient murder upon the body of Lysander.

Lycus. My good lord, I have not.

Governor. Peace, varlet; do'st chop with me? I say, it is imagin'd thou hast murdered Lysander. How it will be prov'd I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution as justice in such cases requireth. Soldiers, take him away! bring forth the centinel.

Lycus. Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Governor. Sirrah, I'll no fending nor proving. For my part I am satisfied, it is so: that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

Tharsalio. A most excellent apprehension; he's able, you see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

Eudora. Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes
(Tho' likely grounded) reach not to the truth;
And truth is oft abus'd by likelihood.
Let him be heard, my lord.

Governor. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord was my honourable predecessor: but your ladyship must pardon me; in matters of justice I am blind.

Tharsalio. That's true.

Governor. I know no persons. If a court-favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter

* Qy. If we ought not to read "such a creature *a* fool is," &c. C.

and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest: I am seated in the throne of justice, and I will do justice; I will not hear him.

Eudora. Not hear him, my lord?

Governor. No, my lady: and moreover put you in mind, in whose presence you stand, if you parrot to me long—go to.

Tharsalio. Nay, [32] the vice must snap his authority at all he meets; how shal't else be known what part he plays?

Governor. Your husband was a noble gentleman; but, alas! he came short, he was no statesman: he has left a foul city behind him.

Tharsalio. Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship, and all his honourable assistants of scavingers, to sweep it clean.

Governor. It's full of vices, and great ones too.

Tharsalio. And thou none of the meanest.

Governor. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy; and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perish'd members.

Tharsalio. That's the surgeon's office.

Governor. Cast out these rotten stinking carcases for infecting the whole city.

Argus. Rotten they may be; but their wenches use to pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your honour.

Governor. Peace, sirrah, peace; and yet 'tis well said too. [33] A good pregnant fellow, 'faith. But to proceed: I will spew drunkenness out o'th' city——

[32] *the vice*] See two dissertations on the character of the Vice, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton, at the conclusion of *King Richard* III. vol. VII. edit. 1778. S.

[33] *A good* pregnant *fellow,*] i. e. ready, dexterous. So, Lord Bacon, in a speech to Sir Richard Hutton, on his being appointed one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, recommends him not to "affect the Opinion of *Pregnancy*, by an impatient and catching "hearing of the Counsellors at the Bar." See also Mr. Steevens's Note to *Measure for Measure*, A. 1. S. 1.

Tharsalio. Into th' country.

Governor. Shifters shall cheat and starve; and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head, and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip letchery out o'th' city, there shall be no more cuckolds. They that heretofore were arrant cornutos, shall now be honest shopkeepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion.

Tharsalio. Do you hear, brother?

Governor. It shall be the only note of love to the husband, to love the wife: and none shall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckolds him.

Tharsalio. Believe it, a wholesome reformation!

Governor. I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by his wits. I'll have no more bankrupts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure: and the rest shall make a virtue of imprisonment; and their wives shall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows spaded * for marrying again. For the old and wither'd, they shall be confiscated to unthrifty gallants and decay'd knights. If they be poor, they shall be burnt to make soap-ashes, or given to surgeons-hall, to be stamp'd to salve for the French measles. To conclude, I will cart pride out o'th' town.

Argus. An't please your honour, pride an't be ne'er so beggarly, will look for a coach.

Governor. Well said, o' my honour. A good significant fellow, 'faith: what is he? he talks much; does he follow your ladyship?

Argus. No, an't please your honour, I go before her.

Governor. A good undertaking presence; a well-promising forehead, your gentleman-usher, madam?

Eudora. Yours, if you please, my lord.

Governor. Born i'th' city?

Argus. Ay, an't please your honour; but begot i'th' court.

* Perhaps a misprint for *spayed*. C.

Governor. [34] Tressell-legg'd?

Argus. Ay, an't please your honour.

Governor. The better; it bears a breadth; makes room o' both sides. Might I not see his pace?

Argus. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Argus stalks.*

Governor. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. Give me thy hand: madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it threadbare for your sake. Fall in there, sirrah. And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I must tell you, you are shallow: there's a state-point in't: hark you; the viceroy has given him, and we must uphold correspondence. He must walk; say one man goes wrongfully out o'th' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into the world.

Eudora. Your lordship will give me but a word in private.

Tharsalio. Come, brother; we know you well: what means this habit? why staid you not at Dipolis as you resolv'd, to take advertisement for us of your wife's bearing?

Lysander. O brother, this jealous frenzy has born me headlong to ruin.

Tharsalio. Go to; be comforted: uncase yourself; and discharge your friend.

Governor. Is that Lysander, say you? and is all his story true? by'r lady, madam, that jealousy will cost him dear: he undertook the person of a soldier; and as a soldier must have justice. Madam, his altitude in this case cannot dispense. Lycus, this soldier hath acquitted you.

Tharsalio. And that acquittal I'll for him requite; the body lost is by this time restor'd to his place.

[34] *Tressell-legg'd?*] *Tressell-legg'd* I believe is the same as *crooked legg'd*, and called so from resembling the legs of *stools* or *tressells*. So, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, A. 2.—"Is't you Sir Pandarus, the broken knight of Troy? are your two legs the pair of *tressels*, for the Frenchman to get up upon my sister?"

Tressel legg'd, I believe, means one who walks wide. The legs of *tressels* are at a considerable distance from each other. So Falstaff, speaking of his recruits — "The villains march *wide betwixt the legs*, as if they had gyves on."

Soldier. It is, my lord.

Tharsalio. These are state-points, in which your lordship's time has not yet train'd your lordship; please your lordship to grace a nuptial we have now in hand,

[*Hylus and Laodice stand together.*

'Twixt this young lady and this gentleman?
Your lordship there shall hear the ample story.
And how the ass wrapt in a lion's skin
Fearfully roar'd; but his large ears appear'd,
And made him laugh'd at, that before was fear'd.

Governor. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at a non-plus. [*Eudora whispers with Cynthia.*

Tharsalio. Come, brother, thank the countess: she hath sweat
To make your peace. Sister, give me your hand.
So, brother, let your lips compound the strife,
And think you have the only constant wife.

[*Exeunt.*

EDITION.

THE WIDOWES TEARES: A Comedie. As it was often presented in the Blacke and White Friers, Written by GEOR. CHAP. London, Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet-street, in Saint Dunstane's Church-yard, 1612, 4to.

THE

WHITE DEVIL:

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

JOHN WEBSTER flourished in the reign of King James the First. He was clerk of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn,[1] and a member of the Merchant-Taylor's Company.* The times of his birth and death are unknown. From the following verses, he appears to have had the character of an ill-natured critick, but whether with justice or not cannot now be determined, as none of his works of that kind are come down to posterity.†

"[2] But h'st with him crabbed (Websterio)
"The play-wright, cart-wright? whether? either ho—

[1] Gildon's Lives of the Poets.

* The following entries are from the books of the Merchant-Taylor's Company:

John Webster made free by Ann Silverved, 10 Dec. 1571.
John Webster made free by John Palmer, 20 Jan. 1576.
John Webster made free by Henry Clinkard, 17 Nov. 1617.
All by servitude.

Ex informatione G. V. Neunburg: arm: societatis mercatorum sciss: magister an: 1808. O. G.

† There is every reason to believe that Webster was a player as well as a poet. In 1654 a tract was printed, called "*Academiarum* "*Examen*, or the Examination of Academies," an attack upon the method of education pursued at the Universities; the name of the author was Jo. Webster, and an answer was published to it by Thomas Hall, in the same year, with this title:—*Histrio-mastix.* "A Whip for Webster (as 'tis conceived) the *Quondam Player*;" in which among other things it is said: "This Mr. Webster (as I "suppose) is that poet whose glory was once to be the author of "stage-plays (as *the Devil's Law Case*) but now the tutor of Uni-"versities." Hall was a puritan, and for the sake of bringing the attack on Universities into greater disrepute in puritanical times, he might give out that it was written by a *quondam player* and *stage-poet*. At the same time there are certain passages in the *Examen* that have a strong resemblance to the style of the dramatist. Another reply was published to it, in which the author observes, "I have heard from very good hands that he (Webster) is sus-"pected to be *a friar*, his conversation being much with men of "that way." This was only another mode of bringing him into discredit with the puritans. C.

[2] Notes from Black-Fryers, printed in certain Elegies. Done by sundrie excellent Wits. With Satyrs and Epigrams. 1620. 12mo.

" No further. Looke as ye'd bee lookt into :
" Sit as ye woo'd be read : Lord ! who woo'd know him ?
" Was ever man so mangl'd with a Poem ?
" See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,
" How he scrubs; wrings his wrests; scratches his pate;
" A midwife ! helpe ? By his *braines coitus*
" Some Centaure strange : some huge Bucephalus,
" Or Pallas (sure ingendred in his braine,
" Strike Vulcan with thy hammer once againe.
" This is the crittick that (of all the rest)
" I'de not have view mee, yet I feare him least,
" Heer's not a word cursively I have writt,
" But hee'll industriously examine it;
" And in some 12 monthes hence (or there about)
" Set in a shamefull sheete my errors out.
" But what care I ? it will be so obscure,
" That none shall understand him (I am sure)."

Theobald, who altered the Dutchess of Malfy, says of him :[3] " He had a strong and impetuous genius, but " withall a most wild and indigested one : he sometimes " conceived nobly, but did not always express with clear- " ness ; and, if he now and then soars handsomely, he " as often rises into the regions of bombast : his con- " ceptions were so eccentric, that we are not to wonder " why we cannot trace him. As for rules, he either " knew them not, or thought them too servile a re- " straint. Hence it is, that he skips over years and " kingdoms with an equal liberty. (It must be con- " fessed, the unities were very sparingly observed at " the time in which he wrote ; however, when any poet " travels so fast, that the imagination of his spectators " cannot keep pace with him, probability is put quite " out of breath.) Nor has he been less licentious in " another respect : he makes mention of *Galilæo* and " *Tasso*, neither of whom were born till near half a " century after the Dutchess of Malfy was murthered."

[3] Preface to the Fatal Secret, 12mo. 1755.

Philip Frowde, Esq. in the Prologue to the same play, says:

"The rude, old bard, if critick laws he knew,
"From a too warm imagination drew;
"And scorning rule should his free soul confine,
"Nor time, nor place, observ'd in his design."

He was the Author of the following Plays:

(1.) The White Devil;* or, the Trâgedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini Duke of Brachiano; with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queen's Servants, 4to, 1612. 4to, 1631. 4to, 1665. 4to, 1672.†

(2.) "The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy. "As it was presented privatly at the Black-Friers, and "publiquely at the Globe, by the King's Majesties Ser-"vants. The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse "things printed, that the length of the play would not "beare in the presentment. 4to, 1623. 4to, 1640. 4to, "1678. 4to, 1708."

(3.) "The Devil's Law-case;‡ or, When Women "goe to Law, the Devil is full of Businesse: A New

* In Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. 8vo. 1651 is a poem "on Mr. "Webster's most excellent Tragedy called the White Devil."

† Upon looking into the play of *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*, which the title-page says was *written* by Mr. N. Tate, *Author* of the Tragedy of King Lear, I find it to be no other than our author's play of *The White Devil*, with a different name. It appears never to have been acted, though designed for representation at the Theatre Royal.

‡ In the dedication to the *Devil's Law Case*, to Sir Thomas Finch, Webster mentions a play of his of which no other memorial is preserved: "Some of my other works (he says) as *The White Devill*, "*The Dutchesse of Malfi*, *Guise*, and others you have formerly seene." In the year 1651 (Sept. 9.) a play called *The Duke of Guise*, by Henry Shirley, was entered on the books of the Stationer's Company. Qy. Might not this be Webster's Tragedy? O. G.

It is to be observed also that Henslowe in his MSS. mentions a play called *The Guise*, but in all probability Webster did not begin to write so early, and it has been plausibly conjectured by Mr. Malone that Marlow's *Massacre of Paris*, in which the Duke of Guise is so prominent a character, is intended by Henslowe. C.

" Trage-comœdy. The true and perfect Copie from " the Originall. As it was approvedly well acted by " her Majesties Servants. 4to, 1623."

(4.) " Appius and Virginia. A Tragedy, 4to, 1654, " 4to, 1655." It was revived and printed in 1679, by Betterton, in 4to; and acted at the Duke's Theatre, under title of *The Roman Virgin*, or *Unjust Judge*.

(5.) " The Thracian Wonder. A Comical History, " as it hath been several times acted with great ap- " plause. Written by John Webster and William " Rowley,* 4to, 1661."

(6.) " A Cure for a Cuckold; A Pleasant Comedy. " As it hath been several times acted with great ap- " plause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley, 4to, 1661."

He also wrote the Induction to *The Male Content*, by Marston, 1604.

" A Monumental Columne, erected to the living " Memory of the ever-glorious Henry, late Prince of " Wales, 4to, 1613."

" The Monument of Honour, at the confirmation of " the right worthy brother John Goare in the high " office of his Majesty's lieutenant over his royal cham- " ber, at the charge and expense of the right worthy " and worshipfull fraternity of eminent Merchant-Tay-

* This play was first published by Francis Kirkman, and there is every reason to suppose that either he was mistaken in attributing it to John Webster and Willam Rowley, or that he purposely made use of their distinguished names to secure buyers of the performance. *The Thracian Wonder* is a very poor production, unworthy both or either of the authors to whom it is assigned; and the principal incident is founded upon the tale of Curan and Argentile, so prettily told in Warner's Albion's England. This story was afterwards lengthened and wire-drawn, by one William *Webster*, and printed in 1617, under the title of " The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of " Curan, Prince of Danske, and the fayre Princesse Argentile." Kirkman, perhaps knew *William Webster's* poem, which might be popular (though it did not deserve to be so) and it might possibly remind him of *John Webster*, as a fit dramatic poet upon whom to father *The Thracian Wonder*, in conjunction with William Rowley. C.

"lors. Invented and written by John Webster, Tay-
" lor, 4to, 1624."*

* It is singular, that in all the accounts of John Webster, his share in the two excellent Comedies of *Northward Hoe*, and *Westward Hoe*, should not have been mentioned. He wrote them in conjunction with Thomas Dekkar, whom he also assisted in *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, and all three were printed in 1607, the earliest date of any known production by Webster. Yet *Eastward Hoe* was written probably as early as 1603, and *Westward Hoe* unquestionably was then upon the Stage.—See Vol. IV. p. 185.

TO THE READER.

In publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have ta'en before me: not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil:* only, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and [4]black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and [illegible]-ting-out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses (who, visiting stationers shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books), I present it to the general view with this confidence:

Nec rhoncos metues malignorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatick poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi;* willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted: for should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death in the passionate and weighty *Nuntius;* yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia,* the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace,

—*Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.*

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose quill wing'd with two feathers; and, if they will needs make

[4] *black a Theatre,*] I think we should read *blank,* i. e. vacant, unsupplied with articles necessary toward theatrical representation. S.

it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragick writer: Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred; Thou tell'st truth (quoth he); but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of master Jonson; the no less worthy composures of the most worthily excellent master Beaumont and master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, M. Decker, and M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

— *non norunt hæc monumenta mori.**

* This epistle has hitherto been reprinted from the copy of it prefixed to the edition of 1631, which is very incorrect, with some important omissions. It is now for the first time given from the old 4to. of 1612. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONTICELSO, *a cardinal; afterwards pope* PAUL IV.
FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *duke of Florence; in the fifth Act disguised for a Moor, under the name of* MULINASSAR.
BRACHIANO, *otherwise* PAULO GIORDANO URSINI, *duke of Brachiano, husband to Isabella, and in love with Vittoria.*
GIOVANNI, *his son by Isabella.*
LODOVICO, *an Italian count, but decay'd.*
ANTONELLI, } *his friends, and dependents of the duke*
GASPARO, } *of Florence.*
CAMILLO, *husband to Vittoria.*
HORTENSIO, *one of Brachiano's officers.*
MARCELLO, *an attendant of the duke of Florence, and brother to Vittoria.*
FLAMINEO, *his brother, secretary to Brachiano.*
JAQUES, *a Moor, servant to Giovanni.*
ISABELLA, *sister to Francisco de Medicis, and wife to Brachiano.*
VITTORIA COROMBONA, *a Venetian Lady, first married to Camillo, afterwards to Brachiano.*
CORNELIA, *mother to Vittoria, Flamineo, and Marcello.*
ZANCHE, *a Moor, servant to Vittoria.*

Ambassadors, Courtiers, Lawyers, Officers, Physicians, Conjuror, Armourer, Attendants.

The Scene Italy.

In mentem Authoris.

Scire velis quid sit mulier? quo percitet œstro?
En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.

THE

WHITE DEVIL:

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.*

ACT I.

Enter Count LODOVICO, ANTONELLI, *and* GASPARO.

Lodovico. BANISH'D!

Antonelli. It griev'd me much to hear the sentence.

Lodovico. Ha, ha, O Democritus, thy gods
That govern the whole world! courtly reward
And punishment. Fortune's a right whore;
If she give out, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one [5]swoop.
This 'tis to have great enemies; God quit them.

* It is strange that this play, after going through the hands of Dodsley and Mr. Reed, should have been reprinted with so many gross errors: more than a hundred have been discovered and corrected in the present edition. The fact is (as has been the case with other plays in this collection) the former reprint was made from the most corrupt of the old copies. *The White Devil* was published in 1612, and 1631, and though the first may be mentioned, the last only was used. Independent of this fact, some changes were made in the dialogue not authorized by either of the quartos, and without notice of the alteration. The play was not originally divided into acts and scenes, but as there is little objection to the arrangement, in this respect introduced, it has been preserved. C.

[5] *swoop*] The technical term for the descent of a hawk on its prey. So, in *Macbeth:*

" ---oh hell-kite, all!
" At one fell *swoop.*"

See Note on this passage, Vol. IV. of Shakspeare, p. 585. edit 1778. S.

Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Than when she's hungry.
Gasparo. You term those enemies,
Are men of princely rank.
Lodovico. Oh, I pray for them.
The violent thunder is ador'd by those
Are dash'd in pieces by it.
Antonelli. Come, my lord,
You're justly doom'd; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruin'd the noblest earldom.
Gasparo. Your followers
Have swallowed you like [6]mummy, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physick,
Vomit you up i'th' kennel.
Antonelli. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you stagger'd through: one citizen
Is lord of two fair manors call'd you master,
Only for [7]caviare.
Gasparo. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
(Wherein the phœnix scarce could scape your throats)
Laugh at your misery; as fore-deeming you
An idle meteor, which drawn forth, the earth
Would be soon lost in the air.
Antonelli. Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair lordships.
Lodovico. Very good.

[6] *mummy,*] "Mummy is said to have been first brought into use "in medicine, by the malice of a Jewish physician; who wrote, "that flesh thus embalmed was good for the cure of divers diseases, "and particularly bruises, to prevent the blood's gathering and "coagulating. It is, however, believed, that no use whatever "can be derived from it in medicine; and that all which is sold in "the shops, whether brought from Venice or Lyons, or even di-"rectly from the Levant by Alexandria, is factitious, the work of "certain Jews; who counterfeit it by drying carcases in ovens, "after having prepared them with powder of myrrh, caballin aloes, "Jewish pitch, and other coarse or unwholsome drugs." See *Chambers's Dictionary*, voce Mummy.

[7] *caviare.*] See Note 19 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

This well goes with two buckets; I must tend
The pouring out of either.
Gasparo. Worse than these:
You have acted certain murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror.
Lodovico. 'Las, they were flea-bitings;
Why took they not my head then?
Gasparo. O, my lord!
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood:
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.
Lodovico. So, but I wonder then some great men 'scape
This banishment: there's Paulo Giordano Ursini,
The duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona:
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the duke.
Antonelli. Have a full man within you:
We see that trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing scents; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate.
Lodovico. Leave your painted comforts;
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts
If ever I return.
Gasparo. O sir.
Lodovico. I am patient.
I have seen some ready to be executed,
Give pleasant looks, and money, and grow familiar
With the knave hangman; so do I: I thank them,
And would account them nobly merciful,
Would they dispatch me quickly.
Antonelli. Fare you well;
We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment.

Lodovico. I am ever bound to you.
This is the world's alms; pray make use of it*.
Great men sell sheep thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them bare, and sold their fleeces. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRACHIANO, CAMILLO, FLAMINEO, VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Brachiano. Your best of rest.

Vittoria Corombona. Unto my lord, the duke,
The best of welcome, More lights! attend the duke.
[*Exeunt Camillo and Vittoria Corombona.*

Brachiano. Flamineo.

Flamineo. My lord.

Brachiano. Quite lost Flamineo.

Flamineo. Pursue your noble wishes, I am promtp
As lightning to your service. O, my lord!
The fair Vittoria, my happy sister,
Shall give you present audience. Gentlemen,
[*Whisper.*
Let the caroch go on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.

Brachiano. Are we so happy?

Flamineo. Can it be otherwise?
Observ'd you not to-night, my honour'd lord,
Which way soe'er you went, she threw her eyes.
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the Moor; and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Brachiano. We are happy above thought, because 'bove merit.

Flamineo. 'Bove merit! we may now talk freely: 'bove merit! what is't you doubt? her coyness! that's but the superficies of lust most women have; yet why should ladies blush to hear that nam'd, which they do not fear to handle? O they are politick; they know our desire is increased by the difficulty of enjoying; whereas satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion. If the buttery-hatch at court stood continually open,

* In the margin in both quartos opposite these lines we have *Enter Senate*, meaning *Sennet* or the sounding of trumpets, &c. before the Duke on his coming upon the stage.

there would be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage.

Brachiano. O but her jealous husband——

Flamineo. Hang him; a gilder that hath his brains perish'd with quick-silver is not more cold in the liver. [8] The great barriers moulted not more feathers, than he hath shed hairs, by the confession of his doctor. [9] An Irish gamester that will play himself naked, and then wage all downwards at hazard, is not more venturous: so unable to please a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his breeches. Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord;
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My brother-in-law from his fair bed-fellow.

Brachiano. O, should she fail to come.

Flamineo. I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous: I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of: 'tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord.

Enter CAMILLO.

See here he comes. This fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician;
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Meerly an ass. [10] in's foot cloth, how now, brother?
What, travelling to bed to your kind wife?

[8] *The great barriers moulted not more feathers,*] i. e. more feathers were not dislodged from the helmets of the combatants at the great tilting match. S.

[9] *An Irish gamester will play himself naked,*] Barnaby Rich in his *New Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 38, says, "there is, (i. e. in "Ireland) a certaine brotherhood, called by the name of *Karrowes*, "and these be common gamsters, that do only exercise playing at "cards, and they will play away their mantels, and their shirts "from their backs, and when they have nothing left them, they "will trusse themselves in straw: this is the life they lead, and "from this they will not be reclaimed."

[10] *in's foot cloth.*] i. e. in his housings, his accoutrements. See Note to *King Richard* III. A. 3. S. 4. S.

Camillo. I assure you, brother, no; my voyage lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime:
I do not well remember, I protest,
When I lay last with her,
Flamineo. Strange you should lose your count.
Camillo. We never lay together, but ere morning
There grew a [11] flaw between us.
Flamineo. 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw.
Camillo. True, but she loaths
I should be seen in't.
Flamineo. Why, sir, what's the matter?
Camillo. The duke your master visits me, I thank him;
And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He would have his bowl run.
Flamineo. I hope you do not think—
Camillo. That nobleman bowl booty? [12] faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent bias, it would fain
Jump with my mistress.
Flamineo. Will you be an ass,
Despite your Aristotle?* or a cuckold,
Contrary to your Ephemerides,
Which shews you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled?
Camillo. Pew wew, sir; tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides:

[11] *flaw*] *Flaw* anciently signified a *gust*, or *blast*. It here means a quarrel. So, in *Pericles*, A. 2.:

"— I do not fear *the flaw*,
"It hath done to me the worst."

Arden of Feversham.

"— were I uppon the sea
"As oft I have in many a bitter storme,
"And saw a dreadful suthern *flaw* at hand, &c."

[12] — *Faith his cheek*
Hath a most excellent bias,] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 4. S. 5.:

"Blow, villain, till thy sphered *bias cheek*
"Out swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon."

* The quartos read "Despite *you* Aristotle." C.

A man may be made a cuckold in the day-time,
When the stars eyes are out.
Flamineo. Sir, good-bye t'you;
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuft with horn-shavings.
Camillo. Brother.
Flamineo. [13] God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife.
Camillo. 'Twere very good.
Flamineo. Bar her the sight of revels.
Camillo. Excellent.
Flamineo. Let her not go to church, but [14] like a hound
In Leon, at your heels.
Camillo. 'Twere for her honour.
Flamineo. And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despite her chastity or innocence,
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't.
Camillo. Come, you know not where my night-cap wrings me.
Flamineo. Wear it o'th' old fashion; let your large ears come through, it will be more easy. Nay I will be bitter; bar your wife of her entertainment. Women are more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb; take the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff, afore they are up. These politick inclosures for paltry mutton, make more rebellion in the flesh, than all the provocative electuaries doctors have uttered since the last jubilee.

[13] *God refuse me,*] See Note 1 to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

[14] *---like a hound*

In Leon, at your heels,] I know not that the custom of being followed by a dog is peculiar to this city in Spain, but rather believe we should read,

--- like a hound in *leam*, i. e. a leash, a string.

See Note on *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 6. vol. IX. p. 482. S.

Camillo. This doth not physic me.

Flamineo. It seems you are jealous; I'll shew you the error of it by a familiar example: I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelve pence o'th' board, 'twill appear as if there were twenty; now should you wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Camillo. The fault there, sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Flamineo. True, but [15]they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worse; her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a bason of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his cuckold-maker.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

See, she comes: what reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or ivory of Corinth; or compare her hair to the black-bird's bill, when 'tis liker the black-bird's feather? this is all: be wise, I will make you friends: and you shall go to bed together. Marry look you, it shall not be your seeking. Do you stand upon that by any means: walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in't.—Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting-house: your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vittoria Corombona. I did nothing to displease him; I carved to him at supper-time.

Flamineo. You need not have carved him, in faith; they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you. *Shall a gentleman so well descended as* Camillo—a lousy slave, that within this twenty years

[15] *---they that have the yellow jaundice, think all objects they look on to be yellow.*] This thought is adopted by Mr. Pope:

"All seems infected that th' infected spy,
"As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye." S.

rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans?

Camillo. Now he begins to tickle her. [*Aside.*

Flamineo. An excellent scholar—one that hath a head fill'd with calves brains without any sage in them,—*come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging?*—that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fire at the glass-house hath not gone out this seven years—*is he not a courtly gentleman?*—when he wears white sattin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot—*you are a goodly foil, I confess, well set out*—but cover with a false stone your counterfeit diamond.*

Camillo. He will make her know what is in me.

Flamineo. Come, my lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my lord.

Camillo. Now he comes to't.

Flamineo. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine.—I am opening your case hard. [*To Camillo.*

Camillo. A virtuous brother, on my credit!

Flamineo. He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

Camillo. Indeed, I am studying alchymy.

Flamineo. Thou shalt lie in a bed stuft with turtles feathers; swoon in perfumed linen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at sea think land, and trees, and ships, go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shall't meet him, 'tis fix'd, with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.

Vittoria Corombona. How shall's rid him hence?

Flamineo. I will put [16] the brize in's tail shall set him

* The edition of 1631 here reads "but covered with a false "stone you counterfeit diamond," which was copied by former editors instead of the passage as it stands in the older and far more correct copy. C.

[16] *the brize*] i. e. the fly that stings cattle. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 1.

gadding presently.—I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming; but, might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her; I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Camillo. Shall I, shall I?

Flamineo. It will shew in you a supremacy of judgment.

Camillo. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion; for, *quæ negata, grata.*

Flamineo. Right: you are the [17] adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Camillo. A philosophical reason.

Flamineo. Walk by her o'th' nobleman's fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress.

Camillo. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited.

Vittoria Corombona. To do what, sir?

Camillo. To lie with you to-night. Your silk-worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. To-morrow at night I am for you.

Vittoria Corombona. You'll spin a fair thread, trust to't.

Flamineo. But do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

Camillo. Do you think so? why look you brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flamineo. In troth I will; I'll be your jailer once: But have you ne'er a false door?

Camillo. A pox on't, as I am a Christian: tell me to-morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

"This *brize* hath prick'd my patience."
The New Inn, A. 5. S. 3.

"——— Sheelee nien
"Runs like a heefer, bitten with *the brize*,
"About the court crying on Fly, and cursing."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 1. S. 3. and to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 8.

[17] *adamant*] i. e. the magnet. S. P.

Flamineo. I will.

Camillo. Didst thou not make the jest of the silk-worm? Good-night, in faith I will use this trick often.

Flamineo. Do, do, do. [*Exit Camillo.*] So now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, [18] thou intanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm.

Enter BRACHIANO.

Come, sister, darkness hides your blush. Women are like curst dogs; civility keeps them tied all day-time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good, or most mischief. My lord, my lord.

ZANCHE *brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.*

Brachiano. Give credit; I could wish time would stand still,
And never end this interview, this hour;
But all delight doth itself soon'st devour.

Enter CORNELIA, *listening.*

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows.
Loose me not, madam, for if you forego me,
I am lost eternally.

Vittoria Corombona. Sir, in the way of pity,
I wish you heart-whole.

Brachiano. You are a sweet physician.

Vittoria Corombona. Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals:
It takes away their credit.

Brachiano. Excellent creature!
We call the cruel, fair; what name for you
That are so merciful?

Zanche. See now they close.

Flamineo. Most happy union.

[18] *thou intanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm.*] Thus Pope,

"The silk-worm thus spins fine his little store,
"And labours till he clouds himself all o'er." S.

Cornelia. My fears are fall'n upon me: oh, my heart!

My son the pander! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or stone;
But woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none.

Brachiano. What value is this jewel?

Vittoria Corombona. 'Tis the ornament of a weak fortune.

Brachiano. In sooth, I'll have it; nay, I will but change
My jewel for your jewel.

Flamineo. Excellent;
His jewel for her jewel: well put in, duke.

Brachiano. Nay, let me see you wear it.

Vittoria Corombona. Here, sir.

Brachiano. Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel lower.

Flamineo. That's better, she must wear his jewel lower.

Vittoria Corombona. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.

Brachiano. Most wishedly.

Vittoria Corombona. A foolish idle dream:
Methought I walk'd about the mid of night
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground: under that yew,
As I sate sadly leaning on a grave
Checquer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your dutchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.

Brachiano. That tree?

Vittoria Corombona. This harmless yew;
They told me my intent was to root up
That well grown-yew, and plant i'the stead of it
A wither'd black-thorn; and for that they vow'd

To bury me alive. My husband straight
With pick-ax 'gan to dig, and your fell dutchess
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth and scatter'd bones: lord, how methought
I trembled! and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.

Flamineo. No; the devil was in your dream.

Vittoria Corombona. When to my rescue there arose, methought,
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant;
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flamineo. Excellent devil!
She hath taught him in a dream
To make away his dutchess and her husband.

Brachiano. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband;
From the poor envy of our flegmatick dutchess.
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer, than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once,
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cornelia. Woe to light hearts, they still fore-run our fall. [*Cornelia comes forward.*

Flamineo. What fury rais'd thee up? away, away. [*Exit Zanche.*

Cornelia What make you here, my lord, this dead of night?
Never dropt mildew on a flower here till now.

Flamineo. I pray, will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted?

Cornelia. O that this fair garden
Had all with* poison'd herbs of Thessaly
At first been planted; made a nursery

* The old copies omit *with*, which seems necessary to the sense. C.

For witchcraft, rather than a burial plot
For both your honours.
Vittoria Corombona. Dearest mother, hear me.
Cornelia. O, thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner than nature. See the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.
Brachiano. Come, come, I will not hear you.
Vittoria Corombona. Dear, my lord!
Cornelia. Where is thy dutchess, now, adult'rous duke?
Thou little dream'st this night she is come to Rome.
Flamineo. How! come to Rome?
Vittoria Corombona. The dutchess?
Brachiano. She had been better—
Cornelia. The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.
Flamineo. So, have you done?
Cornelia. Unfortunate Camillo!
Vittoria Corombona. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allay'd
His long suit to me—
Cornelia. I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e'er mother kneel'd:
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's —
Brachiano. Fie, fie, the woman's mad.
Cornelia. Be thy act Judas like, betray in kissing.
May'st thou be envy'd during his short breath,
And pity'd like a wretch after his death.
Vittoria Corombona. O me accurs'd! [*Exit Vittoria.*
Flamineo. Are you out of your wits, my lord?
I'll fetch her back again.
Brachiano. No, I'll to bed.
Send doctor Julio to me presently.
Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue

Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm:
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm. [*Exit Brachiano.*
Flamineo. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour!
Is this a fitting time o'night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup.
Cornelia. What! because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious?
Flamineo. Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the gallies, or the gallows?
My father prov'd himself a gentleman,
Sold all his land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
At Padua, I confess, where I protest,
For want of means (the university judge me)
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings
At least seven years; conspiring with a beard
Made me a graduate; then to this duke's service.
I visited the court, whence I return'd
More courteous, more leacherous by far,
But not a suit the richer; and shall I,
Having a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.
Cornelia. O that I ne'er had borne thee!
Flamineo. So would I.
I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself.
Nature is very pitiful to whores,
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers; they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great lord cardinal;
It may be he will justify the act.

Lycurgus wonder'd much, men would provide
Good stallions for their mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair wives to be barren.

Cornelia. Misery of miseries! [*Exit Cornelia.*

Flamineo. The dutchess comes to court! I like not that.
We are engag'd to mischief, and must on,
As rivers to find out the ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks;
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtle foldings of a winter's snake;
So who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *cardinal* MONTICELSO, MARCELLO, ISABELLA, *young* GIOVANNI, *with little* JAQUES *the Moor.*

Francisco de Medicis. Have you not seen your husband since you arrived?

Isabella. Not yet, sir.

Francisco de Medicis. Surely he is wondrous* kind;
If I had such a dove-house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, were't but to destroy
The pole-cats that haunt to it.—My sweet cousin!

Giovanni. Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse,
And armour.

Francisco de Medicis. That I did, my pretty cousin.
Marcello, see it fitted.

Marcello. My lord, the duke is here.

Francisco de Medicis. Sister, away; you must not yet be seen.

Isabella. I do beseech you,

* The copy of 1631 reads *wonderful*, which destroys the metre, but nevertheless Mr. Reed followed it: the edit. of 1612 gives it correctly, "Surely he is wondrous kind." C.

Entreat him mildly, let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance; all my wrongs
Are freely pardon'd; and I do not doubt,
As men, to try the [19] precious unicorn's horn,
Make of the powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a spider, so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected straying.

Francisco de Medicis. I wish they may. Be gone.

[*Exeunt Isabella and Giovanni, &c.*

Enter BRACHIANO *and* FLAMINEO.

'Void the chamber.
You are welcome, will you sit? I pray, my lord,
Be you my orator, my heart's too full;
I'll second you anon.

Monticelso. Ere I begin,
Let me entreat your grace forego all passion,
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Brachiano. As silent as i'th' church; you may proceed.

Monticelso. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you have as 'twere enter'd the world
With a free scepter in your able hand,
And have to the use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your awful throne for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. Oh, my lord,
The drunkard after all his lavish cups
Is dry, and then is sober: so at length,

[19] *precious unicorn's horn,*] "The antients held the *Unicorn's horn* "to be a counter poison; and that the animal used to dip it in the "water, to purify and sweeten it ere it would drink: it is added, "that for the same reason other beasts wait to see it drink before "them. Thence, as also from the rarity of the thing, people have "taken occasion to attribute divers medicinal virtues thereto.

"But Amb. Pare has proved it a mere piece of charletanery, and "all the virtues attributed to it to be false; and yet the price it has "bore is almost incredible. Andrea Racci, a physician of Florence, "affirms the pound of 16 ounces to have been sold in the Apothe-"caries shops for 1536 crowns, when the same weight of gold was "only worth one hundred forty-eight crowns." *Chambers's Dic-"tionary.* See also Sir Thomas Brown's Vulgar Errors. B.3. C. 23.

When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail Wretched are princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns. or ravisheth
But one pearl from their sceptres: but alas!
When they to wilful shipwreck lose good fame,
All princely titles perish with their name.

Brachiano. You have said, my lord.

Monticelso. Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flattering your greatness.

Brachiano. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about;
Your game flies fair, and for you.

Francisco de Medicis. Do not fear it:
I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase.
Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease;
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize.
You know Vittoria?

Brachiano. Yes.

Francisco de Medicis. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from tennis?

Brachiano. Happily.

Francisco de Medicis. Her husband is the lord of a poor fortune,
Yet she wears cloth of tissue.

Brachiano. What of this?
Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,

[20] *When you awake from this lascivious dream,*
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail.] So Thomson says:

Even present, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid: while Musick flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the Roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky Crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious Heart; where honour still,
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of Luxury, by fits, impatient heave. Spring, l. 992.

As part of her confession at next shrift,
And know from whence it sails?

Francisco de Medicis. She is your strumpet.

Brachiano. Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy breath,
And that black slander.* Were she whore of mine,
All thy loud cannons, and thy [21] borrow'd Switzers,
Thy gallies, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her.

Francisco de Medicis. Let's not talk on thunder.
Thou hast a wife, our sister: would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lock'd fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one.

Brachiano. Thou hadst given a soul to God then.

Francisco de Medicis. True;
Thy ghostly father, with all his absolution,
Shall ne'er do so by thee.

Brachiano. Spit thy poison.

Francisco de Medicis. I shall not need, lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle. Look to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.

Brachiano. Thunder! in faith,
They are but crackers.

Francisco de Medicis. We'll end this with the cannon.

Brachiano. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils.

* Here, as elsewhere in many places, the old and correct reading has been wantonly and without notice varied: Mr. Reed allowed it to stand, "and *blackest* slander." C.

[21] *borrow'd Switzers,*] *Switzers,* in our ancient plays, are generally spoken of as the guards particularly belonging to the persons of princes. See *The Noble Gentleman,* by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 3. S. 1. and *Hamlet,* A. 4. S. 5.

The early dramatists appear to have delighted in making themselves merry with the Swiss mercenaries, whose poverty, perhaps, rather than their natural inclination, induced them to lend their military services to their wealthier and contending neighbours; till, as Osborne cleverly expresses it, "they became the cudgels "with which the rest of the world did, upon all occasions, beat "one another." (431. Edit. 1682.) O. G.

Francisco de Medicis. Better that,
Than change perfumes for plaisters.
Brachiano. Pity on thee:
'Twere good you'd shew your slaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new-plow'd forehead-defiance; and I'll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.
Monticelso. My lords, you shall not word it any farther
Without a milder limit.
Francisco de Medicis. Willingly.
Brachiano. Have you proclaim'd a triumph, that you bait
A lion thus?
Monticelso. My lord!
Brachiano. I'm tame, I'm tame, sir.
Flamineo. We send unto the duke for conference
'Bout levies 'gainst the pirates; my lord duke
Is not at home: we come ourself in person;
Still my lord duke is busied. But we fear
When Tiber to each prowling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild ducks; then, my lord,
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and speak with you.
Brachiano. Ha!
Flamineo. A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle;
But to express the sonnet by natural reason,
When stags grow melancholy you'll find the season.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Monticelso. No more, my lord; here comes a champion
Shall end the difference between you both,
Your son, the prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him; this is a casket
For both your crowns, and should be held like dear.
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know
It is a more direct and even way,
To train to virtue those of princely blood,
By examples than by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father? be his pattern then,

Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his mast.
Brachiano. Your hand boy, growing to a soldier?
Giovanni. Give me a pike.
Francisco de Medicis. What, practising your pike so young, fair cuz?
Giovanni. Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my lord,
Tossing my bull-rush thus. Pray, sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army?
Francisco de Medicis. Yes, cousin, a young prince
Of good discretion might.
Giovanni. Say you so?
Indeed I have heard, 'tis fit a general
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he makes a noise when he's o'horseback
Like a Dantzick* drummer, O, 'tis excellent!
He need not fight! methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him. If I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man.
Francisco de Medicis. What! what!
Giovanni. And will not bid my soldiers up and follow,
But bid them follow me.
Brachiano. [22] Forward lap-wing!
He flies with the shell on's head.
Francisco de Medicis. Pretty cousin!
Giovanni. The first year, uncle, that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take, I will set free,
Without their ransom.
Francisco de Medicis. Ha! without their ransom!
How then will you reward your soldiers,
That took those prisoners for you?

* This word must for the verse be read as it was formerly written, one syllable, viz. *Dansk*. C.

[22] *Forward lap-wing!*
He flies with the shell on's head.] So Horatio says in *Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 2. "This *lap-wing* runs away with the shell on his head." See Mr. Steevens's Note thereon.

Giovanni. Thus, my lord:
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That fall that year.
Francisco de Medicis. Why then, the next year following,
You'll have no men to go with you to war.
Giovanni. Why then I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.
Monticelso. Witty prince!
Francisco de Medicis. See, a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.
Come, you and I are friends.
Brachiano. Most wishedly:
Like bones which, broke in sunder, and well set,
Knit the more strongly.
Francisco de Medicis. Call Camillo hither.
You have receiv'd the rumour, how count Lodowick
Is turn'd a pirate.
Brachiano. Yes.
Francisco de Medicis. We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in. Behold your dutchess.
We now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind intreaty. [*Exeunt Fran. Mon. Giov.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Brachiano. You have charm'd me.
You are in health; we see.
Isabella. And above health,
To see my lord well.
Brachiano. So: I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome?
Isabella. Devotion, my lord.
Brachiano. Devotion!
Is your soul charg'd with any grievous sin?
Isabella. 'Tis burthen'd with too many; and I think
The oft'ner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.
Brachiano. Take your chamber.
Isabella. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry:

Doth not my absence from you, now too months,
Merit one kiss?
Brachiano. I do not use to kiss:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.
Isabella. O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a virgin.
Brachiano. O your breath!
Out upon sweet-meats and continued physick,
The plague is in them.
Isabella. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets
Of the spring-violet: they are not yet much wither'd.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Show in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.
Brachiano. O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred?
Isabella. Never, my dear lord.
Brachiano. Must I be hunted* out? or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?
Isabella. I pray, sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, tho' not love.
Brachiano. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke, 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him

* The quartos read "*haunted out.*" C.

Like a [23] shav'd Polack; all his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe: he's a discreet fellow,
When he's made up in his robes of state.
Your brother, the great duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
(Now all the hellish furies * take his soul)
First made this match. Accursed be the priest
That sang the wedding-mass, and even my issue!
Isabella. O, too too far you have curst.
Brachiano. Your hand I'll kiss;
This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee: by this,
This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well;
Our sleeps are sever'd.
Isabella. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessed! why, the saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that.
Brachiano. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed.
Isabella. O my winding-sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not hear.
Never?
Brachiano. Never.
Isabella. O my unkind lord! may your sins find mercy,

[23] *shav'd Polack;*] i. e. Polander. See the Notes of Mr. Pope, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 1. In Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 3. p. 170. it is said, "The Polonians *shave* all "their heads close, excepting the haire of the forehead, which "they nourish very long, and cast backe to the hinder part of the "head."

* "Now all the hellish furies *rack* his soul," as it before stood, would be unobjectionable, if it were the reading of the original. C.

As I upon a woful widow'd bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

Brachiano. No more; go, go, complain to the great duke.

Isabella. No, my dear lord, you shall have present witness
How I'll work peace between you. I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow,
I have some cause to do it, you have none.
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the means
Of such a separation: let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, FLAMINEO, MONTICELSO, MARCELLO, CAMILLO.

Brachiano. Well, take your course. My honourable brother!

Francisco de Medicis. Sister! this is not well, my lord. Why, sister!
She merits not this welcome.

Brachiano. Welcome, say?
She hath given a sharp welcome.

Francisco de Medicis. Are you foolish?
Come, dry your tears: is this a modest course,
To better what is naught, to rail and weep?
Grow to a reconcilement, or, by heaven,
I'll ne'er more deal between you.

Isabella. Sir, you shall not;
No, tho' Vittoria, upon that condition,
Would become honest.

Francisco de Medicis. Was your husband loud
Since we departed?

Isabella. By my life, sir, no;
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruins of my former beauty
Laid out for a whore's triumph?

Francisco de Medicis. Do you hear?

Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, and with what justice
They study to requite them: take that course.
Isabella. O that I were a man! or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions.
Francisco de Medicis. What! turn'd fury?
Isabella. To dig the strumpet's eyes out; let her lie
Some twenty months a dying; to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like *mummia*, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water. By your favour, sir;
Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal:
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss;
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding-ring.
Francisco de Medicis. How, ne'er more lie with him?
Isabella. And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if in thronged court a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers hands
Seal'd to the separation.
Brachiano. Ne'er lie with me?
Isabella. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*
Francisco de Medicis. Now, by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman.
Brachiano. You see 'tis not my seeking.
Francisco de Medicis. Was this your circle of pure unicorn's horn,
You said should charm your lord? now horns upon thee,
For jealousy deserves them. Keep your vow,
And take your chamber.
Isabella. No, sir, I'll presently to Padua;
I will not stay a minute.
Monticelso. O good madam!—

* By the first scene of Act III. Vittoria Corombona is also represented as understanding Latin. C.

Brachiano. 'Twere best to let her have her humour; Some half day's journey will bring down her stomach, And then she'll turn in post.

Francisco de Medicis. To see her come To my lord cardinal for a dispensation Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

Isabella. Unkindness, do thy office; poor heart, break: [24] Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.

[*Exit.*

Enter CAMILLO.

Marcello. Camillo's come, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. Where's the commission?

Marcello. 'Tis here.

Francisco de Medicis. Give me the signet.

Flamineo. My lord, do you mark their whispering? I will compound a medicine, out of their two heads, stronger than garlick, deadlier than [25] stibium: the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning.

Enter DOCTOR.

Brachiano. About the murder?

Flamineo. They are sending him to Naples, but I'll send him to Candy.
Here's another property too.

Brachiano. O, the doctor!

Flamineo. A poor quack-salving knave, my lord; one that should have been lash'd for's lechery, but that he confest a judgment, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *non plus*.

Doctor. And was cozen'd, my lord, by an arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flamineo. He will shoot pills into a man's guts shall

[24] *Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.*] So, in *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 3.

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
"Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent. S.

[25] *stibium:*] An ancient name for antimony, now seldom used. *Chambers's Dictionary.*

make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey * he will poison in a kiss; and was once minded for his master-piece, [26] because Ireland breeds no poison, to have prepar'd a deadly vapour in a Spaniard's fart, that should have poison'd all Dublin.

Brachiano. O, saint Anthony's-fire!

Doctor. Your secretary is merry, my lord.

Flamineo. O thou curs'd antipathy to nature! look, his eye's bloodshed, like a needle a chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with: let me embrace thee, toad, and love thee: O thou abominable loathsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples.

Brachiano. No more: I must employ thee, honest doctor.
You must to Padua, and, by the way,
Use some of your skill for us.

Doctor. Sir, I shall.

Brachiano. But for Camillo?

Flamineo. He dies this night, by such a politick strain,
Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.
But for your dutchess' death—

Doctor. I'll make her sure.

Brachiano. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

Flamineo. Remember this, you slave; when knaves come to preferment, they rise as gallowses are rais'd i'th' Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders.

[*Exeunt.*

*Monticelso.** Here is an emblem; nephew, pray peruse it:
'Twas thrown in at your window.

Camillo. At my window?
Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his horns,
And, for the loss of them, the poor beast weeps:

[26] *because Ireland breeds no poison*] See Note 24 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

* Monticelso, Camillo, and Francisco de Medicis, had probably retired to the back of the stage on the entrance of the Doctor, and here come forward again. C.

The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.*
Monticelso. That is,
Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.
Camillo. What should this mean?
Monticelso. I'll tell you; 'tis given out
You are a cuckold.
Camillo. Is it given out so?
I had rather such a report as that, my lord,
Should keep within doors.
Francisco de Medicis. Have you any children?
Camillo. None, my lord.
Francisco de Medicis. You are the happier:
I'll tell you a tale.
Camillo. Pray, my lord.
Francisco de Medicis. An old tale:
Upon a time Phœbus' the god of light,
Or him we call the Sun, would needs be married:
The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the general world.
But what a piteous cry there straight arose
Amongst smiths and felt-makers, brewers and cooks,
Reapers and butter-women, amongst fishmongers,
And thousand other trades, which are annoy'd
By his excessive heat: 'twas lamentable.
They came to Jupiter all in a sweat,
And do forbid the banes. A great fat cook
Was made their speaker, who intreats of Jove,
That Phœbus might be gelded; for if now,
When there was but one sun, so many men
Were like to perish by his violent heat,
What should they do if he were married,
And should beget more, and those children
Make fire-works like their father? So say I;
Only I will apply it to your wife:
Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.
Monticelso. Look you, cousin,
Go, change the air for shame; see if your absence
Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello
Is chosen with you joint commissioner,

For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirates.
Marcello. I am much honour'd in't.
Camillo. But, sir,
Ere I return, the stag's horns may be sprouted
Greater than those are shed.
Monticelso. Do not fear it;
I'll be your ranger.
Camillo. You must watch i'th' nights;
Then's the most danger.
Francisco de Medicis. Farewel, good Marcello;
All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish
Bring you on ship-board.
Camillo. Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her?
Monticelso. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.
Camillo. Merry, my lord! o'th' captains humour right,
I am resolved to be drunk this night. [*Exit.*
Francisco de Medicis. So, 'twas well fitted; now shall we discern
How his wish'd absence will give violent way
To duke Brachiano's lust.
Monticelso. Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea-captain? and, besides,
Count Lodowick, which was rumoured for a pirate,
Is now in Padua.
Francisco de Medicis. Is't true?
Monticelso. Most certain.
I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment:
He means to address himself for pension
Unto our sister dutchess.
Francisco de Medicis. O, 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past six days:
I fain would have the duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal; for there's nought

In such curst dotage, to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame.
Monticelso. It may be objected, I am dishonourable
To play thus with my kinsman; but I answer,
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That, being wrong'd durst not avenge himself.
Francisco de Medicis. Come, to observe this strumpet.
Monticelso. Curse of greatness!
Sure he'll not leave her?
Francisco de Medicis. There's small pity in't:
Like misletoe on sear elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together. [*Exeunt.*
Enter BRACHIANO, *with one in the habit of a conjuror.*
Brachiano. Now, sir, I claim your promise: 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefix'd to show me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo,
And our loath'd dutchess grow to action.
Conjurer. You have won me, by your bounty, to a deed
I do not often practise. Some there are,
Which, by sophistick tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits
'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks
For making of a squib: and some there are
[27] Will keep a curtal to shew juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a spirit. Besides these,
Such a whole ream of almanack-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,
Sinch they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Latin. Pray sit down;
Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd; and now
I'll shew you, by my strong commanding art,
The circumstance that breaks your dutchess' heart.

[27] *Will keep a curtal,* &c.] This was said of *Banks's* celebrated Horse so often mentioned in ancient writers. See *Digby* on Bodies.

A dumb Shew.

Enter suspiciously JULIO *and* CHRISTOPHERO; *they draw a curtain where Brachiano's picture is. They put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes before the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.*

Enter ISABELLA *in her night-gown, as to bed-ward, with light after her: count* LODOVICO, GIOVANNI, GUID-ANTONIO, *and others waiting on her: she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice: she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it; dies: sorrow exprest in Giovanni, and in count Lodovico. She's conveyed out solemnly.*

Brachiano. Excellent! then she's dead.

Conjurer. She's poisoned
By the fum'd picture: 'twas her custom nightly,
Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oil,
And other poison'd stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.

Brachiano. Methought I saw
Count Lodowick* there.

Conjurer. He was; and, by my art,
I find he did most passionately doat
Upon your dutchess. Now turn another way.
And view Camillo's far more politick face.
Strike louder, musick, from this charmed ground,
To yield, as fits the act, a tragick sound!

The second dumb Show.

Enter FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, CAMILLO, *with four more as captains: they drink healths, and dance: a vaulting horse is brought into the room: Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the room, while Flamineo*

* So call[ed] [he]re for the sake of the measure, which former editors disregard[ed] altered the name to *Lodovico*. C.

and Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault; compliment who shall begin; as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about: seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere under the horse: makes shew to call for help: Marcello comes in, laments; sends for the cardinal and duke, who come forth with armed men; wonder at the act; command the body to be carried home; apprehend Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest; and go, as 'twere, to apprehend Vittoria.

Brachiano. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance
I taste not fully.

Conjurer. O 'twas most apparent;
You saw them enter charg'd with their deep healths
To their boon voyage; and, to second that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport. The virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all.

Brachiano. It seems Marcello and Flamineo
Are both committed.

Conjurer. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your mistress, fair Vittoria: we are now
Beneath her roof. 'Twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back postern.

Brachiano. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you: this shall stand
As the firm seal annexed to my hand.
It shall inforce a payment [*Exit Brachiano.*

Conjurer. Sir, I thank you.
Both flowers and weeds spring, when the sun is warm,
And great men do great good, or else great harm.
[*Exit Conjurer.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *and* MONTICELSO, *their Chancellor and Register.*

Francisco de Medicis. You have dealt discreetly, to obtain the presence

Of all the grave [28]lieger ambassadors,
To hear Vittoria's trial.

Monticelso. 'Twas not ill:
For, sir, you know we have nought but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husband's death:
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs
Of her black lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdoms. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here?

Francisco de Medicis. O fie! 'twere impudence too palpable. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLAMINEO *and* MARCELLO *guarded, and a* LAWYER.

Lawyer. [29]What, are you in by the week? so, I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner. Methinks none should sit upon thy sister, but old whore-masters.

Flamineo. Or cuckolds; for your cuckold is the most terrible tickler of lechery. Whore-masters would serve, for none are judges at tilting, but those that have been old tilters.

Lawyer. My lord duke and she have been very private.

Flamineo. You are a dull ass: 'tis threaten'd they have been very publick.

Lawyer. If it can be proved they have but kiss'd one another.

Flamineo. What then?

Lawyer. My lord cardinal will ferret them.

Flamineo. A cardinal, I hope, will not catch coneys.

Lawyer. For to sow kisses (mark what I say) to sow kisses is to reap lechery; and, I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing is half won.

Flamineo. True, her upper part, by that rule; if you will win her nether part too, you know what follows.

Lawyer. Hark, the ambassadors are 'lighted.

[28] *lieger ambassadors*] See Note 26 to the *Roaring Girl.*

[29] *What, are you in by the week?*] This phrase appears to signify [illegible] for a time limited. It occurs in *Love's Labour Lost*, A 5. S. 2. See Note thereon, edit. 1778. S.

Flamineo. I do put on this feigned garb of mirth,
To gull suspicion. *

Marcello. O my unfortunate sister!
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano: you, 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stalking-horse,
To undo my sister.

Flamineo. I am a kind of path
To her, and mine own preferment.

Marcello. Your ruin.

Flamineo. Hum! thou art a soldier,
Followest the great duke, feed'st his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood: what hast got?
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,
[30] Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water;
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals thro' thy fingers.

Marcello. Sir!

Flamineo. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh [31] shamois.

Marcello. Brother!

Flamineo. Hear me:
And thus, when we have even pour'd ourselves
Into great fights, for their ambition,
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward?
But as we seldom find the missletoe
Sacred to physic, or the builder oak, *

* Mr. Gilchrist, who had compared and collated none of these plays with the old editions, conjectured that we ought to read *gull* and not *gall* as till now it was misprinted. He was right by the copy of 1612; but that of 1631 has it *gall*. C.

[30] *Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water;*
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals thro' thy fingers.] Dryden has borrowed this thought in *All for Love*; or, *The World well Lost*, A. 5.

" O that I less could fear to lose this Being,
" Which *like a snow-ball in my coward hand,*
" *The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.*

[31] *shamois.*] i. e. shoes made of the wild goat's skin. *Chamois*, Fr. S.

* The epithet of " *builder* oak," is originally Chaucer's:—

Without a mandrake by it; so in our quest of gain,
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes,
This is lamented doctrine.

Marcello. Come, come.

Flamineo. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming hawthorn——

Marcello. I'll interrupt you.
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride o'er every politick respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.

Flamineo. I'll think on't.

Enter SAVOY.

The lord ambassadors.

[*Here there is a passage of the lieger ambassadors over the stage severally.*

Enter FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

Lawyer. O my sprightly Frenchman! Do you know him? he's an admirable tilter.

Flamineo. I saw him at last tilting; [32] he shew'd like a pewter candlestick, fashion'd like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i'th' pound.

Lawyer. O, but he is an excellent horseman.

Flamineo. A lame one in his lofty tricks; he sleeps a horseback [33] like a poulter.

"The bilder oke, and eke the hardie ashe
The piller elme," &c. *Assemblie of Foules.*

[32] *he shew'd like a pewter candlestick,* &c.] So Shakspeare in *King Henry* V. A. 4. S. 2.

"Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
"With torch slaves in their hand."

Mr. Steevens observes, that the ancient candlesticks frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

[33] *like a poulter*] Poulterers do not at present attend markets at earlier hours than men of other trades, so that this comparison in our times seems to want force. S.

I retract my former observation on this passage, having lately

Enter ENGLISH AND SPANISH.

Lawyer. Lo' you my Spaniard.

Flamineo. He carries his face in's ruff, as I have seen a serving-man carry glasses in a cypress hat-band, monstrous steady, for fear of breaking: he looks like the claw of a black-bird, first salted, and then broil'd in a candle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The arraignment of VITTORIA.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, MONTICELSO, *the* [34] *four lieger Ambassadors,* BRACHIANO, VITTORIA, COROMBONA, ISABELLA, *Lawyer, and a guard.*

Monticelso. Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.

Brachiano. May it thrive with you.
[*Lays a rich gown under him.*

Francisco de Medicis. A chair there for his lordship.

Brachiano. Forbear your kindness: an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.

Monticelso. At your pleasure sir,
Stand to the table, gentlewomen. Now, signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. *Domine judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.*

met with several country *poulterers* asleep over the baskets which they carried on horseback before them, a position sufficiently commodious to solicit repose, and safe enough to allow of it. S.

In the former edition of this collection, the word *poulter* was changed to the more modern term *poulterer;* the former, however, was that which anciently was in constant use. The Company of *Poulters* were incorporated by that name 19 Henry VIII. and again renewed 30th Queen Elizabeth. See *Stowe's Survey,* 1722, vol. II. p. 216. B. 5. S.

[34] *four*] The quartos read *six; four,* however, are only mentioned.

Vittoria Corombona. What's he?
Francisco de Medicis. A lawyer that pleads against you.
Vittoria Corombona. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I'll make no answer else.
Francisco de Medicis. Why, you understand Latin.
Vittoria Corombona. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in't.
Monticelso. Go on, sir.
Vittoria Corombona. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
Francisco de Medicis. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.
Monticelso. Oh, for God's sake! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Lawyer. Well then, have at you.
Vittoria Corombona. I am the mark, sir, [34] I'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.
Lawyer. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman;
Who such a black* concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her, and her projections.
Vittoria Corombona. What's all this?
Lawyer. Hold your peace!
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

[34] *I'll give aim to you.*] See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

* Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Reed copied the edition of 1631, and therefore left out *black*. It is strange that the halting measure did not lead them to look at the quarto of 1612, to see if any word were omitted. C.

Vittoria Corombona. Surely, my lord, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some 'pothecaries bills, or proclamations;
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up like stones we use give hawks for physick.
Why, this is Welch to Latin.

Lawyer. My lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor figures,* nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution.

Francisco de Medicis. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded amongst those
Which understand you.

Lawyer. My good lord.

Francisco de Medicis. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag:
[*Francisco speaks this as in scorn.*
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckeram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Lawyer. I most graduatically thank your lordship: I shall have use for them elsewhere.

Monticelso. I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.

Vittoria Corombona. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.

Monticelso. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit,
In her effected.

Vittoria Corombona. My honourable lord,
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.

Monticelso. Oh, your trade instructs your language!

* The words, "*nor figures,*" also omitted, because the carelessness of the printer, in 1631, left them out in that edition. C.

You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems;
[35] Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She'll fall to soot and ashes.

Vittoria Corombona. Your invenom'd 'pothecary should do't.

Monticelso. I am resolv'd,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.

Vittoria Corombona. O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Monticelso. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kind of lights;
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous surfeits:
This whore forsooth was holy.

Vittoria Corombona. Ha? whore? what's that?

Monticelso. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall!
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweet-meats which rot the eater: in man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are coz'ning alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell:
Worse than those tributes i'th' Low Countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;

[35] *Yet like those apples, &c.*] This account is taken from Maundeville's *Travels.* See Edition, 1725, p. 122. "And also the Cytees there weren lost, because of Synne. And there besyden growen trees, that beren fulle *faire Apples, and faire of colour to beholde; but whoso brekethe hem, or cuttethe hem in two, he schalle fynde within hem Coles and Cyndres;* in tokene that, be Wrathe of God, the Cytees and the Lond weren brente and sonken into Helle. Sum men clepen that See, the Lake Dalfetidee; summe the Flom of Develes; and sume that Flom that is ever stynkinge. And in to that See, sonken the 5 Cytees, be Wrathe of God; that is to seyne, *Sodom, Gomorre,* Aldama, Seboym, and Segor."

Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies which are begg'd at gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She is like the guilty counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vittoria Corombona. This character 'scapes me.

Monticelso. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison—

Vittoria Corombona. Well, what then?

Monticelso. I'll tell thee;
I'll find in thee a 'pothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

French Ambassador. She hath liv'd ill.

English Ambassador. True, but the cardinal's too bitter.

Monticelso. You know what whore is. Next the devil adult'ry,
Enters the devil murder.

Francisco de Medicis. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.

Vittoria Corombona. O he's a happy husband;
Now he owes nature nothing.

Francisco de Medicis. And by a vaulting engine.

Monticelso. An active plot;
He jumpt into his grave.

Francisco de Medicis. What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards height, a slender man
Should break his neck?

Monticelso. I'th' rushes!

Francisco de Medicis. And what's more,

Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
Monticelso. And look upon this creature as his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit
Vittoria Corombona. Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Monticelso. O you are cunning!
Vittoria Corombona. You shame your wit and judgment,
To call it so. What! is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this [36] Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.
Monticelso. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.
Vittoria Corombona. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Lieger embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withal,
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point;
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any man's intreaty, sir.
English Ambassador. She hath a brave spirit.
Monticelso. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.
Vittoria Corombona. You are deceived:
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break:

[36] *Christian court*] We have here an instance of the introduction of terms into one country, which peculiarly belong to another. The practice has been already mentioned. In England the Ecclesiastical courts, where causes of adultery are cognizable, are called *Courts Christian.*

These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
[37] Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in's face.

Monticelso. Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Brachiano. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.

Monticelso. Your business?

Brachiano. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.

Monticelso. He was.

Brachiano. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cozen her.

Monticelso. Who made you overseer?

Brachiano. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.

Monticelso. Your lust.

Brachiano. Cowardly dogs bark loudest! sirrah, priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter.—Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheathe in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.

Monticelso. Ha?

Brachiano. Your mercenary post-boys;
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

[37] *Terrify* babes, *my lord, with* painted devils,] So, in *Macbeth*, A. 2. S. 2.

" — 'tis the eye of *childhood*
" That fears *a painted devil.*"

Servant. My lord, your gown.
Brachiano. Thou liest, 'twas my stool,
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o'th' household-stuff; for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
[38] For his most reverend moile. Monticelso,
Nemo me impune lacessit. [*Exit Brachiano.*
Monticelso. Your champion's gone.
Vittoria Corombona. The wolf may prey the better.
Francisco de Medicis. My lord, there's great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it. For my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them; even so
One summer she will bear unsavoury fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass; only descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vittoria Corombona. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Monticelso. Now the duke's gone, I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you should meet
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tiber. View't, my lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet—I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.
Vittoria Corombona. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act:

[38] *For his most reverend moile.*] Cardinals rode on Mules. See Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in Collections, p. 87. et seq. S. P.
A moile was the old term for a *mule*. So, in *Erasmus Praise of Folie*, Sign. H, "For one that is sand blynd woulde take an asse [illegible] *moile*, or another prayse, a rime of Robyn Hode, for as [illegible] at a making as [illegible]ylus of Chaucer, yet shoulde they not [illegible] straight wai[illegible] be counted madde therefore."

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.
Monticelso. Frost i'th' dog-days! strange!
Vittoria Corombona. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholy distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.
Monticelso. Truly drown'd, indeed.
Vittoria Corombona. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay cloaths, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to a feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.
Monticelso. Very good.
Vittoria Corombona. But take you your course, it seems you have beggar'd me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of [39] crusadoes;
Would those would make you charitable!
Monticelso. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.
Vittoria Corombona. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.
Francisco de Medicis. Who brought this letter?
Vittoria Corombona. I am not compell'd to tell you.
Monticelso. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.
Vittoria Corombona. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for't.
Monticelso. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vittoria Corombona. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge: come from the bench;

[39] *crusadoes;*] See Note 48 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Monticelso. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I'll give you a choak-pear.

Vittoria Corombona. O' your own grafting?

Monticelso. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli: 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.

Vittoria Corombona. Ha?

Monticelso. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance*)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one [40] julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain; now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vittoria Corombona. My lord!

Monticelso. Nay, hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My lord Brachiano—
Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Rialto talk,
And balladed, and would be plaid o'th' stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your sureties
For your appearance.

Francisco de Medicis. I stand for Marcello.

Flamineo. And my lord duke for me.

* Why *knowledge* in previous editions was substituted for *acquaintance*, but to spoil the line, it is not easy to guess, as the old copies for once agree in reading *acquaintance*. C.

[40] *julio*] A coin of about six-pence value. Moryson, in the Table prefixed to his Itinerary, calls it a *Giulio* or *Paolo*.

Monticelso. For you, Vittoria, your public fault,
Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less in ominous fate, than blazing stars
To princes. Hear your sentence: you are confin'd
Unto a house of convertites*, and your bawd—

Flamineo. Who, I?

Monticelso. The Moor.

Flamineo. O, I am a sound man again.

Vittoria Corombona. A house of convertites! what's that?

Monticelso. A house of penitent whores.

Vittoria Corombona. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Francisco de Medicis. You must have patience.

Vittoria Corombona. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.

Monticelso. Away with her,
Take her hence.

Vittoria Corombona. A rape! a rape!

Monticelso. How?

Vittoria Corombona. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.

Monticelso. Fie, she's mad!

Vittoria Corombona. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!

Monticelso. She's turn'd fury.

* The oldest quarto invariably uses the word *convertites*, which that of 1631 changes to *converts*; and so, therefore, 'till now it has been re-printed. The dates may shew when the more ancient term was going out of use. Nevertheless it was employed by Davenant in 1636, (see note 58 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII.) It is also used by Shakespeare and Marlow. (See note 10 to *The Rich Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII.

Vittoria Corombona. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-leach, to speak treason;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue: I will not weep,
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?

Monticelso. Of convertites.

Vittoria Corombona. It shall not be a house of convertites;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul. Though thou art a cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

[*Exit Vittoria Corombona.*

Enter BRACHIANO.

Brachiano. Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll shake hands
In a friend's grave together; a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace, [41] t'atone our hatred.

Francisco de Medicis. Sir, what's the matter?

Brachiano. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd cheek;
You have lost too much already; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Francisco de Medicis. How strange these words sound! what's the interpretation?

Flamineo. Good; this is a preface to the discovery of the dutchess's death: he carries it well; because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a mad humour for the disgrace of my sister; and that will keep off idle questions. Treason's tongue hath a villainous palsy in't; I will talk to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic madman. [*Exit.*

[41] *t'atone*] i. e. reconcile. See Note on *Cymbeline*, vol. IX. p. 191. edit. 1778. S.

Enter GIOVANNI *and Count* LODOVICO.

Francisco de Medicis. How now, my noble cousin? what in black!

Giovanni. Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colours of your garments. My sweet mother
Is—

Francisco de Medicis. How? where?

Giovanni. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, sir, I'll not tell you,
For I shall make you weep.

Francisco de Medicis. Is dead?

Giovanni. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. Dead!

Monticelso. Bless'd lady! Thou art now above thy woes.
Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little?

Giovanni. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear musick, go a hunting, and be merry,
As we that live?

Francisco de Medicis. No, cuz; they sleep.

Giovanni. Lord, lord, that I were dead;
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

Francisco de Medicis. When God shall please.

Giovanni. Good God, let her sleep ever!*
For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, sir;
I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead;
They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

Francisco de Medicis. Thou did'st love her.

Giovanni. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,

* This line in the old copies is given as a part of what is said by *Francisco de Medicis.* It obviously belongs to *Giovanni.* C.

And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Since princes seldom do it.

Francisco de Medicis. O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God's sake! [*Exit Giovanni.*

Monticelso. How now, my lord?

Francisco de Medicis. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave;
And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

Enter FLAMINEO *as distracted.*

Flamineo. We endure the strokes like anvils or hard steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? is this the end of service? I'd rather go weed garlick; travel through France, and be mine own ostler: wear sheep-skin linings, or shoes that stink of blacking; be entered into the list of the forty thousand pedlars of Poland.

Enter SAVOY.

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house at Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd Brachiano.

Savoy. You must have comfort.

Flamineo. Your comfortable words are like honey; they relish in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded, they go down as if the sting of the bee were in them. Oh, they have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seem to do it of malice. In this a politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates a cannon: wheresoe'er he comes to do mischief, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the FRENCH.

French. The proofs are evident.

Flamineo. Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold! what a god art thou! and O man, what a devil art thou to be tempted by that cursed mineral! You diversivolent lawyer, mark him.; knaves turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal! I would he would hear me, there's nothing

so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like victual [42]under the line. You are happy in England, my lord; here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible salary!

English. Fie, fie, Flamineo.

Flamineo. Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at their full pitch; and I hope yon cardinal shall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the scaffold. If they were rack'd now to know the confederacy; but your noblemen are privileg'd from the rack; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them o'pieces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion, oh how it is [43]commedled with policy. The first blood shed in the world happen'd about religion. Would I were a Jew!

Marcello. O, there are too many.

Flamineo. You are deceiv'd; there are not Jews enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough.

Marcello. How?

Flamineo. I'll prove it; for if there be Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn usurers: if priests enough, one should not have six benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewel, let others live by begging, be thou one of them, practise [44]the art of Wolnor in England,

[42] *under the line*] i. e. equinoctial line. S.

[43] *commedled with policy*] i. e. *co-mingled*. To meddle antiently signified *to mix*, or *mingle*. See Note on *The Tempest*, edit. 1778. vol. I. p. 10. S.

So, in *The Persones Tale*, Tyrwhitt's Edition of Chaucer, vol. III. p. 146. "For sothly, ther is nothing that savoureth so sote to a "child, as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more "abhominable than that milke, when it is *medled* with other mete."

[44] *the art of* Wolnor *in England*] The exploits of this glutton, and the manner of his death, are mentioned by Dr. *Moffet*, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time. See his Treatise, entitled "Health's Improvement: or, Rules comprizing and discovering "the nature, method, and manner of preparing all sorts of foods "used in this nation." Republished by Oldys and Dr. James, 12mo. 1746. "Neither was our country always void of a *Woolmar*, "who living in my memory in the court seemed like another Pan-

to swallow all's given thee: and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in saw-pit. I'll go hear the screech-owl. [*Exit.*

Lodovico. This was Brachiano's pander; and 'tis strange
That in such open, and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter FLAMINEO.

Flamineo. How dares this banish'd count return to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchas'd? I have heard
The deceased dutchess gave him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I'th' train of the young prince. There's somewhat in't:
Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
With counter-poisons.

Marcello. Mark this strange encounter.

Flamineo. The gout of melancholy turn thy gall to poison,
And let the [45]stigmatick wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boist'rous waves in a rough tide,
One still overtake another.

Lodovico. I do thank thee,
And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake,

" dareus, of whom Antonius Liberalis writeth thus much, that he " had obtained this gift of the Goddess Ceres, to eat iron, glass, " oyster-shells, raw fish, raw flesh, raw fruit, and whatsoever else " he would put into his stomach, without offence." P. 376. " Other " fish being eaten raw, is harder of digestion than raw beef; for " Diogenes died with eating of raw fish; and *Wolmer* (our Eng- " lish Pandarus) digesting iron, glass, and oyster-shells, by eat- " ing a raw eel was over-mastered." P. 123. He is also mentioned by Taylor the Water Poet, in his account of *The Great Eater of Kent*, p. 145. " Milo the Crotonian could hardly be his " equall; and *Wolmer* of Windsor was not worthy to bee his foot- " man."

In the books of the Stationers company, in the year 1567, is the following entry: " Rec. of Henry Denham, for his lycense for " the pryntinge of a booke intituled Pleasaunte Tayles of the lyf " of *Rychard Wolmer*, &c."

[45] *stigmatick.*] i. e. marked as with a brand of infamy. S.

The dog-days all year long.
Flamineo. How croaks the raven?
Is our good duchess dead?
Lodovico. Dead.
Flamineo. O fate!
Misfortune comes like the coroner's business,
Huddle upon huddle.
Lodovico. Shall thou and I join house-keeping?
Flamineo. Yes, content.
Let's be unsociably sociable.
Lodovico. Sit some three days together, and discourse?
Flamineo. Only with making faces;
Lie in our cloaths.
Lodovico. With faggots for our pillows.
Flamineo. And be lousy.
Lodovico. In taffeta linings, that's genteel melancholy.
Sleep all day.
Flamineo. Yes; and [46] like your melancholy hare
Feed after midnight.
We are observ'd: see how yon couple grieve.
Lodovico. What a strange creature is a laughing fool!
As if man were created to no use
But only to shew his teeth.
Flamineo. I'll tell thee what,
It would do well instead of looking-glasses,
To set one's face each morning by a saucer

[46] —*like your melancholy hare*
Feed after midnight.] Dr. Johnson observes (Note to *First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 1. S. 2.), that "a *hare* may be considered as "melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary, and, "according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed "to generate melancholy."

In *Paynell's* translation of *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, 1575, p. 22. it is said, "The eyght thinge is *hare* fleshe, whiche likewise en- "gendreth melancholy bloudde, as *Rasis* sayeth in the place afore "alegate: this fleshe engendreth more melancholy than any "other, as Galen saythe. And of this Isaac, *in dietis universalibus*, "saythe, that hares fleshe shoulde not bee eaten as meate, but "onely used in medicenes."

Of a witch's congeal'd blood.
Lodovico. Precious rogue!
We'll never part.
Flamineo. Never, till the beggary of courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled
Worse than strappadoed, on the lowest felly
Of fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

Enter ANTONELLI.

Antonelli. My lord, I bring good news. The pope, on's death-bed,
At the earnest suit of the great duke of Florence,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restored unto you——
Lodovico. I thank you for your news. Look up again,
Flamineo, see my pardon.
Flamineo. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant.
Lodovico. Why?
Flamineo. You shall not seem a happier man than I:
You know our vow, sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th' like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed;
Tho' it be very lechery unto thee,
Do't with a crabbed politician's face.
Lodovico. Your sister is a damnable whore.
Flamineo. Ha!
Lodovico. Look you, I spake that laughing.
Flamineo. Do it ever think to speak again?
Lodovico. Do you hear?
Will'st sell me forty ounces of her blood
To water a mandrake?
Flamineo. Poor lord, you did vow
To live a lousy creature.
Lodovico. Yes.
Flamineo. Like one
That had for ever forfeited the day-light,
By being in debt.
Lodovico. Ha, ha!
Flamineo. I do not greatly wonder you do break,

Your lordship learn'd 't long since. But I'll tell you.

Lodovico. What?

Flamineo. And't shall stick by you.

Lodovico. I long for it.

Flamineo. This laughter scurvily becomes your face: If you will not be melancholy, be angry. [*Strikes him.* See now I laugh too.

Marcello. You are to blame: I'll force you hence.

Lodovico. Unhand me.

[*Exeunt Marcello and Flamineo.*

That e'er I should be forc'd to right myself,
Upon a pander!

Antonelli. My Lord.

Lodovico. He had been as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.

Gasparo. How this shews!

Lodovico. Uds'death! how did my sword miss him?
These rogues that are most weary of their lives
Still 'scape the greatest dangers.
A pox upon him! all his reputation
Nay, all the goodness of his family,
Is not worth half this earthquake;
I learn'd it of no fencer to shake thus;
Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* MONTICELSO.

Monticelso. Come, come, my lord,[47] untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair.
Your sister's poison'd.

Francisco de Medicis. Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.

Monticelso. What, are you turn'd all marble?

[47] —*untie your folded thoughts,*
And let them dangle loose like a bride's hair.] Brides formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose behind. Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled when she went to the altar with King Henry the Eighth.

Tate has inserted these lines in his *Cruel Husband.* I was led to them by a quotation of Fielding's in his Notes on *Tom Thumb.* S.

Francisco de Medicis. Shall I defy him, and impose a war
Most burthensome on my poor subjects' necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.

Monticelso. That's not the course I'd wish you; pray observe me.
We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the cannon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruis'd: sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Francisco de Medicis. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous acts!
I know there's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain: since I know
Treason, like spiders, weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,
It is reported you possess a book,
Wherein you have [48] quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the city.

Monticelso. Sir, I do;
And some there are which call it my black-book

[48] *quoted*] i. e. noted. So, in Ben Jonson's *Fox*, A. 2. S. 1.
"--- to observe
"To *quote*, to learn the language, and so forth."
A. 4. S. 1.
"--- Sir, I do slip
"No action of my life thus, but I *quote* it."
See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 1.

Well may the title hold; for tho' it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
The names of many devils.

Francisco de Medicis. Pray let's see it.

Monticelso. I'll fetch it to your lordship.

[*Exit Monticelso.*

Francisco de Medicis. Monticelso,
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots
I'll rest as jealous as a town besieged.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again:
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.

Enter MONTICELSO, *presents* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS *with a book.*

Monticelso. 'Tis here, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. First, your intelligencers, pray let's see.

Monticelso. Their number rises strangely;* and some of them
You'd take for honest men. The next are panders;
These are your pirates; and these following leaves,
For base rogues,[49] that undo young gentlemen,

* Mr. Reed gave the observation "their number rises strangely," to F. de Medicis, but there is no sufficient reason for varying from both the old copies, especially without any notice that the passage has been transferred. C.

[49] --- *that undo young gentlemen,*

By taking up commodities;] It was the practice of usurers formerly, and has been continued by their successors even to the present times, to defraud the necessitous who borrow money by furnishing them with goods and wares, to be converted into cash at a great loss to the borrower. This was done to avoid the penal Statutes against Usury. It was called *taking up commodities*, and is often noticed in our ancient writers. See several instances in the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer to *Measure for Measure*, A. 4. S. 4.

Again, *Wilson's Discourse upon Usury*, 1572, p. 99. "I have "neede of money, and deale wyth a broaker, hee aunswereth me "that hee cannot helpe me with moneye, but yf I list to have "wares I shall speede. Well! my necessitte is great, he bryng-"eth mee *blatting paper*, pak-threed, fustians, chamlets, hanks, "bels, and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make "sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my

By taking up commodities; for politick bankrupts;
For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,
Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,
Clocks, defac'd plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.

Francisco de Medicis. Are there such?

Monticelso. These are for impudent bawds,
That go in men's apparel; for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage;
For lawyers that will antedate their writs:*
And some divines you might find folded there,
But that I slip them o'er for conscience sake.
Here is a general catalogue of knaves:
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge.

Francisco de Medicis. Murderers?
Fold down the leaf, I pray;
Good, my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine.

Monticelso. Pray use't my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders.

Monticelso. Somewhat, sir.

Francisco de Medicis. O God!
[50] Better than tribute of wolves paid in England;

" losse, he aunswereth not past twelve pounde in the hundred.
" When I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye
" in the hundred."

Dekkar's *Seaven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, p. 35.—" these
" are Usurers, who for little money and a greate deale of trash
" (as fire-shovels, *browne paper*, motley cloake bags, &c.) bring
" yong Novices into a Fool's Paradice till they have sealed the
" morgage of their landes, and then like pedlers goe they (or
" some familiar spirit for them raizde by the Usurer) up and
" downe to cry *Commodities* which scarce yeeld the third part of
" the sum for which they *take them up.*"

* The former editions read, " For lawyers that will antedate their *Deeds*," in opposition to the old authorities. C.

[50] *Better than tributs*, &c.] This tribute was imposed on the Welsh by King Edgar, in order that the nation might be freed from these ravenous and destructive beasts. Drayton, in *Polyolbion*, Song 9th, says:

Twill hang their skins o'the hedge.
Monticelso. I must make bold
To leave your lordship.
Francisco de Medicis. Dearly, sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves.
[*Exit Monticelso.*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my lord's officer, one that lately skipp'd
From a clerk's desk up to a justice chair,
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends,
As th' Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poor rogues pay for't which have not means
To present bribes in fist; the rest o'the band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else
My lord he winks at them with easy will;
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use I'll make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villainy. Did I want
Ten [51] leash of courtezans, it would furnish me;
Nay laundress three armies. That in so little paper
Should lie the undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all good:
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister's face:
Call for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholy thought I'll frame
Enter Isabella's ghost.
Her figure 'fore me. Now I ha't—*how strong*
Imagination works! how she can frame

" Thrice famous Saxon King, on whom time ne'er shall prey
" O Edgar! who compeldst our Ludwal hence to pay
" Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee:
" And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,
" O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd
" The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd,"

[51] *Ten leash*] Ten *leash* is ten times three.

Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me,
And by the quick idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem
Things supernatural, which yet have cause,
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy.
How cam'st thou by thy death?—how idle am I
To question my own idleness!—did ever
Man dream awake till now?—remove this object;
Out of my brain with't: what have I to do
With tombs, or death-beds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge?
So, now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story:
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen. Come, to this weighty business:
My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with Corombona; and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse.—
I have done it rarely: O the fate of princes!

[*He writes.*

I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
That, being alone, I now flatter myself!
But it will serve.—'Tis seal'd; bear this

Enter Servant.

To the house of convertites, and watch your leisure
To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by. Away. [*Exit Servant.*
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a man's head goes thro', each limb will follow.
The engine for my business, bold count Lodowick;
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead
Till I can play at football with thy head.
[52] *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

[*Exit Monticelso.*

[52] *Flectere*, &c.] A line from Virgil.

ACT IV.

Enter the MATRON, *and* FLAMINEO.

Matron. Should it be known that the duke hath such recourse
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
To incur much damage by it.

Flamineo. Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other business
Than guarding of a lady.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
With the matron.—Let me speak with you;
I would entreat you to deliver for me
This letter to the fair Vittoria.

Matron. I shall, sir.

Enter BRACHIANO.

Servant. With all care and secresy;
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courtesy. [*Exit.*

Flamineo. How now? what's that?

Matron. A letter.

Flamineo. To my sister? I'll see it deliver'd.

Brachiano. What's that you read, Flamineo?

Flamineo. Look!

Brachiano. Ha! To the most unfortunate, his best respected Vittoria.
Who was the messenger?

Flamineo. I know not.

Brachiano. No! who sent it?

Flamineo. Ud'sfoot! you speak, as if a man
Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd meat
Afore you cut it up.

Brachiano. I'll open't, were't her heart. What's here subscrib'd! Florence!
This juggling is gross and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance. Read it, read it.

Flamineo. *Your tears I'll turn to triumph, be but mine:*
Your prop is fall'n: I pity, that a vine,

Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine, i'faith my lord, with lees would serve his turn.
Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.
A halter on his strange equivocation!
Nor for my years return me the sad willow,
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow?
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th' bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The gods never wax old, no more do princes.
A pox on't, tear it; let's have no atheists, for God's sake.

Brachiano. Uds'death! I'll cut her into atomies*!
And let the irregular north-wind sweep her up,
And blow her into his nostrils: where's this whore?

Flamineo. That what do you call her?

Brachiano. Oh, I could be mad;
[53] Prevent the curs'd disease she'll bring me to,
And tear my hair off.—Where's this changeable stuff?

Flamineo. O'er head and ears in water, I assure you,
She is not for your wearing.

Brachiano. In, you pander?

Flamineo. What me, my lord? am I your dog?

Brachiano. A blood-hound: do you brave, do you stand, me?

Flamineo. Stand you! let those that have diseases, run;
I need no plaisters.

Brachiano. Would you be kick'd?

Flamineo. Would you have your neck broke?
I tell you duke, [54] I am not in Russia;

* The second quarto has it *atomes*; the first *atomies*, which is the old word, and unquestionably the right one for the verse. C.

[53] *Prevent the curs'd disease she'll bring me to,*
And tear my hair off.] Meaning the Lues Venerea, which makes the hair come off, and gave occasion, as commonly is thought, for the modern use of the peruke. S. P.

[54] — *I am not in Russia;*
My shins must be kept whole.] It appears from Giles Fletcher's

My shins must be kept whole.

Brachiano. Do you know me?

Flamineo. O my lord! methodically.
As in this world the arere degrest of evils;
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You're a great duke, I your poor secretary.
I do look now for [55]a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet, daily.

Brachiano. Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating.

Flamineo. All your kindness to me, is like that miserable courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses: you reserve me to be devour'd last: you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your larks; that would be musick to you. Come, I'll lead you to her.

Brachiano. Do you face me?

Flamineo. O, sir, I would not go before a politick enemy with my back towards him, tho' there were behind me a whirlpool.

Russe Commonwealth, 1591, p. 51, that on determining an action of debt in that country, "the partie convicted is delivered to the Ser- " jeant, who hath a writte for his warrant out of the Office, to carry " him to the *Praveush*, or Righter of Justice, if presently hee pay " not the monie, or content not the partie. This *Praveush*, or " Righter, is a place neere to the office: where such as have sen- " tence passed against them, and refuse to pay that which is ad- " judged, are beaten with great cudgels *on the shinnes*, and calves of " their legges. Every forenoone from eight to eleven they are set " on the *Praveush*, and beate in this sort till the monie be payd. " The afternoone and night time they are kepte in chaines by the " Serjeant: except they put in sufficient suerties for their appearance " at the *Praveush* at the hower appointed. You shall see fortie or " fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* all on a rowe, and their " *shinnes* thvs becudgelled and bebasted every morning with a pite- " ous crie. If after a yeare s standing on the Praveush, the partie " will not, or lacke wherewithall to satisfie his creditour, it is law- " full for him to sell his wife and children, eyther outright, or for " a certaine terme of yeares. And if the price of them doo not " amount to the full payment, the creditour may take them to bee " his bondslaves, for yeares or for ever, according as the value of " the debt requireth."

[55] *a Spanish fig,*] Referring to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of the Spanish or Italian revenge. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Henry* V. A. 3. S. 6.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Brachiano. Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter:
There are no characters, nor hieroglyphics.
You need no comment, I am grown your receiver.
God's precious! you shall be a brave great lady,
A stately and advanced whore.

Vittoria Corombona. Say, sir?

Brachiano. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies!
I'll see them all.

Vittoria Corombona. Sir, upon my soul,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Brachiano. Confusion on your politic ignorance!
[56] You are reclaim'd, are you? I'll give you the bells,
And let you fly to the devil.

Flamineo. Ware hawk, my lord.

Vittoria Corombona. Florence! this is some treacherous plot, my lord;
To me he ne'er was lovely, I protest,
So much as in my sleep.

Brachiano. Right! they are plots.
Your beauty! O ten thousand curses on't!
[57] How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musick, and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a god, or a wolf.

Vittoria Corombona. My lord.

Brachiano. Away!
We'll be as differing as two adamants,
The one shall shun the other. What! dost weep?

[56] *You are reclaim'd, are you? I'll give you the bells,*
And let you fly to the devil] Alluding to the practice of fixing bells to the legs of hawks.

[57] *How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?*] The Beril, which is a kind of crystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 165. edit. 1721.

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
We'll furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling past wild Irish.
Flamineo. Fie, my lord!
Brachiano. That hand, that cursed hand! which have wearied
With doating kisses! O my sweetest duchess!
How lovely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver: I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speaks ill of thee.
Vittoria Corombona. No matter,
I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your duchess.
Brachiano. Whose death God pardon!
Vittoria Corombona. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless duke!
Flamineo. Now for two whirlwinds.*
Vittoria Corombona. What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble society:
Like those, which, sick o'the palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the judge style it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent college? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? go, go, brag
How many ladies you have undone like me.
Fare you well, sir; let me hear no more of you!
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off; and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all, and I do wish

* "Now for *two* whirlwinds," not "now for *the* whirlwinds," as hitherto given from the quarto of 1631: meaning, that the fury of Vittoria would be more violent than a single whirlwind. C.

That I could make you full executor
To all my sins. O that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more—I'll burst first.
[*She throws herself upon a bed.*
Brachiano. I have drunk Lethe:
Vittoria! my dearest happiness! Vittoria!
What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?
Vittoria Corombona. Yes, I now weep ponyards, do you see?
Brachiano. Are not those matchless eyes mine?
Vittoria Corombona. I had rather
They were not matchless.
Brachiano. Is not this lip mine?
Vittoria Corombona. Yes; thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee.
Flamineo. Turn to my lord, good sister.
Vittoria Corombona. Hence, you pander!
Flamineo. Pander! am I the author of your sin?
Vittoria Corombona. Yes: he's a base thief that a thief lets in.
Flamineo. We're blown up, my lord.
Brachiano. Wilt thou hear me?
Once to be jealous of thee, is t'express
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous.
Vittoria Corombona. O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire.
Flamineo. O, no oaths, for God's sake!
Brachiano. Will you hear me?
Vittoria Corombona. Never.
Flamineo. What a damn'd imposthume is a woman's will!
Can nothing break it? fie, fie, my lord,
Women are caught as you take tortoises,
She must be turn'd on her back. Sister, by this hand

I am on your side. Come, come, you have wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To think the duke of Florence would love her?
Will any mercer take another's ware
When once 'tis tows'd and sullied? and yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you!
Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
And then be put to the dead squat.

Brachiano. Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?

Flamineo. No cruel landlady i'the world,
Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use
For them, would do't.
Hand her, my lord, and kiss her: be not like
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.

Brachiano. Let us renew right hands.

Vittoria Corombona. Hence!

Brachiano. Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,
Make me commit like fault.

Flamineo. Now you are i'th' way on't, follow 't hard.

Brachiano. Be thou at peace with me, let all the world
Threaten the canon.

Flamineo. Mark his penitence;
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they're given o'er to jealousy: as best wine,
Dying, makes strongest vinegar. I'll tell you;
The sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge;*
A man may [57] shoot her safely.

* "Is *like* a still water under *London*-bridge," was the reading until now: how or why the word *London* was foisted in it is not easy to guess, as both the old copies give the passage as it is now printed. C.

[57] *--- still water under London-bridge;*
A man may shoot her safely.] *To shoot the Bridge* was a term

Vittoria Corombona. O ye dissembling men!
Flamineo. We suck'd that, sister,
From women's breasts, in our first infancy.
Vittoria Corombona. To add misery to misery!
Brachiano. Sweetest.
Vittoria Corombona. Am I not low enough?
I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold.
Flamineo. Ud'sfoot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th' lees for't.
Vittoria Corombona. Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been. I'll speak not one word more.
Flamineo. Stop her mouth
With a sweet kiss, my lord:
So, now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about.
He's a sweet armful. O we curl'd-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.
Brachiano. That you should chide thus!
Flamineo. O, sir, your little chimnies
Do ever cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My lord, supply your promises with deeds:
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.
Brachiano. Stay, ingrateful Rome—
Flamineo. Rome! it deserves to be call'd Barbary,
For our villainous usage.
Brachiano. Soft; the same project which the duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.
Flamineo. And no time fitter than this night, my lord:
The pope being dead, and all the cardinals enter'd

used by watermen, to signify going through London-bridge at the turning of the tide. The vessel then went with great velocity, and from thence it probably was called shooting.

The conclave, for th'electing a new pope,
The city in a great confusion:
We may attire her in a page's suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amain
For Padua.

Brachiano. I'll instantly steal forth the prince Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old mother,
And young Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me;
I will advance you all. For you, Vittoria,
Think of a duchess title.

Flamineo. Lo' you, sister.
Stay, my lord; I'll tell you a tale. [58] The crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds i'th' teeth of't, which puts it to extream anguish: a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the jaws oft, picks out the worm, and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease, but ingrateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence. But nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or prick on the head top, which wounds the crocodile i'th' mouth, forceth her to open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth picker from her cruel patient.

Brachiano. Your application is; I have not rewarded
The service you have done me.

Flamineo. No, my lord.
You sister, are the crocodile: you are blemish'd in your fame, my lord cures it: and though the comparison hold not in every particle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the prick i'th' head hath done you, and scorn ingratitude.
It may appear to some ridiculous
Thus to talk knave and madman; and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stufft with sage.

[58] *The crocodile, which lives,* &c.] See C. Plinii Secundi Naturalis Historiæ, lib. viii. chap. 25.

But this allows my varying of shapes,
Knaves do grow great by being great men's apes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, LODOVICO. GASPARO, *and Ambassadors.**

Francisco de Medicis. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclave; and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Lodovico. I shall my lord. Room for the ambassadors.

Gasparo. They're wondrous [59]brave to-day: why do they wear
These several habits?

Lodovico. O, sir, they're knights
Of several orders.
[60]That lord i'th' black cloak, with the silver cross,
Is knight of Rhodes; the next, [61]knight of S. Michael;
[62]That, of the golden fleece; the Frenchman, there,
[63]Knight of the Holy Ghost; my lord of Savoy
[64]Knight of th' annunciation; the Englishman

* Here again we are told in the quartos that there are *six* Ambassadors, and they are subsequently enumerated. C.

[59] *brave*] fine. See Note 27 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[60] *That lord i'th' black cloak, with the silver cross,*
Is knight of Rhodes:] A Knight of Rhodes was formerly called A Knight of St. John Jerusalem, and now A Knight of Malta. The Order was instituted some time before the conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians in 1099. *Segar* says, that "a governor, called *Gerardus*, commanded that he and all others of "that house should wear *a white cross upon a blacke garment*, which "was the originall of the Order, and ever since hath been used." *Honor Military and Civill*, fol. 1602, p. 97.

[61] *knight of St. Michael*] This Order was erected in 1469, by Lewis XI. King of France. See *Segar on Honor*, p. 83.

[62] *That, of the golden fleece*] Instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, in 1429. See *Segar*, p. 79.

[63] *Knight of the Holy Ghost*] Instituted by Henry III. King of France and Poland, in the year 1579. See *Segar*, p. 87.

[64] *Knight of the Annunciation*] An Order begun by Amedes Count of Savoy, surnamed Il Verde, in memory of Amedes the first Earl, who, having valorously defended the Isle of Rhodes, did win those arms now borne by the Dukes of Savoy. See *Segar*, p. 85.

[65] Is knight of th' honour'd garter, dedicated
Unto their saint, S. George. I could describe to you
Their several institutions, with the laws
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

Francisco de Medicis. Where's count Lodowick?

Lodovico. Here, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. 'Tis o'th' point of dinner time;
Marshall the cardinal's service.

Lodovico. Sir, I shall.

Enter Servants, with several dishes covered.

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

Servant. For my lord cardinal, Monticelso.

Lodovico. Whose this?

Servant. For my lord cardinal Bourbon.

French Ambassador. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe
What meat is drest?

English Ambassador. No, sir, but to prevent
Lest any letters should be conveyed in,
To bribe or to solicit the advancement
Of any cardinal. When first they enter
'Tis lawful for the ambassadors of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their prince affecteth best;
But after, till a general election,
No man may speak with them.

Lodovico. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands.

[*A cardinal on the terrace.*

A Cardinal. You must return the service; the lord cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the pope,
They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fallen
To admiration.

Lodovico Away, away.

Francisco de Medicis. I'll lay a thousand ducats you hear news
Of a pope presently. Hark; surely he's elected:

[65] *Knight of the honoured Garter*] Founded by King Edward III.

Behold! my lord of Arragon appears
On the church battlements.

Arragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: Reverendissimus cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem apostolicam, et elegit sibi nomen Paulum Quartum.*

Omnes. *Vivat sanctus pater Paulus Quartus!*

Servant. Vittoria, my lord—

Francisco de Medicis. Well: what of her?

Servant. Is fled the city.

Francisco de Medicis. Ha?

Servant. With the duke Brachiano.

Francisco de Medicis. Fled! where's the prince Giovanni?

Servant. Gone with his father.

Francisco de Medicis. Let the matrona of the convertites
Be apprehended: fled? O damnable!
How fortunate are my wishes! Why, 'twas this
I only laboured. I did send the letter
T'instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond duke,
I first have poison'd; directed thee the way
To marry a whore; what can be worse? this follows.
The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue,
I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter MONTICELSO *in state.*

Monticelso. *Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedictionem, et remissionem peccatorum.**
My lord reports Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'n from forth the house of convertites
By Brachiano, and they're fled the city.
Now, though this be the first day of our state,
We cannot better please the divine power.
Than to sequester from the holy church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
We likewise banish. Set on. [*Exeunt.*

Francisco de Medicis. Come, dear Lodovico.
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murther—

* This benediction is not given in the first edition of the play. C.

Lodovico. With all constancy.
But, sir, I wonder you'll ingage yourself
In person, being a great prince.
Francisco de Medicis. Divert me not.
Most of his court are of my faction,
And some are of my council. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be like in this design:
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.
[*Exit Francisco.**

Enter MONTICELSO.

Monticelso. Why did the duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon? say.
Lodovico. Italian beggars will resolve you that,
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,
Do good for their own sakes; or't may be,
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand:
Like kings, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.
Monticelso. I know you're cunning. Come, what devil is that
That you are raising?
Lodovico. Devil! my lord? I ask you.
Monticelso. How doth the duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such compliment unto his knee,
When he departed from you?
Lodovico. Why, my lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the career,
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my lord,
I have a rare French rider.

* The quarto of 1612 makes the question
"Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
"Labour your pardon? say."
part of Francisco's speech, who, according to the copy of 1631, makes his *exit* with the words
"Give leave, part of the glory may be mine."
The arrangement introduced is probably correct, although the older copy does not bring in Monticelso until some lines after he has begun to speak. C.

Monticelso. Take you heed,
Lest the jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks?—Sirrah, you do lie.
O, thou'rt a foul black cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storm.
Lodovico. Storms are i'th' air, my lord:
I am too low to storm.
Monticelso. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill.
About some murder? was't not?
Lodovico. I'll not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession merely; which you know
Must never be reveal'd.
Monticelso. You have o'erta'en me.
Lodovico. Sir, I did love Brachiano's duchess dearly
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew on't. She was poison'd;
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
T'avenge her murder.
Monticelso. To the duke of Florence?
Lodovico. To him I have.
Monticelso. Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagine, thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholy yew-tree,
Do'st think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over harden'd ground:
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil.
[*Exit Monticelso.*
Lodovico. I'll give it o'er. He says 'tis damnable:

Besides, I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death.

Enter SERVANT *and* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

Francisco de Medicis. Do you know that count?

Servant. Yes, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. Bear him these thousand ducats to his lodging;
Tell him the pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirm more than all the rest. [*Exit.*

Servant. Sir.

Lodovico. To me, sir?

Servant. His holiness hath sent you a thousand crowns,
And wills you, if you travel, to make him
Your patron for intelligence.

Lodovico. His creature ever to be commanded.
Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me;
And yet these crowns were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyage. O the art,
The modest form of greatness! that do sit,
Like brides at wedding-dinners, with their looks turn'd
From the least wanton jest, their puling stomachs
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports
Are to ensue about midnight! such his cunning!
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet;
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood;
There's but three furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell.

ACT V.

A passage over the stage of BRACHIANO, FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, HORTENSIO, COROMBONA, CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and others.*

Flamineo. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day ne'er broke up till now. This marriage
Confirms me happy.

Hortensio. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to court?

Flamineo. Yes, and conferr'd with him i'th' duke's closet;
I have not seen a goodlier personage?
Nor ever talk'd with man better experienc'd
In state affairs, or rudiments of war.
He hath, by report, serv'd the Venitian
In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design.

Hortensio, What are those two
That bear him company?

Flamineo. Two noblemen of Hungary, that, living in the emperor's service as commanders, eight years since, contrary to the expectation of all the court, enter'd into religion, into the strict order of Capuchins; but, being not well settled in their undertaking, they left their order, and return'd to court; for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vow'd their service against the enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there knighted, and in their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchins in Padua.

Hortensio. 'Tis strange.

Flamineo. One thing makes it so. They have vow'd for ever to wear, next their bare bodies, those coats of mail they served in.

Hortensio. Hard penance!
Is the Moor a Christian?

Flamineo. He is.

Hortensio. Why proffers he his service to our duke?

Flamineo. Because he understands there's like to grow
Some wars between us and the duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment.
I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing, or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy courtiers. He talks
As if he had travel'd all the princes courts
Of Christendom? in all things strives t' express,
That all, that should dispute with him, may know

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to * near, have neither heat nor light.
The duke.

Enter BRACHIANO, FLORENCE *disguised like* MULINASSAR, LODOVICO, ANTONELLI, GASPARO, FARNESE, *bearing their swords and helmets.*

Brachiano. You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full
Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave Mulinassar, we assign
A competent pension; and are inly sorry,
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords
For monuments in our chapel. I accept it,
As a great honour done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our duchess' revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a barriers prepar'd to-night:
You shall have private standings. It hath pleas'd
The great ambassadors of several princes,
In their return from Rome to their own countries,
To grace our marriage, and to honour me
With such a kind of sport.

Francisco de Medicis. I shall persuade them
To stay, my lord. Set on there to the presence.

[*Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello.*

Lodovico. My noble lord, most fortunately welcome;

[*The conspirators here embrace.*

You have our vows, seal'd with the sacrament,
To second your attempts.

Gasparo. And all things ready;
He could not have invented his own ruin
(Had he despair'd) with more propriety.†

* This fine simile has hitherto been much injured by misprinting the last time, "but look'd *too* near," &c. when it only means *when look'd at closely.* It was only misprinted by deviating from both the old copies. C.

† The old copies assign this speech to a character, whose name

Lodovico. You would not take my way.
Francisco de Medicis. 'Tis better order'd.
Lodovico. T' have poison'd his prayer-book, or a pair of beads,
[66] The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
Or th' handle of his racket. O that, that!
That while he had been bandying at tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and [67] strook
His soul into the hazard! O, my lord,
I would have our plot be ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example.
Francisco de Medicis. There's no way
More speeding than this thought on.
Lodovico. On then.
Francisco de Medicis. And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief:
To have ta'en him by the casque in a pitch'd field,
Led him to Florence!—
Lodovico. It had been rare.—And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking-garlick;
T' have shown the sharpness of his government,
And rankness of his lust.—But, peace;
Flamineo comes.

[*Exeunt Lodovico and Antonelli.*

Enter FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, *and* ZANCHE.

Marcello. Why doth this devil haunt you, say?
Flamineo. I know not:
For, (by this light) I do not conjure for her.
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,

begins with *Ped*, but there is none such on the stage, nor in the play. C.

[66] *The pummel of his saddle.*] This was one of the methods put in practice in order to destroy Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1598, Edward Squire was convicted of anointing the pummel of the Queen's saddle with poison, for which he was afterwards executed. See *Camden's Elizabeth*, p. 726. Elz. edit. 1639.

[67] --- *strook*
His soul into the hazard!] This horrid thought is found in too many of our antient tragic writers. See Notes on *Hamlet*, vol. X. p. 316. edit. 1778. S.

To raise the devil: here's one up already;
The greatest cunning were to lay him down.

Marcello. She is your shame.

Flamineo. I pr'ythee pardon her.
In faith, you see women are like to burs,
Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.

Zanche. That is my countryman, a goodly person;
When he's at leisure I'll discourse with him
In his own language. [*Exit Zanche.*

Flamineo. I beseech you do:
How is't, brave soldier? O that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray relate
Some of your service to us.

Francisco de Medicis. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own chronicle. I never did wash my mouth with mine own praise, for fear of getting a stinking breath.

Marcello. You're too stoical. The duke will expect other discourse from you.

Francisco de Medicis. I shall never flatter him: I have studied man too much to do that. What difference is between the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay: only't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance. If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a shew, and bear out weather equally.

Flamineo. If this soldier had a patent to beg in churches, then he would tell them stories.

Marcello. I have been a soldier too.

Francisco de Medicis. How have you thriv'd?

Marcello. Faith poorly.

Francisco de Medicis. That's the misery of peace. Only outsides are then respected. As ships seem very great upon the river, which shew very little upon the seas; so some men i'th' court seem Colossuses in a chamber, who, if they came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies.

Flamineo. Give me a fair room yet hung with arras, and some great cardinal to lug me by the ears, as his endear'd minion.

Francisco de Medicis. And thou may'st do the devil knows what villainy.

Flamineo. And safely.

Francisco de Medicis. Right: you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them: why? because they belong to the lord of the manor; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the lord of heaven, they go to pot for't.

Flamineo. I will now give you some politic instructions. The duke says he will give you a pension; that's but bare promise; get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs, and fresh plaisters; but, after, 'twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy shews as if a tormentor should give hot cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'th' rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more dog-days.

Enter HORTENSIO, *a* YOUNG LORD, ZANCHE, *and two more.*

How now, gallants? what, are they ready for the barriers?

Young Lord. Yes: the lords are putting on their armour.

Hortensio. What's he?

Flamineo. A new up-start; one that swears like a falconer, and will lie in the duke's ear day by day, like a maker of almanacks: and yet I knew him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hortensio. Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress.

Flamineo. Thou art my sworn brother: I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly. She knows some of my villainy: I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears. But for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil.

Hortensio. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Flamineo. 'Faith, I made to her some such dark promise; and, in seeking to fly from't, I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him. Now, my precious gipsey.

Zanche. Ay, your love to me rather cools than heats.

Flamineo. Marry, I am the sounder lover; we have many wenches about the town heat too fast.

Hortensio. What do you think of these perfum'd gallants, then?

Flamineo. Their sattin cannot save them: I am confident
They have a certain spice of the disease;
For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas.

Zanche. Believe it! a little painting and gay cloaths
Make you loath me.

Flamineo. How, love a lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unkennel one example more for thee. Æsop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow; I would have courtiers be better divers.

Zanche. You remember your oaths?

Flamineo. Lover's oaths are like mariners prayers, utter'd in extremity; but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe-makers and Westphalia bacon; they are both drawers; for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than the morality* of your sun-burnt gentleman?

Enter CORNELIA.

Cornelia. Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews.

Flamineo. You should be clapt by the heels now: strike i'th' court?

Zanche. She's good for nothing, but to make her maids

* Both the old copies read *mortality* which may be right in a sense somewhat forced. C.

Catch cold a-nights: they dare not use a bed-staff,
For fear of her light fingers.
Marcello. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.
Flamineo. Why do you kick her, say?
Do you think that she's like a walnut tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere she bear good fruit?
Marcello. She brags that you shall marry her.
Flamineo. What then?
Marcello. I had rather she were pitch'd upon a stake,
In some new seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence.
Flamineo. You're a boy, a fool;
Be guardian to your hound: I am of age.
Marcello. If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat.
Flamineo. With a fan of feathers?
Marcello. And, for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.
Flamineo. Are you cholerick?
I'll purge it with rhubarb.
Hortensio. O, your brother!
Flamineo. Hang him,
He wrongs me most, that ought t'offend me least:
I do suspect my mother play'd foul play,
When she conceiv'd thee.
Marcello. Now, by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughter'd sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make thee answer
With thy heart's blood.
Flamineo. Do, like the geese in the progress;
You know where you shall find me.
Marcello. Very good;
An' thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.
Young Lord. Sir, I shall.
Zanche. He comes. Hence petty thoughts of my disgrace;
I ne'er lov'd my complexion till now;

Enter FRANCISCO.

'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,
I love you.

Flamineo. Your love is untimely sown;
There's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one:
I am sunk in years, and I have vow'd never to marry.

Zanche. Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands: yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when ambassadors are sent to congratulate princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present, so that, tho' the prince like not the ambassador's person, nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment; so I may come to you in the same manner, and be better lov'd for my dowry than my virtue.

Francisco. I'll think on the motion.

Zanche. Do; I'll now
Detain you no longer. At your better leisure
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood:
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal;
Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.

Francisco. Of all intelligence this may prove the best:
Sure I shall draw strange fowl from this foul nest.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARCELLO *and* CORNELIA.

Cornelia. I hear a whispering all about the court,
You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Marcello. 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cornelia. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you,
Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you.

Marcello. Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's?

Cornelia. Yes.

Marcello. I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,

He took the crucifix between his hands,

Enter FLAMINEO.

And broke a limb off.

Cornelia. Yes; but 'tis mended.

Flamineo. I have brought your weapon back.

[*Flamineo runs Marcello through.*

Cornelia. Ha, oh my horror!

Marcello. You have brought it home, indeed.

Cornelia. Help, oh he's murder'd!

Flamineo. Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit Flamineo.*

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hortensio. How, o'th' ground?

Marcello. O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking off the crucifix. Farewel.
There are some sins, which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root. [*Dies.*

Cornelia. O my perpetual sorrow!

Hortensio. Virtuous Marcello!
He's dead. Pray leave him, lady: come, you shall.

Cornelia. Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance. Why here's nobody shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Hortensio. I would you were deceiv'd.

Cornelia. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me! how many have gone away thus, for lack of 'tendance? rear up's head, rear up's head! his bleeding inward will kill him.

Hortensio. You see he is departed.

Cornelia. Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turn'd to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. [68] Fetch a looking-glass; see if his breath will not

[68] *Fetch me a Looking Glass, &c.*] So, Shaksneare in *King Lear*, A. 5, S. 3:

"— Lend me a *looking-glass*;
"If that *her breath* will *mist or stain* the stone

stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and them to his lips. Will you lose him for a little pains lay taking?

Hortensio. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cornelia. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i'th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Enter BRACHIANO *all arm'd, save the beafer, with* FLAMINEO, *and* PAGE.

Brachiano. Was this your handy-work?

Flamineo. It was my misfortune.

Cornelia. He lies, he lies! he did not kill him. these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better look'd to.

Brachiano. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.

Cornelia. O you screech owl!

Hortensio. Forbear good madam.

Cornelia. Let me go, let me go.

[*She runs to Flamineo with her knife drawn, and coming to him lets it fall.*

The God of heaven forgive thee! Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason:
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well:
Half of thyself lies there; and may'st thou live
To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd ashes,
To tell how thou should'st spend the time to come
In blest repentance!

Brachiano. Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cornelia. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom.

" Why, then she lives.
" *This feather stirs*; she lives! if it be so,
" It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
" That ever I have felt."

Page. This is not true, madam.
Cornelia. I pr'ythee peace.
One arrow's graz'd already; it were vain
T'lose this for that will ne'er be found again.
Brachiano. Go, bear the body to Cornelia's lodging:
And we command that none acquaint our duchess
With this sad accident. For you, Flamineo,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon.
Flamineo. No?
Brachiano. Only a lease of your life; and that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc'd each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd.
Flamineo. At your pleasure.
Enter LODOVICO *and* FRANCISCO.*
Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.
[*Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's beaver with a poison.*
Brachiano. You once did brave me in your sister's lodging;
I'll now keep you in awe for't. Where's our beaver?
Francisco de Medicis. He calls for his destruction.
Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the black lake further;
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder.
[*Exeunt.*
[*Charges and shouts. They* [69] *fight at barriers; first single pairs, then three to three.*
Enter BRACHIANO *and* FLAMINEO, *with others.*
Brachiano. An armorer! ud's death, an armourer!
Flamineo. Armorer! where's the armorer?
Brachiano. Tear off my beaver.
Flamineo. Are you hurt, my lord?
Brachiano. O, my brain's on fire.

* The entrance of Lodovico and Francisco de Medicis is not mentioned in either of the ancient editions, but it is obvious. C.

[69] *fight at barriers,*] "Barriers (from the French *Barres*) signifies with us that which the French call (*jeu de Barres, palæstram*) a martial sport or exercise of men armed, and fighting together with short swords within certain limits or lists, whereby they are severed from the beholders. *Cowel.* This exercise was formerly much in request in England, but now is laid aside." *Blount.*

Enter ARMORER.

The helmet is poison'd.

Armorer. My lord, upon my soul.—

Brachiano. Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

*Vittoria Corombona.** O! my lov'd-lord poison'd?

Flamineo. Remove the bar; here's unfortunate revels.
Call the physicians.

Enter two PHYSICIANS.

A plague upon you!
We have too much of your cunning here already:
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poison'd.

Brachiano. Oh! I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart,
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break.

Giovanni. O my most lov'd father.

Brachiano. Remove the boy away:
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee? Must I leave thee?
What say you, screech-owls, is the venom mortal?

Physicians. Most deadly.

Brachiano. Most corrupted politic hangman!
You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves,
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve-month?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction is sent from the great duke of Florence.

Francisco de Medicis. Sir, be of comfort.

Brachiano. [70] O thou soft natural death! that art joint-twin

* Her arrival is noted in no way, but by the initials preceding what she says. C.

[70] *O thou soft natural death! &c.*] Mr. Steevens introduces this passage as somewhat parallel to the following in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, A. 4. S. 2:

To sweetest slumber!—no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vittoria Corombona. I am lost for ever!

Brachiano. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling! what are those?

Flamineo. Franciscans.
They have brought the extreme unction.

Brachiano. On pain of death let no man name death to me!
It is a word most infinitely terrible.
Withdraw into our cabinet.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Flamineo.*

Flamineo. To see what solitariness is about dying princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorc'd friends, and made great houses unhospitable; so now, O justice! where are their flatterers now? flatterers are but the shadows of princes bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

Francisco de Medicis. There's great moan made for him.

Flamineo. 'Faith, for some few hours salt-water will run most plentifully in every office o'th' court; but, believe it, most of them do but weep over their step-mother's graves.

Francisco de Medicis. How mean you?

Flamineo. Why they dissemble; as some men do that live within compass o'th' verge.

Francisco de Medicis. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.

Flamineo. 'Faith, [71] like a wolf in a woman's breast: I have been fed with poultry; but for money, under-

"Why be but sleeps:
"If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
"With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
"And worms will not come to thee."

[71] *like a wolf in a woman's breast:*] The extraordinary cravings of women during their pregnancy, were anciently accounted for, by supposing some voracious animal to be within them. S.

stand me, I had as good a will to cozen him as e'er an officer of them all: but I had not cunning enough to do it.

Francisco de Medicis. What didst thou think of him? 'faith, speak freely.

Flamineo. He was a kind of statesman, that would sooner have reckon'd how many cannon-bullets he had discharg'd against a town, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

Francisco de Medicis. O, speak well of the duke.

Flamineo. I have done.

Wilt hear some of my court-wisdom?

Enter LODOVICO.

To reprehend princes is dangerous; and to over-commend some of them is palpable lying.

Francisco de Medicis. How is it with the duke?

Lodovico. Most deadly ill.

He's fall'n into a strange distraction:
He talks of battles and monopolies,
Levying of taxes; and from that descends
To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,
Tho' they live happiest yet they die not best,
He hath conferr'd the whole state of the dukedom
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.

Flamineo. There's some good luck in that yet.

Francisco de Medicis. See, here he comes.

Enter BRACHIANO, *presented in a bed,* VITTORIA *and others.*

There's death in's face already.

Vittoria Corombona. O my good lord!

Brachiano. Away, you have abus'd me:
You have convey'd coin forth our territories,
Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,
And I ne'er dreamt on't. Make up your accounts;
I'll now be mine own steward.

*Flamineo.** Sir, have patience.
Brachiano. Indeed, I am to blame:
For did you ever hear the dusky raven
Chide blackness? or was't ever known the devil
Rail'd against cloven creatures?
Vittoria Corombona. O my lord!
Brachiano. Let me have some quails to supper.
Flamineo. Sir, you shall.
Brachiano. No, some fry'd dog-fish; your quails feed on poison.
That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence!
I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog-killer.
Rare! I'll be friends with him; for, mark you, sir, one dog
Still sets another a barking. Peace, peace!
Yonder's a fine slave come in now.
Flamineo. Where?
Brachiano. Why, there.
In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches
With a great cod-piece. Ha, ha, ha;
Look you, his cod-piece is stuck full of pins,
With pearls o'th' head of them. Do not you know him?
Flamineo. No, my lord.
Brachiano. Why 'tis the devil;
I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoe
To hide his cloven foot: I'll dispute with him,
He's a rare linguist.
Vittoria Corombona. My lord, here's nothing.
Brachiano. Nothing! rare! nothing? when I want money,
Our treasury is empty, there is nothing.
I'll not be used thus.
Vittoria Corombona. O! lie still, my lord.
Brachiano. See, see, Flamineo that kill'd his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there? and he carries
A money-bag in each hand, to keep him even,

* The quarto of 1612 gives the words that follow to Flamineo, and not to Francisco, as it has been hitherto misprinted. C.

For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a lawyer,
In a gown whipp'd with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.
'Tis there; what's she?

Flamineo. Vittoria, my lord.

Brachiano. Ha, ha, ha, her hair is sprinkled with arras powder,
That makes her look as if she had sinn'd in the pastry.
What's he?

Flamineo. A divine, my lord.

[*Brachiano seems here near his end; Lodoviso and Gasparo, in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his bed with a crucifix and hallow'd candle.*

Brachiano. He will be drunk, avoid him: th' argument
Is fearful, when churchmen stagger in't.
Look you, six grey rats* that have lost their tails
Crawl up the pillow; send for a rat-catcher:
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court
From all foul vermine. Where's Flamineo?

Flamineo. I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on's death-bed; 'tis a sign
I shall not live long. See, he's near his end.

Lodovico. Pray give us leave; *attende domine Brachiane.*

Flamineo. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix.

Vittoria Corombona. O, hold it constant.
It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

Lodovico. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.* [The crucifix.

Gasparo. *Olim hasta voluisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.* [The hallow'd taper.

* *Rats* is the old, and no doubt correct reading from what follows; though Mr. Reed allowed it to stand *cats*, because the copy of 1631 so had it.

Lodovico. *Attende, domine Brachianè, si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.*

Gasparo. *Esto securus, domine Brachiane: cogita, quantum habeas meritorum: denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.*

Lodovico. *Si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.*

He is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear.

[*Here the rest being departed, Lodovico and Gasparo discover themselves.*

Gasparo. Brachiano.

Lodovico. Devil Brachiano,
Thou art damn'd.

Gasparo. Perpetually.

Lodovico A slave condemn'd, and given up to the gallows,
Is thy great lord and master.

Gasparo. True; for thou
Art given up to the devil.

Lodovico. O, you slave!
You that were held the famous politician,
Whose art was poison.

Gasparo. And whose conscience murder.

Lodovico. That would have broke your wife's neck down the stairs,
Ere she was poison'd.

Gasparo. That had your villainous sallets.

Lodovico. And fine embroider'd bottles and perfumes
Equally mortal with a winter plague.

Gasparo. Now there's mercury.

Lodovico. And copperass.

Gasparo. And quicksilver.

Lodovico. With other devilish 'pothecary stuff,
A melting in your politic brains: do'st hear?

Gasparo. This is count Lodovico.

Lodovico. This Gasparo;
And thou shalt die like a poor rogue.

Gasparo. And stink
Like a dead fly-blown dog.
Lodovico. And be forgotten before thy funeral sermon.
Brachiano. Vittoria! Vittoria!
Lodovico. O, the cursed devil
Comes to himself again: we are undone!
Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *and the Attendants.*
Gasparo. Strangle him in private. What! will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for charity,
For christian charity, avoid the chamber. [*Exeunt.*
Lodovico. You would prate, sir. This is a true-love-knot
Sent from the duke of Florence.
[*Brachiano is strangled.*
Gasparo. What, is it done?
Lodovico. The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i'the world,
Tho' she had practis'd seven years at the pest-house,
Could have don't quaintlier. My lords, he's dead.
[*They return.*
Omnes. Rest to his soul!
Vittoria Corombona. O me! this place is hell.
[*Exit Vittoria Corombona.*
Francisco de Medicis. How heavily she takes it!
Flamineo. O yes, yes;
Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all: surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,
When they sell water so [70] good cheap. I'll tell thee,
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears;
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears.
Why here's an end of all my harvest; he has given me nothing.
Court promises! let wise men count them curs'd;
For while you live, he that scores best, pays worst.
Francisco de Medicis. Sure, this was Florence doing.
Flamineo. Very likely.

[70] *good cheap*] See Note 67 to *The Four P's*, vol. I.

Those are found weighty strokes which come from th' hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiavelian!
He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,
And buffet you to death: no, my quaint knave,
He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron.
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice;
To teach court-honesty, it jumps on ice.

Francisco de Medicis. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices.

Flamineo. Misery of princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!
Not only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will;
One were better be a thresher.
Ud'sdeath! I should fain speak with this duke yet.

Francisco de Medicis. Now he's dead.

Flamineo. I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to th' speech of him, tho' forty devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted. [*Exit Flamineo.*

Francisco de Medicis. Excellent Lodovico!
What! did you terrify him at the last gasp?

Lodovico. Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like
To have terrified us.

Francisco de Medicis. How?

Enter ZANCHE.

Lodovico. You shall hear that hereafter.
See! yon's the infernal, that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promis'd when she fell in love with you.

Francisco de Medicis. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Zanche. I would have you look up, sir; these court-tears
Claim not your tribute to them: let those weep,

That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concern'd you.
Lodovico. Shall's fall a dreaming?
Francisco de Medicis. Yes, and for fashion sake I'll dream with her.
Zanche. Methought, sir, you came stealing to my bed.
Francisco de Medicis. Wilt thou believe me, sweeting? by this light,
[73] I was a-dreamt on thee too; for methought
I saw thee naked.
Zanche. Fie, sir! as I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.
Francisco de Medicis. So dreamt I;
And lest thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle.
Zanche. Verily I did dream
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to't.
Lodovico. How! how! I hope you will not go to't here.
Francisco de Medicis. Nay, you must hear my dream out.
Zanche. Well, sir, forth.
Francisco de Medicis. When I threw the mantle o'er thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly, methought.
Zanche. Laugh?
Flamineo. And cryed'st out,
The hair did tickle thee.
Zanche. There was a dream indeed?
Lodovico. Mark her, pr'ythee, she simpers like the suds
A collier hath been wash'd in.
Zanche. Come, sir, good fortune tends you; I did tell you

[73] *I was a-dreamt*] So, in *The City Night-Cap*, vol. XI. "Now you talk of dreams, sweet-heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappy "one; I was *a-dream'd* last night of Francis there."

I would reveal a secret: Isabella,
The duke of Florence' sister was impoison'd
By a fum'd picture; and Camillo's neck
Was broke by damn'd Flamineo, the mischance
Laid on a vaulting-horse.
Francisco de Medicis. Most strange!
Zanche. Most true.
Lodovico. The nest of snakes is broke.
Zanche. I sadly do confess, I had a hand
In the black deed.
Francisco de Medicis. Thou kept'st their counsel.
Zanche. Right;
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria.
Lodovico. Excellent penitence!
Usurers dream on't while they sleep at sermons.
Zanche. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me till the funeral,
Unto a friend i'the country: that excuse
Will further our escape. In coin and jewels
I shall at least make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns.
Francisco de Medicis. O noble wench!
Lodovico. Those crowns we'll share.
Zanche. It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,
And wash the Æthiop white.
Francisco de Medicis. It shall, away.
Zanche. Be ready for our flight.
Francisco de Medicis. An hour 'fore day.
O strange discovery! why till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.
Zanche. You'll wait about midnight
In the chapel. [*Exit Zanche.*
Francisco de Medicis. There.
Lodovico. Why now our action's justified.
Francisco de Medicis. Tush, for justice!
What arms it justice? * [74] we now, like the partridge,

* Both the quartos read, "What harms it justice?" C.

[74] *— we now, like the partridge,*
Purge the disease with laurel:] So Pliny, "Palumbes, gracculi,

Purge the disease with laurel; for the same
Shall crown the enterprize, and quit the shame.

[*Exeunt*

Enter FLAMINEO *and* GASPARO, *at one door; another way,* GIOVANNI *attended.*

Gasparo. The young duke! did you e'er see a sweeter prince?

Flamineo. I have known a poor man's bastard better favour'd. This is behind him: now, to his face, all comparisons are hateful: wise was the courtly peacock, that, being a great minion, and being compar'd for beauty by some dottrels that stood by, to the 'kingly eagle, said the eagle was a far fairer bird than herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long talons: his will grow out in time.—
My gracious lord.

Giovanni. I pray leave me, sir.

Flamineo. Your grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourn; for wot you, what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horseback?

Giovanni. Why, what said he?

Flamineo. When you are dead, father, said he, I hope that I shall ride in the saddle. O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself, he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the whole compass of the hemisphere. You're now, my lord, in the saddle.

Giovanni. Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent;
'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former been,
I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin.

[*Exit Giovanni.*

Flamineo. Study my prayers! he threatens me divinely!
I am falling to pieces already: I care not, tho' like Anacharsis I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullice for the devil.

He hath his uncle's villainous look already.

" merulæ, *pernices lauri folio annuum fastidium purgant.*" Nat. Hist. lib. viii. c. 27.

Enter COURTIER.

In decimo sexto.—Now, sir, what are you?

Courtier. It is the pleasure, sir, of the young* duke,
That you forbear the presence, and all rooms
That owe him reverence.

Flamineo. So, the wolf and the raven are very pretty fools when they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?

Courtier. So the duke wills.

Flamineo. Verily, master courtier, extremity is not to be used in all offices: say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder, with nothing about her but her smock; would it not shew a cruel part in the gentleman-porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o'er her head and ears, and put her in naked?

Courtier. Very good: you're merry.

Flamineo. Doth he make a court-ejectment of me; a flaming fire-brand casts more smoak without a chimney, than within it. I'll smother some of them.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

How now? thou art sad.

Francisco de Medicis. I met even now with the most piteous sight.

Flamineo. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful
Degraded courtier.

Francisco de Medicis. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies;
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont to outwear the nights with, that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharg'd with water.

Flamineo. I will see them.

* *Young* was, till now, accidentally omitted, though found in the old editions. Its insertion is necessary to the metre. C.

Brachiano. 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight
Will add unto their tears.
Flamineo. I will see them,
They are behind the traverse. I'll discover
Their superstitious howling.
CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and three other ladies discover'd winding* MARCELLO'S *corse. A Song.*
Cornelia. This rosemary is wither'd, pray get fresh;
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head:
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty years, and every day
Hallow'd it with my prayers; I did not think
He should have worn it.
Zanche. Look you, who are yonder?
Cornelia. O reach me the flowers.
Zanche. Her ladyship's foolish.
Woman. Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child again.
Cornelia. You're very welcome.
[75] There's rosemary for you, and rue for you.
[*To Flamineo.*
Heart's-ease for you: I pray make much of it,
I have left more for myself.
Francisco de Medicis. Lady, who's this?
Cornelia. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flamineo. So.
Zanche. 'Tis Flamineo.
Cornelia. Will you make me such a fool? [76] here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i'th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,

[75] *There's rosemary*, &c.] See Note on *Hamlet*, vol. X. edit. 1778. p. 356. S.

[76] *--- here's a white hand:*
Can blood so soon be wash'd out!] An imitation of Lady Macbeth's sleeping soliloquy. A. 5, S. 1.

Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckl'd! h'as handl'd a toad sure.
Cowslip water is good for the memory:
Pray buy me three ounces of't.
Flamineo. I would I were from hence.
Cornelia. Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grand-mother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll*, to sing
O'er unto her lute.
Flamineo. Do and you will, do.
CORNELIA *doth this in several forms of distraction.*
Cornelia. *Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,*
Since o'er shady groves they hover.
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
[77] *The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,*
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church-tithes truly.
His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up.
Bless you all good people. [*Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*
Flamineo. I have a strange thing in me, to the which

* Dodsley and Reed again confused the measure and sense by leaving out the word *toll*. C.

[77] *The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,*] Imitated from Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, A. 4. S. 2.

" ——— the ruddock would,
" With charitable bill (O bill, fore shaming
" Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
" Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
" Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
" To winter ground thy corse."

I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray leave me.
[*Exit Francisco de Medicis.*
This night I'll know the utmost of my fate,
I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means
T'assign me for my service: I have liv'd
Riotously ill, like some that live in court.
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try,
"We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry."*
Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet.
Enter BRACHIANO'S *ghost in his leather cassock and breeches, boots; a coul; a pot of lily-flowers, with a skull in't. The ghost throws earth upon him, and shews him the skull.*
What a mockery hath death made thee! thou look'st sad.
In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery?
Or in the cursed dungeon?—no? not speak?
Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That's the most necessary question.
Not answer? are you still, like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose; say—
What's that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me,
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers.
I pray speak, sir: our Italian church-men
Make us believe dead men hold conference
With their familiars; and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
[*Exit Ghost.*
He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd.

* This line is probably a quotation, and is so marked in the original copy. Sir W. Scott has imitated the thought,
"Who shall say the bird in cage
"Sings for joy, and not for rage." C.

This is beyond melancholy; I do dare my fate
To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
And sum up all these horrors. The disgrace
The prince threw on me, next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;
And last this terrible vision; all these
Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in their blood. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, LODOVICO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Lodovico. My lord, upon my soul you shall no farther;
You have most ridiculously ingag'd yourself
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My creditors fall not with me; and I vow,
To quit all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave this city,
Or I'll forswear the murder. [*Exit.*

Francisco de Medicis. Farewel, Lodovico.
If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame,
Shall in thy ashes keep alive thy name. [*Exit.*

Hortensio, There's some black deed on foot. I'll presently
Down to the citadel, and raise some force.
These strong court-factions, that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the riders necks. [*Exit.**

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA *with a book in her hand,* ZANCHE; FLAMINEO *following them.*

Flamineo. What? are you at your prayers? give o'er.

Vittoria Corombona. How, ruffian?

Flamineo. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down; nay, stay blouze, you may hear it;
The doors are fast enough.

Vittoria Corombona. Ha, are you drunk?

* It is evident that these characters make their *exit* as marked but we have no notice of it in the old copies of the play. C.

Flamineo. Yes, yes, with wormwood water; you shall taste
Some of it presently.
Vittoria Corombona. What intends the fury?
Flamineo. You are my lord's executrix; and I claim
Reward for my long service.
Vittoria Corombona. For your service?
Flamineo. Come, therefore, here is pen and ink, set down
What you will give me.
Vittoria Corombona. There. [*She writes.*
Flamineo. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.
Vittoria Corombona. I will read it.
I give that portion to thee and no other,
Which Cain groan'd under, having slain his brother.
Flamineo. A most courtly patent to beg by.
Vittoria Corombona. You are a villain!
Flamineo. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me two case of jewels,
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them.
[*Exit.*
Vittoria Corombona. Sure he's distracted.
Zanche. O, he's desperate!
For your own safety give him gentle language.
[*He returns with two cases of pistols.*
Flamineo. Look, these are better far at a dead lift,
Than all your jewel-house.
Vittoria Corombona. And yet, methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.
Flamineo. I'll turn the right side toward you: you shall see
How they will sparkle.
Vittoria Corombona. Turn this horror from me!
What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Flamineo. Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain wordly business; say your prayers;
I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither yourself nor I should outlive him
The numbring of four hours.
Vittoria Corombona. Did he enjoin it?
Flamineo. He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it. For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own court,
Being a great duke, what hope then for us?
Vittoria Corombona. This is your melancholy, and despair.
Flamineo. Away:
Fool thou art, to think that politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live. Shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burthen
To a public scaffold? This is my resolve:
I would not live at any man's entreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding
Vittoria Corombona. Will you hear me?
Flamineo. My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready.
Vittoria Corombona. Do you mean to die indeed?
Flamineo. With as much pleasure,
As e'er my father got me.
Vittoria Corombona. Are the doors lock'd?
Zanche. Yes, madam.
Vittoria Corombona. Are you grown an atheist? will you turn your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house? O the cursed devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thice candied o'er; despair with gall and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; (cry out for help!) [*To Zanche.*
Make us forsake that which was made for man,

The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness.
Zanche. Help, help.
Flamineo. I'll stop your throat
With winter plumbs.
Vittoria Corombona. I pr'ythee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking.
Flamineo. Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments; and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation, than sense
Of reason, or sound doctrine.
Zanche. Gentle madam,
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.
Vittoria Corombona. 'Tis good. I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it;
The smart o'th' wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring treble torments.
Flamineo. I have held it
A most wretched and miserable life,
Which is not able to die.
Vittoria Corombona. O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolved; farewel, affliction:
Behold Brachiano, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewel, Zanche!
Zanche. How, madam? do you think that I'll outlive you;
Especially when my best self, Flamineo,
Goes the same voyage?
Flamineo. O most loved Moor!
Zanche. Only by all my love let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on ourselves; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

Flamineo. Thou dost instruct me nobly; take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with blood already:
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th' other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die
Most equally contented: but first swear
Not to outlive me.

Vittoria Corombona and Zanche. Most religiously.

Flamineo. Then here's an end of me; farewel, day-light.
And, O contemptible physic! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life; I take my leave of thee.
[*Shewing the pistols.*
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out.
Are you ready?

Both. Ready.

Flamineo. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, to thy ridiculous purgatory? to find Alexander the Great cobbling shoes? Pompey tagging points? and Julius Cæsar making hair-buttons? Hannibal selling blacking? and Augustus crying garlick? Charlemaigne selling lists by the dozen? and king Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse?
Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care—Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best;
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast,
The pain, once apprehended, is quite past.
[*They shoot, and run to him, and tread upon him.*

Vittoria Corombona. What are you dropt?

Flamineo. I am mix'd with earth already: as you are noble,
Perform your vows: and bravely follow me.

Vittoria Corombona. Whither? to hell?

Zanche. To most assured damnation?

Vittoria Corombona. O thou most cursed devil!

Zanche. Thou art caught—

Vittoria Corombona. In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.

Flamineo. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate! O that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice!

Vittoria Corombona. Think whither thou art going.

Zanche. And remember what villanies thou hast acted.

Vittoria Corombona. This thy death
Shall make me, like a blazing ominous star:
Look up and tremble.

Flamineo. Oh, I am caught with a springe!

Vittoria Corombona. You see the fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prov'd true.

Flamineo. Kill'd with a couple of [78]braches!

Vittoria Corombona. No fitter offering for the infernal furies,
Than one in whom they reign'd while he was living.

Flamineo. O, the way's dark and horrid? I cannot see,
Shall I have no company?

Vittoria Corombona. O yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Flamineo. O, I smell soot, most stinking soot; the chimney is a fire;
My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly-bread:
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
Wilt thou outlive me?

Zanche. Yes; and drive a stake
Through thy body; for we'll give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thyself.

[78] *braches*] Ulitius, in his Notes on Gratius, as quoted by Dr. Warburton in his Note to *Othello*, A. 2. S. 1. says, *Racha Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est* Brache.

Flamineo. O cunning devils! now I have try'd your love,
And doubled all your reaches: I am not wounded.
[*Flamineo riseth.*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
One time or other, you would find a way
To give me a strong potion. O men,
That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives; ne'er trust them, they'll re-marry
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet; ere the spider
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs!
How cunning you were to discharge? do you practise at the artillery-yard? Trust a woman? never, never! Brachiano be my president: we lay our souls to pawn to the devil for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man should marry! for [79]one Hypermnestra that saved her lord and husband, forty-nine of her sisters cut their husbands throats all in one night. There was a shoal of virtuous horse-leeches! Here are two other instruments.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GASPARO.

Vittoria Corombona. Help! help!
Flamineo. What noise is that? ha! false keys i'th court?
Lodovico. We have brought you a mask.
Flamineo. A matachine* it seems by your drawn swords.

[79] *one Hypermnestra*] Hypermnestra, one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, the son of Belus, brother of Ægyptus. Her father, being warned by an oracle, that he should be killed by one of his nephews, persuaded his daughters, who were compelled to marry the sons of their uncle, to murder them on the first night. This was executed by every one except Hypermnestra. She preserved her husband Lynceus who afterwards slew Danaus.

* Mr. Reed allowed this line to stand;
"A *machine* it seems by your drawn swords."
which is utter nonsense arising from mere carelessness as both the copies give it *matachine*. Lodovico says, "We have brought you a mask," to which Flamineo answers, that it should rather be called a *matachine*, because they carried swords. Mr. Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, II. 435. thus speaks of the *matachine*.

Church-men turn'd revellers!

Gasparo. Isabella! Isabella!

Lodovico. Do you know us now?

Flamineo. Lodovico! and Gasparo!

Lodovico. Yes; and that Moor the duke gave pension to
Was the great duke of Florence.

Vittoria Corombona. O we are lost!

Flamineo. You shall not take justice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her!—I'll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel. Fate's a spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us. What remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent:
Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.
And of all axioms this shall win the prize,
'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

Gasparo. Bind him to the pillar.

Vittoria Corombona. O, your gentle pity!
I have seen a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe
Of the fierce sparrow-hawk.

Gasparo. Your hope deceives you.

Vittoria Corombona. If Florence be i'th' Court, he would not kill me.

Gasparo. Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death or punishment by the hands of others.

Lodovico. Sirrah, you once did strike me, I'll strike you
Unto the centre.

"Such a dance was that well known in France and Italy, by the name of the Dance of Fools, or *Matachins*, who were habited in short jackets, with gilt paper helmets, long streamers tied to their shoulders, and bells to their legs. They carried in their hands *a sword* and buckler, with which they made a clashing noise, and performed various, quick, and sprightly evolutions. Mr. Douce refers to the authority of Tabourot *Orchesographie*, 1589. p. 97. Mr. Todd in his dictionary makes a very apposite quotation on the subject from Sir P. Sidney.

Flamineo. Thou'lt do it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou see'st
cannot strike again.
Lodovico. Dost laugh?
Flamineo. Would'st have me die, as I was born, in whining?
Gasparo. Recommend yourself to heaven.
Flamineo. No, I will carry mine own commendations thither.
Lodovico. O could I kill you forty times a day,
And use't four years together, 'twere too little:
Nought grieves but that you are too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?
Flamineo. Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions,
I am i'th'way to study a long silence!
To prate were idle. I remember nothing,
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts.
Lodovico. O thou glorious strumpet!
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon some dunghill.
Vittoria Corombona. You, my death's-man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman:
If thou be, do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.
Lodovico. O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
But I'll cut off your train. Kill the Moor first.
Vittoria Corombona. You shall not kill her first? behold my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.
Gasparo. Are you so brave?
Vittoria Corombona. Yes, I shall welcome death
As princes do some great ambassadors;
I'll meet thy weapon half way.
Lodovico. Thou dost tremble!

Methinks, fear should dissolve thee into air.
Vittoria Corombona. O, thou art deceived, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me. I'll thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.
Gasparo. Thou art my task, black fury.
Zanche. I have blood
As red as either of theirs: Wilt drink some?
'Tis good for the falling-sickness: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall ne'er look pale.
Lodovico. Strike, strike,
With a joint motion.
Vittoria Corombona. 'Twas a manly blow;
The next thou giv'st, murther some sucking infant;
And then thou wilt be famous.
Flamineo. O, what blade is't?
[80] A Toledo, or an English fox?
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it.
Vittoria Corombona. O! my greatest sin lay in my blood;
Now my blood pays for't.
Flamineo. Th'art a noble sister,
I love thee now; if woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For masculine virtue, have been vicious,

[80] *A Toledo,*] *Toledo* is the capital city of New-castile, and was formerly much famed for making sword-blades. So, in Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592: "And you cutler, you are "patron of ruffians and swashbucklers, and will sell them a blade "that may be thrust into a bushell; but, if a poore man that can-"not skil of it, you sell him a swoord or rapyer new overglased, "and sweare the blade came either from Turkie or *Toledo*."

an English Fox] A cant term for a sword. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 6.: "What would you have, sister, of a "fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an *old fox* in't?"

Only a happier silence did betide them:
She has no faults, who hath the art to hide them.
Vittoria Corombona. My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.
Flamineo. Then cast anchor.
" Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
" But seas do laugh, shew white, when rocks are near.
" We cease to grieve, cease to be Fortune's slaves,
" Nay, cease to die by dying." Art thou gone?
And thou so near the bottom: false report!
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses,
For nine tough durable lives: I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
No, at myself I will begin and end.
" While we look up to heaven, we confound
" Knowledge with knowledge." O, I am in a mist!
Vittoria Corombona. O happy they that never saw the Court,
" Nor ever knew great men but by report."
[*Vittoria dies.*
Flamineo. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to great men remember th' old wives tradition, to be like the lions i'th' Tower on Candlemas-day; to mourn if the sun shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter to come.
'Tis well yet, there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black charnel: I have caught
An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably; farewel, glorious villains;
" This busy trade of life appears most vain,
" Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain."
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell;
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewel. [*Dies.*
Enter AMBASSADORS *and* GIOVANNI.
English Ambassador. This way! this way! break open the doors! this way.
Lodovico. Ha! are we betray'd?
Why then let's constantly die all together;

And having finish'd this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate, not fear to bleed.
English Ambassador. Keep back the prince: shoot, shoot.
Lodovico. O, I am wounded,
I fear I shall be ta'en.
Giovanni. You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre?
Lodovico. Thine.
Giovanni. Mine?
Lodovico. Yes; Thy uncle, which is part of thee, enjoin'd us to't:
Thou know'st me, I am sure; I am Count Lodowick;
And thy most noble uncle in disguise
Was last night in thy court.
Giovanni. Ha!
Gasparo. Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.
Giovanni. He turn'd murderer!
Away with them to prison, and to torture;
All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,
As I hope heaven!
Lodovico. I do glory yet,
That I can call this act mine own: For my part,
The rack, the gallows, and the torturous wheel,
Shall be but sound sleeps to me; here's my rest;
"I limn'd this night-piece, and it was my best."
Giovanni. Remove the bodies. See, my honoured Lord,
What use you ought make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.

Instead of an Epilogue, only this of Martial supplies me:

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.

For the action of the Play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the joint-testimony of some of their own quality (for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster) the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well-approved industry of my friend Master Perkins[81], and confess the worth of his action did crown both the beginning and end.

[81] See Note to Prologue to the Stage at the Cock-pit before *The Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII. A Copy of Verses, by Perkins, is prefixed to Heywood's Apology for Actors.

EDITIONS.

(1.) The White Divel: or, the Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano; With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by JOHN WEBSTER. *Non inferiora secutus.* London. Printed by N. O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Pallace neere the Royall Exchange. 1612. 4to.

(2.) The White Devil: or, The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano: With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. As it hath bin divers times acted by the Queenes Majesties servants at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. Written by *John Webster. Non inferiora secutus.* London. Printed by J. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Harrow in Brittains-burse, 1631. 4to.

THE

HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

ROBERT TAILOR, the Author of this Play, is entirely unknown*. The Title-page of it says it was divers times publickly acted by certain London Prentices; and Sir Henry Wotton[1], in a Letter to Sir Edmund Bacon, dated 1612-13, gives the following account of its first performance: "On Sunday last at night, and "no longer, some sixteen Apprentices (of what sort "you shall guess by the rest of the story) having se- "cretly learnt a new play without book, intitled, *The* "*Hog hath lost his Pearl*; took up the White Fryers "for their Theater: and having invited thither (as it "should seem) rather their mistresses than their mas- "ters; who were all to enter per buletini for a note "of distinction from ordinary comedians. Towards "the end of the play, the sheriffs (who by chance had "heard of it) came in (as they say) and carried some "six or seven of them to perform the last act at "Bridewel; the rest are fled. Now it is strange to "hear how sharp-witted the City is, for they will needs "have Sir John Swinnerton the Lord Mayor be meant "by the *Pearl*." †

* In addition to this play Robert Tailor was author of Sacred Hymns, 4to. 1613. O. G.

[1] See Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 4th Edition, 1685, p. 402.

† W. Smith dedicates his *Hector of Germaine, or the Palsgrave Prima Elector*, 1615, "To the right worshipfull the great Favourer of the Muses, Syr John Swinnerton, Knight, sometimes Lord Mayor of this honourable Cittie of London." He adds that the play was expressly written for Citizens. C.

PROLOGUE.

Our long-time-rumour'd Hog, so often crost
By unexpected accidents, and tost
From one house to another; still deceiving
Many men's expectations, and bequeathing
To some lost labour; is at length got loose,
Leaving his servile yoke-stick to the goose;
Hath a knight's licence, and may range at pleasure,
Spite of all those that envy our Hog's treasure.
And thus much let me tell you, that our Swine
Is not, as divers criticks did define,
Grunting at state-affairs, or invecting
Much at our city vices; no, nor detecting
The pride or fraud in it; but, were it now
He had his first birth, wit should teach him how
To tax these times abuses, and tell some
How ill they did in running oft from home;
For to prevent (O men more hard than flint;
A matter, that shall laugh at them in print.
Once to proceed in this play we were mindless,
Thinking we liv'd 'mongst Jews, that lov'd no Swine's flesh:
But, now that trouble's past, if it deserve a hiss
(As questionless it will through our amiss),
Let it be favour'd by your gentle sufferance:
Wise men are still indu'd with patience:
We are not half so skill'd as strolling players,
Who could not please here, as at country fairs:
We may be pelted off, for aught we know,
With apples, eggs, or stones, from thence below;
In which we'll crave your friendship, if we may,
And you shall have a dance worth all the play:

And, if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say [2] *'tis fortunate, like Pericles.*

[2] --- *'tis fortunate, like Pericles*] i. e. the play of that name attributed to Shakspeare. Perhaps a sneer was designed. To say that a dramatic piece was *fortunate*, is not to say that it was *deserving*: and why of all the pieces supposed to be written by our great Author was this particularized? S.

There is good reason to dispute this interpretation of the word fortunate, but Mr. Steevens seems to have discovered many sneers at Shakespeare that were never intended. Mr. Malone quoting the two last lines from the above prologue, observes, " by *fortu-* " *nate* I understand *highly successful*," and he is warranted in this understanding by the following passage directly in point, which he might have quoted from lines prefixed by Richard Woolfall to Lewis Sharpe's *Noble Stranger*, 1640:

" —— Yet do not feare the danger
" Of critick readers, since thy *Noble Stranger*
" With pleasing strains has smooth'd the rugged fate
" Of oft cram'd Theatres and prov'd *fortunate*." C.

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

OLD LORD WEALTHY.
YOUNG LORD, *his Son.*
MARIA, *his Daughter.*
CARRACUS, } *Two Gentlemen, near friends.*
ALBERT, }
LIGHTFOOT, *a country Gentleman.*
HADDIT, *a youthful Gallant.*
HOG, *an Usurer.*
REBECCA, *his Daughter.*
PETER SERVITUDE, *his Man.*
ATLAS, *a Porter.*
A PRIEST.
A PLAYER.
A SERVING-MAN.
A NURSE.

THE

HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

ACTUS PRIMI. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter LIGHTFOOT, *a country gentleman, passing over the stage, and knocks at the other door.*

Lightfoot. Ho, who's within here?

Enter ATLAS, *a porter.*

Ha' ye any money to pay, you knock with such authority, sir?

Lightfoot. What if I have not, may not a man knock without money, sir?

Atlas. Seldom; women and servants will not put it up so, sir.

Lightfoot. How say you by that, sir? but I pr'ythee, is not this one Atlas's house, a porter?

Atlas. I am the rent-payer, thereof.

Lightfoot. In good time, sir.

Atlas. Not in good time neither, sir, for I am behind with my landlord a year and three quarters at least.

Lightfoot. Now if a man would give but observance to this fellow's prating, he would weary his ears sooner than a barber. Do y'hear, sir? lies there not one Haddit, a gentleman, at this house?

Atlas. Here lies such a gentleman, sir, whose cloaths (were they not greasy) would bespeak him so.

Lightfoot. Then I pray sir, when your leisure shall permit, that you would vouchsafe to help me to the speech of him.

Atlas. We must first crave your oath, sir, that you

come not with intent to molest, perturb, or endanger him; for he is a gentleman whom it hath pleased fortune to make her tennis-ball of, and therefore subject to be struck by every fool into hazard.

Lightfoot. In that I commend thy care of him, for which friendship here's a slight reward; tell him a countryman of his, one Lightfoot, is here, and *will not any way despair of his safety.

Atlas. With all respect, sir; pray command my house. [*Exit Atlas.*

Lightfoot. So, now I shall have a sight of my cousin gallant: he that hath consumed 800*l.* a year in as few years as he hath ears on his head: he that was wont never to be found without three or four pair of red breeches running before his horse, or coach: he that at a meal hath had more several kinds, than I think the ark contain'd: he that was [3] admir'd by niters, for his robes of gallantry, and was indeed all that an elder brother might be, prodigal; yet he, whose unthriftiness kept many a house, is now glad to keep house in a house that keeps him, the poor tenant of a porter. And see his appearance! I'll seem strange to him.

Enter HADDIT *in poor array.*

Haddit. Cousin Lightfoot, how do'st? welcome to the city.

Lightfoot. Who calls me cousin? where's my cousin Haddit? he's surely putting on some rich apparel, for me to see him in. I ha' been thinking all the way I came up, how much his company will credit me.

* The pronoun *he* seems wanting here, but the old quarto omits it. C.

[3] --- *admir'd by* niters, *for his robes of gallantry,*] If this be not a corrupted, it must be an affected, word, coined from the Latin word *niteo*, to shine or be splendid. He was admir'd by those who *shone* most in the article of dress. S.

So, in *Marston's Satires*, printed with *Pygmalion*, 1598.

"O dapper, rare, compleat, sweet *nittie* youth!
" Jesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
" Crost and re-crost with lace, &c."

Niters however may be a corruption of *niflers*. Chaucer uses *nifles* for *trifles*. See *Sompnour's Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 7342.

" He served him with *nifles* and with fables."

Haddit. My name is Haddit, sir, and your kinsman, if parents may be trusted; and therefore you may please to know me better, when you see me next.

Lightfoot. I pr'ythee, fellow, stay: is it possible thou should'st be he? why he was the generous spark of men's admiration.

Haddit. I am that spark, sir, tho' now rak'd up in ashes;
Yet when it pleaseth fortune's chops to blow
Some gentler gale upon me, I may then
From forth of embers rise and shine again.

Lightfoot. O, by your versifying I know you now, sir: how do'st? I knew thee not at first, thou'rt very much alter'd.

Haddit. Faith, and so I am, exceeding much since you saw me last; about 800*l.* a year; but let it pass, [4] for passage carried away the most part of it: a plague of fortune.

Lightfoot. Thou'st more need to pray to fortune than curse her, she may be kind to thee when thou art penitent, but that I fear will be never.

Haddit. O no, if she be a woman, she'll ever love those that hate her. But, cousin, thou art thy father's first-born; help me but to some means, and I'll redeem my mortgag'd lands with a wench to boot.

Lightfoot. As how, I pray thee?

Haddit. Marry thus: Hog the usurer hath one only daughter.

Lightfoot. Is his name Hog? it fits him exceeding well; for as a hog in his life-time is always devouring, and never commodious in aught till his death; even so is he, whose goods at that time may be put to many good uses.

Haddit. And so I hope they shall before his death. This daughter of his did, and I think doth love me; but

[4] *for passage carried away*, &c.] "Passage is a game at dice to be "play'd at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The "caster throws continually till he hath thrown dubblets under ten, "and then he is out and loseth; or dubblets above ten, and then he "*passeth* and wins." *Compleat Gamester*, 1680, p. 119.

I then thinking myself worthy of an empress, gave but slight respect unto her favour, for that her parentage seem'd not to equal my high thoughts, puff'd up——

Lightfoot. With tobacco surely.

Haddit. No, but with as bad a weed, vain-glory.

Lightfoot. And you could now be content to put your lofty spirits into the lowest pit of her favour. Why what means will serve, man? 'Sfoot, if all I have will repair thy fortune, it shall fly at thy command.

Haddit. Thanks, good cuz, the means shall not be great, only that I may first be clad in a generous outside, for that is the chief attraction that draws female affection. Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a woollen stocking. No, 'tis a glistering presence and audacity brings women into fool's felicity.

Lightfoot. You've a good confidence, cuz, but what do ye think your brave outside shall effect?

Haddit. That being had, we'll to the usurer, where you shall offer some slight piece of land to mortgage, and, if you do it to bring ourselves into cash, it shall be ne'er the farther from you, for here's a project will not be frustrate of this purpose.

Lightfoot. That shall be shortly try'd. I'll instantly go seek for a habit for thee, and that of the richest too; that which shall not be subject to the scoff of any gallant, tho' to the accomplishing thereof all my means go. Alas! what's a man unless he wear good cloaths?

[*Exit Lightfoot.*

Haddit. Good speed attend my suit! Here's a never-seen nephew, kind in distress; this gives me more cause of admiration than the loss of thirty-five settings together at passage. I, when 'tis perform'd—but words and deeds are now more different than puritans and players.

Enter ATLAS.

Atlas. Here's the Player would speak with you.

Haddit. About [5] the jig I promised him.—My pen and ink! I pr'ythee let him in, there may be some cash rhim'd out of him.

[5] *the jig*] See Note 35 to *Edward* II. vol. II.

Enter PLAYER.

Player. The muses assist you, sir: what, at your study so early?

Haddit. O chiefly now, sir; for *Aurora Musis amica.*

Player. Indeed, I understand not Latin, sir.

Haddit. You must then pardon me, good Mr. Change-coat; for I protest unto you, it is so much my often converse, that if there be none but women in my company, yet cannot I forbear it.

Player. That shews your more learning, sir; but, I pray you, is that small matter done I entreated for?

Haddit. A small matter! you'll find it worth Meg of Westminster,* altho' it be but a bare jig.

Player. O lord, sir, I would it had but half the taste of garlick. †

Haddit. Garlick stinks to this; if it prove that you have not more whores than e'er garlick had, say I am

* A play called "Long Mege of Westmister," according to Henslowe, was performed at Newington by the Lord Admiral's and Lord Chamberlain's men, the 14th February, 1594; and a ballad on the same subject was entered on the Stationers books in the same year. Meg of Westminster is mentioned in *The Roaring Girl.* O. G.

The play of *Long Meg* is mentioned in Field's Amends for Ladies, 1618, with another called *The Ship*, as being played at the Fortune Theatre: Feesimple says, "Faith, I have a great mind to see "*Long-Meg and the Ship* at the Fortune," which would seem to shew in opposition to Mr. Malone's opinion, (See Malone's Sh. by Bosw. III. 304), that more than one piece was played on the same occasion. Long Meg of Westminster's "pranks" were detailed in a tract published in 1635, and reprinted in the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.* The introduction contains some further notices of this conspicuous damsel. C.

† Perhaps this was the title of some play or ballad that was very successful, though it is not easy to explain the allusion. Dekkar, in his "*If it be not good, the Devil is in it,*" seems to refer to the same piece to nearly the same purpose: Scumbroth observes, "No, no, if Fortune favoured me, I should be full; but Fortune "favours nobody but Garlick, nor Garlick neither now, yet she hath "strong reason to love it; for, though Garlick made her smell "abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and "stunk worse but for Garlick." It may be, that such a play was produced at the Fortune Theatre, and met with general approbation. C.

a boaster of my own works; disgrace me on the open stage, and bob me off with ne'er a penny.

Player. O lord, sir, far be it from us to debar any worthy writer of his merit: but I pray you, sir, what is the title you bestow upon it?

Haddit. Marry, that which is full as forcible as garlick, the name of it is, Who buys my four ropes of hard onions? by which four ropes is meant, four several kind of livers; by the onions, hangers-on; as at some convenient time I will more particularly inform you in so rare a hidden and obscure mystery.

Player. I pray let me see the beginning of it. I hope you have made no dark sentence in't; for, I'll assure you, our audience commonly are very simple, idle-headed people, and, if they should hear what they understand not, they would quite forsake our house.

Haddit. O ne'er fear it, for what I have writ is both witty to the wise, and pleasing to the ignorant: for you shall have those laugh at it far more heartily that understand it not, than those that do.

Player. Methinks the end of this stave is a foot too long.

Haddit. O no, sing it but in tune, and I dare warrant you.

Player. Why hear ye. [*He sings.*

And you that delight in trulls and minions,
Come buy my four ropes of hard S. Thomas's onions.

Look ye there, *S. Thomas* might very well have been left out; besides, *hard* should have come next the *onions.*

Haddit. Fie, no; the dismembering of a rhime to bring in reason shews the more efficacy in the writer.

Player. Well, as you please; I pray you, sir, what will the gratuity be? I would content you as near hand as I could.

Haddit. So I believe. [*Aside.*] Why, Mr. Change-coat, I do not suppose we shall differ many pounds; pray make your offer, if you give me too much, I will, most doctor of physick like, restore.

Player. You say well; look you, sir, there's a brace of angels, besides much drink of free-cost, if it be lik'd.

Haddit. How, Mr. Change-coat! a brace of angels, besides much drink of free-cost if it be lik'd! I fear you have learn'd it by heart; if you have powder'd up my plot in your sconce, you may home sir, and instruct your poet over a pot of ale the whole method on't. But if you do so juggle, look to't. Shrove-Tuesday [6] is at hand, and I have some acquaintance with bricklayers and plaisterers.

Player. Nay, I pray, sir, be not angry; for as I am a true stage-trotter, I mean honestly; and look ye, more for your love than otherwise, I give you a brace more.

Haddit. Well, good words do much; I cannot now be angry with you, but see henceforward you do like him that would please a new-married wife, shew your most at first, lest some other come between you and your desires; for I protest, had you not suddenly shewn your good-nature, another should have had it, though it had been for nothing.

Player. Troth I'm sorry I gave you such cause of impatiency; but you shall see hereafter, if your invention take, I will not stand off for a brace more or less, desiring I may see your works before another.

Haddit. Nay, before all others; and shortly expect a notable piece of matter, such a jig whose tune, with the natural whistle of a carman, shall be more ravishing to the ears of shopkeepers than a whole concert of barbers at midnight.

Player. I am your man for't; I pray you command all the kindness belongs to my function, as a box for your friend at a new play, although I procure the hate of all my company.

[6] *Shrove-Tuesday is at hand*] Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices and working people, as appears by several contemporary writers. So, in Dekkar's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, p. 35. "they presently (like prentises upon *Shrove-Tuesday*) take "the lawe into their owne handes, and doe what they list."

Haddit. No, I'll pay for it rather; that may breed a mutiny in your whole house.

Player. I care not, I ha' play'd a king's part any time these ten years; and if I cannot command such a matter, 'twere poor, 'faith.

Haddit. Well, master Change-coat, you shall now leave me, for I'll to my study; the morning hours are precious, and my Muse meditates most upon an empty stomach.

Player. I pray, sir, when this new invention is produced, let me not be forgotten.

Haddit. I'll sooner forget to be a jig-maker. [*Exit Player.*] So, here's four angels I little dreamt of. Nay, and there be money to be gotten by foolery, I hope fortune will not see me want. Atlas, Atlas!

Enter ATLAS.

What, was my country cuz here since?

Atlas. Why, did he promise to come again, seeing how the case stood w'ye?

Haddit. Yea, and to advance my down-fallen fortunes, Atlas.

Atlas. But ye are not sure he meant it you, when he spake it.

Haddit. No, nor is it in man to conjecture rightly the thought by the tongue.

Atlas. Why then, I'll believe it when I see it. If you had been in prosperity when he had promised you this kindness—

Haddit. I had not needed it.

Atlas. But being now you do, I fear you must go without it.

Haddit. If I do, Atlas, be it so; I'll e'en go write this rhime over my bed's head:

Undone by folly; fortune, lend me more.
Canst thou, and wilt not? pox on such a whore!

[7] and so I'll set up my rest. But see, Atlas, here's a little

[7] *and so I'll set up my rest*] See Note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. X.

of that that damns lawyers; take it in part of a farther recompence.

Atlas. No, pray keep it; I am conceited of your better fortunes, and therefore will stay out that expectation.

Haddit. Why, if you will, you may; but the surmounting of my fortunes is as much to be doubted, as he, whose estate lies in the lottery, desperate.

Atlas. But ne'er despair. 'Sfoot, why should not you live as well as a thousand others, that wear change of taffety, whose means were never any thing?

Haddit. Yes, cheating, theft, and pandarising, or may be flattery: I have maintained some of them myself. But come, hast aught to breakfast?

Atlas. Yes, there's the fag-end of a leg of mutton.

Haddit. There cannot be a sweeter dish; it has cost money the dressing.

Atlas. At the barber's, you mean. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALBERT *solus.*

Albert. This is the green, and this the chamber-window;
And see, the appointed light stands in the casement,
The ladder of ropes set orderly; yet he
That should ascend, slow in his haste, is not
As yet come hither.
Wer't any friend that lives, but Carracus,
I'd try the bliss which this fine time presents.
Appoint to carry hence so rare an heir,
And be so slack! 'sfoot, it doth move my patience.
Would any man, that is not void of sense,
Not have watcht night by night for such a prize?
Her beauty's so attractive, that by heav'n,
My heart half grants to do my friend a wrong.
Forego these thoughts; for* Albert, be not slave
To thy affection; do not falsify
Thy faith to him, whose only friendship's worth
A world of women. He is such a one,
Thou canst not live without his good,

* The omission of the preposition by Mr. Reed spoiled the metre of the line. C.

He is and was ever as thine own heart's blood.
[*Maria beckons him in the window.*
'Sfoot, see she beckons me, for Carracus:
Shall my base purity, cause me neglect
This present happiness? I will obtain it,
Spite of my timorous conscience. I am in person,
Habit, and all, so like to Carracus,
It may be acted, and ne'er call'd in question.
Maria calls. Hist! Carracus, ascend:
All is as clear as in our hearts we wish'd.
Albert. Nay, if I go not now, I might be gelded,
i'faith!
ALBERT *ascends; and, being on the top of the ladder, puts out the candle.*
Maria. O love, why do you so?
Albert. I heard the steps of some coming this way.
Did you not hear Albert pass by as yet?
Maria. Nor any creature pass this way this hour.
Albert. Then he intends, just at the break of day,
To lend his trusty help to our departure.
'Tis yet two hours time thither, till when, let's rest,
For that our speedy flight will not yield any.
Maria. But I fear,
We possessing of each other's presence,
Shall overslip the time. Will your friend call?
Albert. Just at the instant, fear not of his care.
Maria. Come then, dear Carracus, thou now shalt rest
Upon that bed, where fancy oft hath thought thee;
Which kindness until now I ne'er did grant thee,
Nor would I now, but that thy loyal faith
I have so often try'd; even now,
Seeing thee come to that most honour'd end,
Through all the dangers which black night presents,
For to convey me hence and marry me.
Albert. If I do not do so, then hate me ever.
Maria. I do believe thee, and will hate thee never.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARRACUS.

How pleasing are the steps we lovers make,

When in the paths of our content we pace,
To meet our longings! What happiness it is
For man to love! But oh, what greater bliss
To love, and be belov'd! O what one virtue
E'er reign'd in me, that I should be inrich'd
With all earth's good at once! I have a friend,
Selected by the heavens as a gift
To make me happy, whilst I live on earth;
A man so rare of goodness, firm of faith,
That earth's content must vanish in his death.
Then for my love, and mistress of my soul,
A maid of rich endowments, [8] beautify'd
With all the virtues nature could bestow
Upon mortality, who this happy night
Will make me gainer of her heav'nly self.
And see how suddenly I have attain'd
To the abode of my desired wishes!
This is the green; how dark the night appears!
I cannot hear the tread of my true friend.
Albert! hist, Albert!—he's not come as yet,
Nor is th' appointed light set in the window.
What if I call Maria? it may be
She fear'd to set a light, and only heark'neth
To hear my steps; and yet I dare not call,
Lest I betray myself, and that my voice,
Thinking to enter in the ears of her,
Be of some other heard: no, I will stay
Until the coming of my dear friend Albert.
But now think, Carracus, what the end will be
Of this thou dost determine: thou art come
Hither to rob a father of that wealth,
That solely lengthens his now drooping years,
His virtuous daughter, and all of that sex left,
To make him happy in his aged days:
The loss of her may cause him to despair,
Transport his near-decaying sense to frenzy,

[8] *beautify'd*] So *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2. To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most *beautified* Ophelia. See the Notes of Mr. Theobald, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Steevens, thereon.

Or to some such abhorred inconveniency,
Whereto frail age is subject. I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a father's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobediency.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affections, and controul that love,
Which the high powers divine inspire them with,
When in their shallowest judgments they may know,
Affection crost brings misery and woe.
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired bliss.
I'll go into the next field, where my friend
Told me the horses were in readiness. [*Exit.*

ALBERT *descending from* MARIA.

Maria. But do not stay. What, if you find not Albert?

Albert. I'll then return alone to fetch you hence.

Maria. If you should now deceive me, having gain'd
What you men seek for—

Albert. Sooner I'll deceive my soul—and so I fear I have. [*Aside.*

Maria. At your first call, I will descend.

Albert. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge
Of Carracus' constant true devoted love.

Maria. Be sure you stay not long; farewel;
I cannot lend an ear to hear you part. [*Exit Maria.*

Albert. But you did lend a hand unto my entrance.
[*He descends.*
How have I wrong'd my friend, my faithful friend!
Robb'd him of what's more precious than his blood,
His earthly heaven, the unspotted honour
Of his soul-joying mistress! the fruition of whose bed
I yet am warm of; whilst dear Carracus
Wanders this cold night through th'unshelt'ring field,
Seeking me, treacherous man; yet no man neither,
Though in an outward shew of such appearance,
But am a devil indeed, for so this deed

Of wronged love and friendship rightly makes me.
I may compare my friend to one that's sick,
Who, lying on his death-bed, calls to him
His dearest-thought friend, and bids him go
To some rare gifted man, that can restore
His former health: this his friend sadly hears,
And vows with protestations to fulfill
His wish'd desires, with his best performance;
But then no sooner seeing that the death
Of his sick friend would add to him some gain,
Goes not to seek a remedy to save,
But like a wretch hides him to dig his grave;
As I have done for virtuous Carracus.
Yet, Albert, be not reasonless, to indanger
What thou may'st yet secure; who can detect
The crime of thy licentious appetite?—
I hear one's pace, 'tis surely Carracus.

Enter CARRACUS.

Carracus. Not find my friend! sure some malignant planet
Rules o'er this night, and, envying the content
Which I in thought possess, debars me thus
From what is more than happy, the lov'd presence
Of a dear friend and love.

Albert. 'Tis wronged Carracus by Albert's baseness:
I have no power now to reveal myself.

Carracus. The horses stand at the appointed place,
And night's dark coverture makes firm our safety.
My friend is surely fall'n into a slumber
On some bank hereabouts; I will call him.
Friend, Albert, Albert.

Albert. Whate'er you are that call, you know my name.

Carracus. I, and thy heart, dear friend.

Albert. O Carracus, you are a slow-pac'd lover!
Your credit had been touch'd, had I not been.

Carracus. As how, I pr'ythee, Albert?

Albert. Why, I excus'd you to the fair Maria;

Who would have thought you else a slack performer.
For coming first under her chamber window,
She heard me tread, and call'd upon your name;
To which I answer'd, with a tongue like yours;
And told her, I would go to seek for Albert,
And straight return.

Carracus. Whom I have found; thanks to thy faith, and heav'n.

But had not she a light when you came first?

Albert. Yes, but hearing of some company,
She at my warning was forc'd to put it out.
And had I been so too, you and I too
Had still been happy. [*Aside.*

Carracus. See, we are now come to the chamber window.

Albert. Then you must call, for so I said I would.

Carracus. Maria.

Maria. My Carracus, are you so soon return'd?
I see you'll keep your promise

Carracus. Who would not do so, having past it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but treachery:
Fairest, descend, that, by our hence departing,
We may make firm the bliss of our content.

Maria. Is your friend Albert with you?

Albert. Yes, and your servant, honoured lady.

Maria. Hold me from falling, Carracus.
[*She descends.*

Carracus. I will do now so; but not at other times.

Maria. You are merry, sir:
But what d' y' intend with this your scaling ladder,
To leave it thus, or put it forth of sight?

Carracus. Faith, 'tis no great matter which:
Yet we will take it hence, that it may breed
Many confus'd opinions in the house
Of your escape. Here, Albert, you shall bear it;
It may be you may chance to practise that way;
Which when you do, may your attempts so prove
As mine have done, most fortunate in love.

Albert. May you continue ever so!

But it's time now to make some haste to horse;
Night soon will vanish.—O that it had power
For ever to exclude day from our eyes,
For my looks then will shew my villainy. [*Aside.*

Carracus. Come, fair Maria, the troubles of this night
Are as forerunners, to ensuing pleasures.
And, noble friend, although now Carracus
Seems, in the gaining of this beauteous prize,
To keep from you so much of his lov'd treasure,
Which ought not to be mixed; yet his heart
Shall so far strive in your wish'd happiness,
That if the loss and ruin of itself
Can but avail your good—

Albert. O friend, no more; come, you are slow in haste;
Friendship ought never be discuss'd in words,
Till all her deeds be finish'd: who, looking in a book,
And reads but some part of it only, cannot judge
What praise the whole deserves, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part—As thine, friend, is
Ignorant of that black mischief I have done thee.
[*Aside.*

Maria. Carracus, I am weary, are the horses far?

Carracus. No, fairest, we are now even at them:
Come, do you follow, Albert?

Albert. Yes, I do follow; would I had done so ever,
And ne'er had gone before. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter HOG *the usurer; with* PETER SERVITUDE, *trussing his points.*

Hog. What, hath not my young lord Wealthy been here this morning?

Peter Servitude. No, in very deed, sir; he is a towardly young gentleman; shall he have my young mistress, your daughter, I pray you, sir?

Hog. I, that he shall, Peter; she cannot be matched

to greater honour and riches in all this country: yet the peevish girl makes coy of it, she had rather affect a prodigal; as there was Haddit, one that by this time cannot be otherwise than hang'd, or in some worse estate; yet she would have had him: but I praise my stars she went without him, though I did not without his lands. 'Twas a rare mortgage, Peter.

Peter Servitude. As e'er came in parchment: but see, here comes my young lord.

Enter young LORD WEALTHY.

Young Lord Wealthy. 'Morrow, father Hog; I come to tell you strange news; my sister is stol'n away to night, 'tis thought by Nigromancy. What Nigromancy is, I leave to the readers of the [9] Seven Champions of Christendom.

Hog. But is it possible your sister should be stolen? sure some of the houshold servants were confederates in't.

Young Lord Wealthy. Faith, I think they would have confest, then; for I am sure, my lord and father hath put them all to the bastinado twice this morning already: not a waiting-woman, but has been stowed, i'faith.

Peter Servitude. Trust me, he says well for the most part.

Hog. Then, my lord, your father is far impatient.

Young Lord Wealthy. Impatient! I ha' seen the picture of Hector*, in a haberdasher's shop, not look half so furious; he appears more terrible than wild-fire

[9] *Seven Champions of Christendom*] A very popular Book, which is still often reprinted.

* An allusion possibly, though it must be confessed an obscure one, to the Sign called *The Saracen's Head.* N.

I cannot discover that the head of *Hector* is any way typical of the *Saracen's Head.* Hector is one of the seven worthies. He appears as such in *Love's Labour Lost.* Nothing was once more common than the portraits of these heroes; and therefore they might have found their way occasionally into shops which we know to have been anciently decorated with pictures, for the amusement of some customers whilst others were served. Of the Seven Worthies, the Ten Sibyls, and the Twelve Cæsars, I have seen many complete sets in old halls and on old staircases. S.

at a play. But, father Hog, when is the time your daughter and I shall to this wedlock-drudgery?

Hog. Troth, my lord, when you please; she's at your disposure, and I rest much thankful that your lordship will so highly honour me. She shall have a good portion, my lord, though nothing in respect of your large revenues. Call her in, Peter; tell her, my most respected lord Wealthy is here, to whose presence I will now commit her; [*Exit Peter.*] and I pray you, my lord, prosecute the gain of her affection with the best affecting words you may, and so I bid good-morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Hog.*

Young Lord Wealthy. Morrow*, father Hog. To prosecute the gain of her affection with the best-affecting words; as I am a lord, a most rare phrase! well I perceive age is not altogether ignorant, though many an old Justice is so.

Enter PETER SERVITUDE.

How now, Peter, is thy young mistress up yet?

Peter Servitude. Yes, indeed, she's an early stirrer; and I doubt not hereafter, but that your lordship may say, she's abroad before you can rise.

Young Lord Wealthy. Faith, and so she may, for 'tis long ere I can get up when I go fox'd to bed. But, Peter, has she no other suitors besides myself?

Peter Servitude. No, and it like your lordship; nor is it fit she should.

Young Lord Wealthy. Not fit she should? I tell thee, Peter, I would give away as much as some knights are worth, and that's not much, only to wipe the noses of some dozen or two of gallants, and to see how pitifully those parcels of men's flesh would look when I had caught the bird, which they had beaten the bush for.

Peter Servitude. Indeed, your lordship's conquest would have seem'd the greater.

Young Lord Wealthy. 'Foot, as I am a lord, it angers me to the guts, that nobody hath been about her.

* The quarto reads *Moreover:* the alteration was made by Mr. Red. C.

Peter Servitude. For any thing I know, your lordship may go without her.

Young Lord Wealthy. An' I could have enjoy'd her to some pale-faced lover's distraction, or been envied for my happiness, it had been somewhat.

Enter REBECCA, *Hog's Daughter.*

But see where she comes! I knew she had not power enough to stay another sending for. O lords! what are we? our names enforce beauty to fly, being sent for. [*Aside.*] Morrow, pretty Beck: how dost?

Rebecca. I rather should enquire your lordship's health; seeing you up at such an early hour. Was it the tooth-ache, or else fleas disturb'd you?

Young Lord Wealthy. Do you think I am subject to such common infirmities? Nay, were I diseas'd, I'd scorn but to be diseas'd like a lord, i'faith. But I can tell you news, your fellow [10] virgin-hole player, my sister, is stolen away to-night.

Rebecca. In truth, I am glad on't; she is now free from the jealous eye of a father. Do not ye suspect, my lord, who it should be that has carried her away?

Young Lord Wealthy. No, nor care not; as she brews, so let her bake; so say'd the antient proverb. But lady mine, that shall be, your father hath [11] wish'd me to appoint the day with you.

Rebecca. What day, my lord?

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, of marriage; or as the [12] learned historiographer writes, Hymen's holidays, or nuptial ceremonious rites.

Rebecca. Why, when would you appoint that, my lord?

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, let me see, I think the

[10] *virgin-hole player*] A designed play on the word *virginal*, a spinnet. S.

[11] *wish'd me*] Desired or recommended. See Note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[12] *the learned historiographer*] This was Samuel Daniel, who was an historian as well as a poet. The work above alluded to is probably *Hymen's Triumph;* a Pastoral Tragi-comedy, acted at the Queen's Court in the Strand, at the nuptials of Lord Roxborough.

tailor may dispatch all our vestures in a week: therefore, it shall be directly this day se'ennight.

Peter Servitude. God give you joy!

Rebecca. Of what, I pray, you impudence? This fellow will go near to take his oath that he hath seen us plight faiths together; my father keeps him for no other cause, than to outswear the truth. My lord, not to hold you any longer in a fool's paradise, nor to blind you with the hopes I never intend to accomplish, know, I neither do, can, or will love you.

Young Lord Wealthy. How! not love a lord? O indiscreet young woman! Indeed your father told me how unripe I should find you: but all's one, unripe fruit will ask more shaking before they fall, than those that are, and my conquest will seem the greater still.

Peter Servitude. Afore God, he is a most unanswerable lord, and holds her to't, i'faith.

Young Lord Wealthy. Nay, you could not have pleas'd me better, than seeing you so invincible, and of such difficult attaining to. I would not give a pin for the society of a female that should seem willing: but give me a wench that hath disdainful looks;

For 'tis denial whets an appetite,
When proffer'd service doth allay delight.

Rebecca. The fool's well read in vice.—My lord, I hope you hereafter will no farther insinuate in the course of your affections; and, for the better withdrawing from them, you may please to know, I have irrevocably decreed never to marry.

Young Lord Wealthy. Never to marry! Peter, I pray bear witness of her words that when I have attain'd her it may add to my fame and conquest.

Rebecca. Yes, indeed, an't like your lordship.

Young Lord Wealthy. Nay, ye must think Beck, I know how to woo; ye shall find no bashful university-man of me.

Rebecca. Indeed, I think y'ad ne'er that bringing up. Did you ever study, my lord?

Young Lord Wealthy. Yes, faith, that I have, and, the last week too, three days and a night together.

Rebecca. About what, I pray?

Young Lord Wealthy. Only to find out, why a woman going on the right side of her husband in the daytime should lie on his left side at night; and, as I am a lord, I never knew the meaning on't till yesterday. Mallapert, my father's butler, being a witty jackanapes, told me why it was.

Rebecca. By'r lady, my lord, 'twas a shrewd study, and I fear hath altered the property of your good parts; for, I'll assure you, I lov'd you a fortnight ago far better.

Young Lord Wealthy. Nay, 'tis all one whether you do or no, 'tis but a little more trouble to bring you about again; and no question but a man may do't, I am he. 'Tis true, as your father said, the black ox hath not trod upon that foot of yours.

Rebecca. No, but the white calf hath; and so I leave your lordship. [*Exit Rebecca.*

Young Lord Wealthy. Well, go thy ways, th'art as witty a marmalade-eater as ever I conversed with. Now, as I am a lord, I love her better and better; I'll home and poetise upon her good parts presently. Peter, here's a preparative to my farther applications; and, Peter, be circumspect in giving me diligent notice what suitors seem to be peeping.

Peter Servitude. I'll warrant you, my lord, she's your own; for I'll give out to all that come near her, that she is betrothed to you; and if the worst come to the worst, I'll swear it.

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, godamercy; and if ever
I do gain my request,
Thou shalt in braver clothes be shortly drest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lord WEALTHY, *solus.*

Have the fates then conspir'd, and quite bereft
My drooping years of all the blest content
That age partakes of, by the sweet aspect
Of their well-nurtur'd issue; whose obedience,
Discreet and duteous 'haviour, only lengthens
The thread of age; when on the contrary,
By rude demeanour and their headstrong wills,

That thread's soon ravel'd out. O why, Maria,
Couldst thou abandon me now at this time,
When my gray head's declining to the grave?
Could any masculine flatterer on earth
So far bewitch thee, to forget thyself,
As now to leave me? did nature solely give thee me,
As my chief inestimable treasure,
Whereby my age might pass in quiet to rest;
And art thou prov'd to be the only curse,
Which heav'n could throw upon mortality?
Yet I'll not curse thee, though I fear the fates
Will on thy head inflict some punishment,
Which I will daily pray they may with-hold.
Although thy disobediency deserves
Extreamest rigour, yet I wish to thee
Content in love, full of tranquillity.

Enter young LORD WEALTHY.

But see where stands my shame, whose indiscretion
Doth seem to bury all the living honours
Of all our ancestors; but 'tis the fates decree,
That men might know their weak mortality.

Young Lord Wealthy. Sir, I cannot find my sister.

Old Lord Wealthy. I know thou canst not: 'twere too rare to see
Wisdom found out by ignorance.

Young Lord Wealthy. How, father! is it not possible that wisdom should be found out by ignorance? I pray, then, how do many magnificoes come by it?

Old Lord Wealthy. They buy it, son, as you had need to do.
Yet wealth without that may live more content,
Than wit's enjoyers can debarr'd of wealth.
All pray for wealth, but I ne'er heard yet
Of any but one, that e'er pray'd for wit.
He's counted wise enough in these vain times,
That hath but means enough to wear gay cloaths,
And be an outside of humanity. What matters it a pin,
How indiscreet soe'er a natural be,
So that his wealth be great? that's it doth cause

Wisdom in these days to give fools applause.
And when gay folly speaks, how vain soe'er,
Wisdom must silent sit, and speech forbear.

Young Lord Wealthy. Then wisdom must sit as mute as learning among many courtiers. But, father, I partly suspect that Carracus hath got my sister.

Old Lord Wealthy. With child, I fear, ere this.

Young Lord Wealthy. By'r lady, and that may be true. But, whether he has or no, it's all one: if you please, I'll take her from under his nose, in spite on's teeth, and ask him no leave.

Old Lord Wealthy. That were too headstrong, son;
We'll rather leave them to the will of heaven,
To fall or prosper; and tho' young Carracus
Be but a gentleman of small revenues,
Yet he deserves my daughter for his virtues:
And, had I thought she could not be withdrawn
From th' affecting of him, I had, ere this,
Made them both happy by my free consent;
Which now I wish I had granted, and still pray,
If any have her, it may be Carracus.

Young Lord Wealthy. Troth, and I wish so too; for, in my mind, he's a gentleman of a good house, and speaks true Latin.

Old Lord Wealthy. To-morrow, son, you shall ride to his house,
And there inquire of your sister's being.
But, as you tender me and your own good,
Use no rough language savouring of distaste,
Or any uncivil terms.

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, do you take me for a midwife?

Old Lord Wealthy. But tell young Carracus these words from me,
That if he hath, with safeguard of her honour,
Espous'd my daughter, that I then forgive
His rash offence, and will accept of him
In all the fatherly love I owe a child.

Young Lord Wealthy. I am sure my sister will be

glad to hear it, and I cannot blame her; for she'll then enjoy that with quietness, which many a wench in these days does scratch for.

Old Lord Wealthy. Come, son, I'll write
To Carfacus, that my own hand may witness
How much I stand affected to his worth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT, *in his gay apparel, making him ready, and with him* LIGHTFOOT.

Haddit. By this light, cuz, this suit does rarely! the tailor that made it may hap to be saved, an't be but for his good works: I think I shall be proud of 'em, and so I was never yet of any cloaths.

Lightfoot. How! not of your cloaths? why then you were never proud of any thing, for therein chiefly consisteth pride; for you never saw pride pictured but in gay attire.

Haddit. True; but, in my opinion, pride might as well be pourtrayed in any other shape, as to seem to be an affector of gallantry, being the causes thereof are so several and divers. As some are proud of their strength, altho' that pride cost them the loss of a limb or two, by over-daring: likewise some are proud of their humour, altho' in that humour they be often knock'd for being so; some are proud of their drink, altho' that liquid operation cause them to wear a night-cap three weeks after: some are proud of their good parts, altho' they never put them to better uses than the enjoying of a common strumpet's company, and are only made proud by the favour of a waiting-woman: others are proud—

Lightfoot. Nay, I pr'ythee, cuz, enough of pride; but when do you intend to go yonder to Covetousness the usurer, that we may see how near your plot will take, for the releasing of your mortgaged lands?

Haddit. Why now presently; and, if I do not accomplish my projects to a wish'd end, I wish my fortunes may be like some scraping tradesman, that never embraceth true pleasure till he be threescore and ten.

Lightfoot. But say, Hog's daughter, on whom all your hopes depend, by this be betroth'd to some other.

Haddit. Why, say she were; nay more, married to another, I would be ne'er the farther from effecting my intents. No, cuz, I partly know her inward disposition; and, did I but only know her to be womankind, I think it were sufficient.

Lightfoot. Sufficient, for what?

Haddit. Why to obtain a grant of the best thing she had, chastity. Man, 'tis not here as 'tis with you in the country, not to be had without father's and mother's good-will; no, the city is a place of more traffick, where each one learns by example of their elders, to make the most of their own, either for profit or pleasure.

Lightfoot. 'Tis but your misbelieving thoughts make you surmise so: if women were so kind, how haps you had not by their favours kept yourself out of the claws of poverty?

Haddit. O but cuz, can a ship sail without water? had I had but such a suit as this, to set myself afloat, I would not have fear'd sinking. But come, no more of need; now to the usurer: and tho'

All hopes do fail, a man can want no living,
So long as sweet desire reigns in women.

Lightfoot. But then yourself must able be in giving.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALBERT, *solus.*

Conscience, thou horror unto wicked men,
When wilt thou cease thy all-afflicting wrath,*
And set my soul free from the labyrinth
Of thy tormenting terror? O, but it fits not!
Should I desire redress, or wish for comfort,
That have committed an act so inhuman,
Able to fill shame's spacious chronicle?
Who, but a damn'd one, could have done like me?
Robb'd my dear friend in a short moment's time,
Of his love's high-priz'd gem of chastity:
That which so many years himself hath staid for?
How often hath he, as he lay in bed,

* The quarto has it "all-*afflicted* wrath." C.

Sweetly discours'd to me of his Maria?
And with what pleasing passions did he suffer
Love's gentle war-siege? Then he would relate
How he first came unto her fair eyes view;
How long it was ere she could brook affection;
And then how constant she did still abide.
I then, at this, would joy, as if my breast
Had sympathiz'd in equal happiness
With my true friend: but now, when joy should be,
Who, but a damn'd one, would have done like me?
He hath been married now, at least, a month;
In all which time I have not once beheld him.
This is his house;
I'll call to know his health, but will not see him,
My looks would then betray me; for, should he ask
My cause of seeming sadness, or the like,
I could not but reveal, and so pour on
Worse unto ill, which breeds confusion. [*He knocks.*

Enter SERVING-MAN.

Serving-man. To what intent d'ye knock, sir?

Albert. Because I would be heard, sir: is the master of this house within?

Serving-man. Yes, marry is he, sir: would you speak with him?

Albert. My business is not so troublesome:
Is he in health, with his late espoused wife?

Serving-man. Both are exceeding well, sir.

Albert. I'm truly glad on't: farewel, good friend.

Serving-man. I pray you, let's crave your name, sir; may else have anger.

Albert. You may say, one Albert, riding by this way, only inquir'd their health.

Serving-man. I will acquaint so much.

[*Exit Serving-man.*

Albert. How like a poisonous doctor have I come,
To inquire their welfare knowing that myself
Have given the potion* of their ne'er recovery;
For which I will afflict myself with torture ever.
And, since the earth yields not a remedy

* The old copy has it *portion* which is most likely wrong. C.

Able to salve the sores my lust hath made,
I'll now take farewel of society,
And th' abode of men, to entertain a life
Fitting my fellowship, in desert woods,
Where beasts like me consort; there may I live,
Far off from wronging virtuous Carracus.
There's no Maria, that shall satisfy
My hateful lust: the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, upon whose barks
I will engrave the story of my sin.
And there this short breath of mortality
I'll finish up in that repentant state,
Where not th' allurements of earth's vanities
Can e'er o'ertake me: there's no baits for lust,
No friend to ruin; I shall then be free
From practising the art of treachery:
Thither then, steps, where such content abides,
Where penitency not disturb'd may grieve,
Where on each tree, and springing plant, I'll carve
This heavy motto of my misery,
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?
Carracus, farewel, if e'er thou seest me more,
Shalt find me curing of a soul-sick sore. [*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter CARRACUS, *driving his man before him.*

Carracus. Why, thou base villain! was my dearest friend here, and could'st not make him stay?

Servant. 'Sfoot, sir, I could not force him against his will: an' he had been a woman—

Carracus. Hence, thou untutor'd slave!

[*Exit Servant.*

But could'st thou, Albert, come so near my door,
And not vouchsafe the comfort of thy presence?
Hath my good fortune caus'd thee to repine?
And, seeing my state so full replete with good,
Canst thou withdraw thy love, to lessen it?
What could so move thee? was't because I married?

Did'st thou imagine I infring'd my faith,
For that a woman did participate
In equal share with thee? cannot my friendship
Be firm to thee, because 'tis dear to her?
Yet no more dear to her than firm to thee.
Believe me, Albert, thou do'st little think
How much thy absence gives cause of discontent.
But I'll impute it only to neglect:
It is neglect, indeed, when friends neglect
The sight of friends, and say 'tis troublesome.
Only ask how they do, and so farewel;
Showing an outward kind of seeming duty,
Which in the rules of manhood is observ'd,
And think full well they have perform'd their task,
When of their friend's health they do only ask;
Not caring how they are, or how distrest,
It is enough they have their loves exprest
In bare inquiry; and, in these times too,
Friendship's so cold, that few so much will do.
And am not I beholden then to Albert?
He, after knowledge of our being well,
Said he was truly glad on't: O rare friend!
If he be unkind, how many more may mend?
But whither am I carried by unkindness?
Why should not I as well set light by friendship,
Since I have seen a man, whom I late thought
Had been compos'd of nothing but of faith,
Prove so regardless of his friend's content?

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Come, Carracus, I have sought you all about:
Your servant told me your were much disquieted
Pr'ythee, love, be not so; come, walk in;
I'll charm thee with my lute from forth disturbance.

Carracus. I am not angry, sweet; tho' if I were,
Thy bright aspect would soon allay my rage.
But, my Maria, it doth something move me,
That our friend Albert so forgets himself.

Maria. It may be, 'tis nothing else; and there's no doubt
He'll soon remember his accustom'd friendship.

He thinks, as yet, peradventure, that his presence
Will but offend, for that our marriage rites
Are but so newly past.

Carracus. I will surmise so too, and only think
Some serious business hinders Albert's presence.
But what ring's that, Maria, on your finger?

Maria. 'Tis one you lost, love, when I did bestow
A jewel of far greater worth on you.

Carracus. At what time, fairest?

Maria. As if you knew not; why d'ye make't so strange?

Carracus. You are dispos'd to riddle; pray let's see't.
I partly know it: where was't you found it?

Maria. Why in my chamber, that most gladsome night
When you enrich'd your love by my escape.

Carracus. How! in your chamber?

Maria. Sure, Carracus, I will be angry with you,
If you seem so forgetful. I took it up
Then when you left my lodge, and went away,
Glad of your conquest, for to seek your friend,
Why stand you so amaz'd, sir? I hope that kindness,
Which then you reap'd, doth not prevail
So in your thoughts, as that you think me light.

Carracus. O think thyself, Maria, what thou art!
This is the ring of Albert, treacherous man!
He that enjoy'd thy virgin chastity.
I never did ascend into thy chamber.
But all that cold night, thro' the frozen field,
Went seeking of that wretch, who ne'er sought me;
But found what his lust sought for, dearest thee.

Maria. I have heard enough, my Carracus, to bereave me of this little breath. [*She swoons.*

Carracus. All breath be first extinguished:—within there, ho!

Enter NURSE *and* SERVANTS.

O nurse! see here, Maria says she'll die.

Nurse. Marry, God forbid! oh mistress, mistress, mistress! she has breath yet; she's but in a trance: good sir, take comfort, she'll recover by-and-by.

Carracus. No, no, she'll die, nurse, for she said she would, an' she had not said so, 'thad been another matter; but you know, nurse, she ne'er told a lie; I will believe her, for she speaks all truth.

Nurse. His memory begins to fail him. Come, let's bear
This heavy spectacle from forth his presence;
The heavens will lend a hand, I hope, of comfort.

[*Exeunt.*

CARRACUS *manet.*

Carracus. See how they steal away my fair Maria!
But I will follow after her, as far
As Orpheus did to gain his soul's delight;
And Pluto's self shall know, altho' I am not
Skilful in musick, yet I can be mad,
And force my love's enjoyment, in despite
Of hell's black fury. But stay, stay, Carracus.
Where is thy knowledge, and that rational sense,
Which heaven's great architect endued thee with?
All sunk beneath the weight of lumpish nature?
Are our diviner parts no noblier free,
Than to be tortur'd by the weak assailments
Of earth-sprung griefs? Why is man, then, accounted
The head commander of this universe,
Next the Creator, when a little storm
Of nature's fury strait o'erwhelms his judgment?
But mine's no little storm, it is a tempest
So full of raging self-consuming woe,
That nought but ruin follows expectation.
Oh, my Maria, what unheard of sin
Have any of thine ancestors enacted.
That all their shame should be pour'd thus on thee?
Or what incestuous spirit, cruel Albert,
Left hell's vast womb for to enter thee,
And do a mischief of such treachery?

Enter NURSE, *weeping.*

Oh, nurse, how is it with Maria?
If e'er thy tongue did utter pleasing words,
Let it now do so, or hereafter e'er
Be dumb in sorrow.

Nurse. Good sir, take comfort; I am forced to speak
What will not please: your chaste wife, sir, is dead.
Carracus. 'Tis dead, indeed! how did you know
'twas so, nurse?
Nurse. What, sir?
Carracus. That my heart was dead: sure thou hast
serv'd
Dame nature's self, and know'st the inward secrets
Of all our hidden powers: I'll love thee for't;
And, if thou wilt teach me that unknown skill,
Shalt see what wonders Carracus will do:
I'll dive into the breast of hateful Albert,
And see how his black soul is round encompast
By fearful fiends. Oh, I would do strange things!
I'd know to whose cause lawyers will incline,
When they had fees on both sides; view the thoughts
Of forlorn widows, when their knights have left them;
Search thro' the guts of greatness, and behold
What several sin best pleased them: thence I'd de-
scend
Into the bowels of some pocky sir,
And tell to lechers all the pains he felt,
That they thereby might warned be from lust.
Troth, 'twill be rare! I'll study it presently.
Nurse. Alas! he is distracted! what a sin
Am I partaker of, by telling him
So curst an untruth? But 'twas my mistress' will,
Who is recover'd; tho' her griefs never
Can be recover'd. She hath vow'd with tears,
Her own perpetual banishment; therefore to him
Death were not more displeasing, than if I
Had told her lasting absence.
Carracus. I find my brain's too shallow far for study
What need I care for being a 'rithmetician?
Let citizens sons stand, an' they will, for cyphers:
Why should I teach them, and go beat my brains
To instruct unapt and unconceiving dolts;
And, when all's done, my art, that should be fam'd,
Will by gross imitation be but sham'd?
Your judgment, madam.

Nurse. Good sir, walk in; we'll send for learned men
That can allay your frenzy.

Carracus. But can Maria so forget herself,
As to debar us thus of her attendance?

Nurse. She's within, sir, pray you, will you walk to her?

Carracus. Oh, is she so! come then let's softly steal
Into her chamber, if she be asleep
I'll laugh shalt see enough, and thou shalt weep.
Softly, good long-coat, softly, [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIA *in page's apparel.*

Maria. Cease now thy steps, Maria, and look back
Upon that place, where distress'd Carracus
Hath his sad being; from whose virtuous bosom
Shame hath constrained me fly, ne'er to return.
I will go seek some unfrequented path,
Either in desert woods or wilderness,
There to bewail my innocent mishaps,
Which heaven hath justly poured down on me,
In punishing my disobediency.

Enter Young LORD WEALTHY.

Oh, see my brother! [*Exit Maria.*

Young Lord Wealthy. Ho, you! three foot and a half! why page, I say! 'sfoot he is vanish'd as suddenly as [13]a dumb shew. If a lord had lost his way now, so he had been serv'd. But let me see, as I take it, this is the house of Carracus; a very fair building, but it looks as if 'twere dead, I can see no breath come out of the chimnies. But I shall know the state on't by-and-by, by the looks of some serving-man. What ho, within here!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Good sir, you have your arms at liberty? wilt please you to withdraw your action of battery?

Young Lord Wealthy. Yes, indeed, now you have made your appearance. Is thy living-giver within, sir?

Servant. You mean my master, sir?

[13] *a dumb shew*] i. e. one of those *inexplicable dumb shews* ridiculed by *Hamlet*. See Edition of Shakspeare 1778, vol. X. p. 284. S.

Young Lord Wealthy. You have hit it, sir, prais'd be your understanding. I am to have conference with him; would you admit my presence?

Servant. Indeed, sir, he is at this time not in health, and may not be disturb'd.

Young Lord Wealthy. Sir, if he were in the pangs of child-bed, I'd speak with him.

Enter CARRACUS.

Carracus. Upon what cause, gay man?

Young Lord Wealthy. 'Sfoot, I think he be disturb'd indeed, he speaks more commanding than a constable at midnight. Sir, my lord and father, by me a lord, hath sent these lines inclos'd, which shew his whole intent.

Carracus. Let me peruse them; if they do portend
To the State's good, your answer shall be sudden,
Your entertainment friendly; but if otherwise,
Our meanest subject shall divide thy greatness.
You'd best look to't, ambassador.

Young Lord Wealthy. Is your master a statesman, friend?

Servant. Alas! no sir; he understands not what he speaks.

Young Lord Wealthy. I, but when my father dies, I am to be called in for one myself, and I hope to bear the place as gravely as my successors have done before me.

Carracus. Ambassador, I find your master's will
Treats to the good of somewhat, what it is——
You have your answer, and may now depart.

Young Lord Wealthy. I will relate as much, sir, fare ye well.

Carracus. But stay, I had forgotten quite our chief'st affairs:
Your master father writes, some three lines lower,
Of one Maria that is wife to me,
That she and I should travel now with you
Unto his presence.

Young Lord Wealthy. Why now I understand you, sir: that Maria is my sister, by whose conjunction you are created brother to me, a lord.

Carracus. But, brother lord, we cannot go this journey.

Young Lord Wealthy. Alas! no, sir, we mean to it: my sister shall ride upon my nag.

Carracus. Come then, we'll in, and strive to wooe your sister.

I have not seen her, sir, at least these three days.
They keep her in a chamber, and tell me
She's fast asleep still: you and I'll go see.

Young Lord Wealthy. Content, sir.

Servant. Mad-men and fools agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT *and* REBECCA.

Rebecca. When you have got this prize, you mean to lose me.

Haddit. Nay, pr'ythee, do not think so; if I do not marry thee this instant night, may I never enjoy breath a minute after! by heaven I respect not his pelf, thus much, but only that I may have wherewith to maintain thee.

Rebecca. O, but to rob my father, tho' he be bad, the world will think ill of me.

Haddit. Think ill of thee! can the world pity him, that ne'er pity'd any? besides, since there is no end of his goods, nor beginning of his goodness, had not we as good share his dross in his life-time, as let controversy and lawyers devour it at his death?

Rebecca. You have prevail'd; at what hour is't you intend to have entrance into his chamber?

Haddit. Why, just at mid-night; for then our apparition will seem most fearful. You'll make a way that we may ascend up like spirits?

Rebecca. I will; but how many have you made instruments herein?

Haddit. Faith none, but my cousin Lightfoot and a player.

Rebecca. But may you trust the player?

Haddit. Oh, exceeding well; we'll give him a speech

he understands not. But, now I think on't, what's to be done with your father's man, Peter?

Rebecca. Why the least quantity of drink will lay him dead asleep.—But hark, I hear my father coming; soon in the evening I'll convey you in.

Haddit. Till when, let this outward ceremony be a true pledge of our inward affections. [*Exit Rebecca.*] So, this goes better forward than the plantation in [14] Virginia: but see, here comes half the West-Indies, whose rich mines this night I mean to be ransacking.

Enter HOG, LIGHTFOOT, *and* PETER.

Hog. Then you'll seal for this small lordship, you say? To-morrow your money shall be rightly told up for you to a penny.

Lightfoot. I pray let it, and that your man may set contents upon every bag.

Haddit. Indeed by that we may know what we steal without labour, for the telling on't over.—How now, gentlemen, are ye agreed upon the price of this earth and clay?

Hog. Yes, faith, Mr. Haddit, the gentleman your friend here makes me pay sweetly for't; but let it go, I hope to inherit heaven, if it be but for doing gentlemen pleasure.

Hog. Peter!

Peter Servitude. Anon, sir.

Hog. I wonder how Haddit came by that gay suit of cloaths, all his means were consum'd long since.

Peter Servitude. Why, sir, being undone himself, he lives by the undoing, or (by lady) it may be by the doing of others; or peradventure both; a decay'd gallant may live by any thing, if he keep one thing safe.

Hog. Gentlemen, I'll to the scrivener's, to cause these writings to be drawn.

Lightfoot. Pray do, sir, we'll now leave you till the morning.

Hog. Nay, you shall stay dinner, I'll return presently; Peter, some beer here for these worshipful gentlemen. [*Exeunt Hog and Peter.*

[14] *Virginia:*] See Note 20 to *The Roaring Girl.*

Haddit. We shall be bold no doubt; and that, old penny-father, you'll confess by to-morrow morning.

Lightfoot. Then his daughter is certainly thine, and condescends to all thy wishes?

Haddit. And yet you would not once believe it; as if a female's favour could not be obtain'd by any, but he that wears the cap of maintenance;
When 'tis nothing but acquaintance, and a bold spirit,
That may the chiefest prize 'mongst all of them inherit.

Lightfoot. Well, thou hast got one deserves the bringing home with trumpets, and falls to thee as miraculously as the 1000*l.* did to the tailor. Thank your good fortune. But must Hog's man be made drunk?

Haddit. By all means; and thus it shall be effected: when he comes in with beer, do you upon some slight occasion fall out with him, and if you give him a cuff or two, it will give him cause to know you are the more angry; then will I slip in and take up the matter, and striving to make you two friends, we'll make him drunk.

Lightfoot. It's done in conceit already—see where he comes.

Enter PETER.

Peter Servitude. Wilt please you to taste a cup of September beer, gentlemen?

Lightfoot. Pray begin, we'll pledge you, sir.

Peter Servitude. It's out, sir.

Lightfoot. Then my hand is in, sir. [*Lightfoot cuffs him.*] Why goodman Hobby-horse, if we out of our gentility offer'd you to begin, must you out of your rascality needs take it?

Haddit, Why, how now, sirs, what's the matter?

Peter Servitude. The gentleman here falls out with me, upon nothing in the world but mere courtesy.

Haddit. By this light, but he shall not; why, cousin Lightfoot!

Peter Servitude. Is his name Lightfoot? a plague on him, he has a heavy hand.

Enter young LORD WEALTHY.

Young Lord Wealthy. Peace be here; for I came late enough from a madman.

Haddit. My young lord, God save you.

Young Lord Wealthy. And you also: I could speak it in Latin, but [14] the phrase is common.

Haddit. True, my lord, and what's common ought not much to be dealt withal; but I must desire your help, my lord, to end a controversy here, between this gentleman my friend, and honest Peter, who I dare be sworn is as ignorant as your lordship.

Young Lord Wealthy. That I will; but, my masters, thus much I'll say unto you, if so be this quarrel may be taken up peaceably, without the endangering of my own person, well and good, otherwise I will not meddle therewith, for I have been vex'd late enough already.

Haddit. Why then, my lord, if it please you, let me being your inferior, decree the cause between them.

Young Lord Wealthy. I do give leave, or permit.

Haddit. Then thus I will propound a reasonable motion; how many cuffs, Peter, did this gentleman out of his fury make thee partaker of.

Peter Servitude. Three, at the least, sir.

Haddit. All which were bestow'd upon you for beginning first, Peter.

Peter Servitude. Yes, indeed, sir.

Haddit. Why then, hear the sentence of your suffering. You shall both down into master Hog's cellar, Peter; and whereas you began first to him, so shall he there to you; and as he gave you three cuffs, so shall you retort off, in defiance of him, three black jacks, which if he deny to pledge, then the glory is thine, and he accounted by the wise discretion of my lord here, a flincher.

Omnes. A reasonable motion.

Young Lord Wealthy. Why so; this is better than being among mad-men yet.

Haddit. Were you so lately with any, my lord?

Young Lord Wealthy. Yes, faith; I'll tell you all in the cellar, how I was taken for an ambassador; and being no sooner in the house, but the mad-man carries me up into the garret for a spy, and very roundly bad

[14] *the phrase is common.*] Alluding to the use of it in Cooke's *City Gallant*, commonly called Green's *Tu quoque*. See vol. VII.

me untruss; and, had not a courteous serving-man convey'd me away whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience, not respecting my honour, he would have [15] breech'd me.

Haddit. By lady, and 'twas to be fear'd; but come, my lord, we'll hear the rest in the cellar.

And honest Peter, thou that hast been griev'd,
My lord and I will see thee well reliev'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter ALBERT *in the woods.*

How full of sweet content had this life been,
If it had been embraced but before
My burthenous conscience was so fraught with sin!
But now my griefs o'ersway that happiness.
O, that some fetcher or accurs'd betrayer
Of sacred friendship, might but here arrive,
And read the lines repentant on each tree,
That I have carv'd t'express my misery!
My admonitions now would sure convert
The sinfull'st creature; I could tell them now,
How idly vain those humans spend their lives,
That daily grieve, not for offences past,
But to enjoy some wanton's company;
Which when obtain'd what is it, but a blot,
Which their whole life's repentance scarce can clear?
I could now tell to friend-betraying man,
How black a sin is hateful treachery,
How heavy on their wretched souls 'twill sit,
When fearful death will plant his siege but near them,
How heavy and affrighted will their end
Seem to approach them, as if then they knew
The full beginning of their endless woe
Were then appointed; which astonishment,
O blest repentance, keep me Albert from!
And suffer not despair to overwhelm,

[15] *breech'd me.*] i. e. whipp'd me. See Note 48 to *Edward* II. vol. II.

And make a shipwreck of my heavy soul.

Enter MARIA, *like a Page.*

Who's here, a page? what black disastrous fate
Can be so cruel to his pleasing youth?

Maria. So now, Maria, here thou must forego
What nature lent thee to repay to death;
Famine, I thank thee, I have found thee kindest,
Thou sett'st a period to my misery.

Albert. It is Maria, that fair innocent,
Whom my abhorred lust hath brought to this;
I'll go for sustenance: and, O ye powers!
If ever true repentance won acceptance,
O shew it Albert now, and let him save
[16] This wronged beauty from untimely grave.

[*Exit Albert.*

Maria. Sure something spake, or else my feebled sense
Hath lost the use of its due property;
Which is more likely, than that in this place
The voice of human creature should be heard.
This is far distant from the paths of men:
Nothing breathes here but wild and ravening beasts,
With airy monsters, whose shadowing wings do seem
To cast a vail of death in wicked livers *;
Which I live dreadless of, and every hour
Strive to meet death, who still unkind avoids me:
But that now gentle famine doth begin
For to give end to my calamities.
See, here is carv'd upon this tree's smooth bark,
Lines knit in verse, a chance far unexpected:
Assist me, breath, a little, to unfold
What they include.

THE WRITING.

I that have writ these lines am one, whose sin
Is more than grievous; for know, that I have been

[16] *This.*] The quarto reads *His.*

* The quarto has it literally thus:

"To *taste* a *vale* of death *in* wicked livers."

which Mr. Reed altered as it stands; but ought we not rather to read:

"To *cast* a *veil* of death *on* wicked livers." C.

Abre aker of my faith, with one whose breast
Was all compos'd of truth: but I digress'd,
And fled th' embrace of his dear friendship's love,
Clasping to falschood, did a villain prove;
As thus shall be express'd: my worthy friend
Lov'd a fair beauty, who did condescend
In dearest affection to his virtuous will;
He then a night appointed to fulfil
Hymen's bless'd rites, and to convey away
His love's fair person, to which peerless prey
I was acquainted made, and when the hour
Of her escape drew on, then lust did pour
Inraged appetite thro' all my veins,
And base desires in me let loose the reins
To my licentious will: and that black night,
When my friend should have had his chaste delight,
I feign'd his presence, and, by her thought him,
Robb'd that fair virgin of her honour's gem:
For which most heinous crime, upon each tree
I write this story, that men's eyes may see,
None but a damn'd one would have done like me.
Is Albert then become so penitent,
As in these deserts to deplore his facts,
Which his unfeign'd repentance seems to clear?
How good man is when he laments his ill!
Who would not pardon now that man's misdeeds,
Whose griefs bewail them thus? could I now live,
I would remit thy fault with Carracus:
But death no longer will afford reprieve
Of my abundant woes: wrong'd Carracus, farewel;
Live, and forgive thy wrongs, for the repentance
Of him that caused them so deserves from thee;
And since my eyes do witness Albert's grief,
I pardon Albert, in my wrongs the chief.

Enter ALBERT *like a hermit.*

Albert. How! pardon me? O sound angelical!
But see, she faints. O heavens, now shew your power,
That these distilled waters, made in grief,
May add some comfort to affliction:
Look up, fair youth, and see a remedy.

Maria. O, who disturbs me? I was hand in hand,
Walking with death unto the house of rest.
Albert. Let death walk by himself; if he want company,
There's many thousands, boy, whose aged years
Have ta'en a surfeit of earth's vanities;
They will go with him, when he please to call.
Do drink, my boy, thy pleasing tender youth
Cannot deserve to die; no, it is for us,
Whose years are laden by our often sins,
Singing the last part of our blest repentance,
Are fit for death; and none but such as we.
Death ought to claim; for when he snatcheth youth,
It shews him but a tyrant; but when age,
Then is he just, and not compos'd of rage.
How fares my lad?
Maria. Like one embracing death with all his parts,
Reaching at life but with one little finger;
His mind so firmly knit unto the first,
That unto him the latter seems to be
What may be pointed at, but not possess'd.
Albert. O, but thou shalt possess it.
If thou didst fear thy death but as I do,
Thou wouldst take pity, tho' not of thyself,
Yet of my aged years. Trust me, my boy,
Thou'st struck such deep compassion in my breast,
That all the moisture which prolongs my life
Will from my eyes gush forth, if now thou leav'st me.
Maria. But can we live here in this desert wood?
If not, I'll die, for other places seem
Like tortures to my griefs. May I live here?
Albert. I, thou shalt live with me, and I will tell thee
Such strange occurrents of my fore-past life,
That all thy young-sprung griefs shall seem but sparks
To the great fire of my calamities.
Maria. Then I'll live only with you for to hear
If any human woes can be like mine.
Yet since my being in this darksome desert,

I have read on trees most lamentable stories.*

Albert. 'Tis true indeed, there's one within these woods
Whose name is Albert; a man so full of sorrow,
That on each tree he passeth by he carves
Such doleful lines for his rash follies past,
That whoso reads them, and not drown'd in tears,
Must have a heart fram'd forth of adamant.

Maria. And can you help me to the sight of him?

Albert. I, when thou wilt, he'll often come to me,
And at my cave sit a whole winter's night,
Recounting of his stories. I tell thee, boy,
Had he offended more than did that man,
Who stole the fire from heaven, his contrition
Would appease all the gods, and quite revert
Their wrath to mercy. But come, my pretty boy,
We'll to my cave, and after some repose
Relate the sequel of each other's woes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARRACUS.

Carracus. What a way have I come, yet I know not
Whither: the air's so cold this winter season,
I'm sure a fool. Would any but an ass
Leave a warm matted chamber and a bed,
To run thus in the cold? and which is more,
To seek a woman, a slight thing call'd woman?
Creatures, which curious nature fram'd, as I suppose,
For rent-receivers to her treasury.
And why I think so now, I'll give you instance;
Most men do know that nature's self hath made them
Most profitable members; then if so,
By often trading in the common-wealth
They needs must be enrich'd; why very good.
To whom ought beauty then repay this gain
Which she by nature's gift hath profited,
But unto nature? why all this I grant.
Why then they shall no more be called women,
For I will style them thus, scorning their leave,

* These four lines; which decidedly belong to Maria, in the old copy are assigned to Albert and form a part of what he says before. C.

Those that for nature do much rent receive.
This is a wood sure, and as I have read,
In woods are echos which will answer men,
To every question which they do propound. [17] Echo.
Echo. Echo.
Carracus. O, are you there? have at ye then i'faith.
Echo, canst tell me whether men or women
Are for the most part damn'd?
Echo. Most part damn'd.
Carracus. Of both indeed; how true this echo speaks!
Echo, now tell me if amongst a thousand women
There be one chaste, or none?
Echo. None.
Carracus. Why so I think; better and better still.
Now farther: Echo, in a world of men,
Is there one faithful to his friend, or no?
Echo. No.
Carracus. Thou speak'st most true, for I have found it so.
Who said thou wast a woman, Echo, lies;
Thou could'st not then answer so much of truth.
Once more, good Echo;
Was my Maria false by her own desire,
Or was't against her will?
Echo. Against her will.
Carracus, Troth it may be so; but canst thou tell,
Whether she be dead or not?
Echo. Not.
Carracus. Not dead!

[17] *Echo.*] The idea of these answers from an Echo seems to have been taken from Lord Sterling's *Aurora*, 4to, 1604, Sign. K 4. One of the triumvirate, Pope, Gay, or Arbuthnot, but which of them is not known, in a piece printed in Swift's Miscellanies, may have been indebted for the same thought to either Lord Sterling or the present Writer.

Since this note was written I find nothing was more common than these answers of echoes in the works of contemporary and earlier writers. Many instances might be produced. Amongst others those who can be pleased with such kind of performances may be referred to Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, or Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War*, 1594, Act 3. The folly of them is admirably ridiculed by the Author of Hudibras. I. R.

Echo. Not dead.

Carracus. Then without question she doth surely live.
But I do trouble thee too much, therefore
Good speak-truth, farewel.

Echo. Farewel.

Carracus. How quick it answers! O that counsellors
Would thus resolve men's doubts without a fee!
How many country clients then might rest
Free from undoing! no plodding pleader then
Would purchase great possessions with his tongue.
Were I some demi-god, or had that power,
I wou'd straight make this Echo here a judge:
He'd spend his judgment in the open court
As now to me, without being once solicited
In his private chamber; 'tis not bribes could win
Him to o'ersway men's right, nor could he be
Led to damnation for a little pelf;
He would not harbour malice in his heart,
Or envious hatred, base despight or grudge,
But be an upright, just, and equal judge.
But now imagine that I should confront
Treacherous Albert, who hath rais'd my front!
But I fear this idle prate hath made me
Quite forget my [18] *cinque pace.* [*He danceth.*

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. I heard the echo answer unto one,
That by his speech cannot be far remote
From off this ground; and see I have descry'd him:
Oh heavens! it's Carracus, whose reason's seat
Is now usurp'd by madness and distraction;
Which I, the author of confusion,
Have planted here by my accursed deeds.

Carracus. O, are you come, sir? I was sending the tavern-boy for you; I have been practising here, and can do none of my lofty tricks.

Albert. Good sir, if any spark do yet remain
Of your consumed reason, let me strive.

Carracus. To blow it out? troth I most kindly thank you,
Here's friendship to the life. But, father whey-beard,

[18] *cinque pace.*] A dance.

Why should you think me void of reason's fire,
My youthful days being in the height of knowledge?
I must confess your old years gain experience;
But that so much o'er-ruled by dotage,
That what you think experience shall effect,
Short memory destroys. What say you now, sir?
Am I mad now, that can answer thus
To all interrogatories?

Albert. But tho' your words do savour, sir, of judgment,
Yet when they derogate from the due observance
Of fitting times, they ought to be respected
No more than if a man should tell a tale
Of feigned mirth in midst of extreme sorrows.

Carracus. How did you know
My sorrows, sir? what tho' I have lost a wife,
Must I be therefore griev'd? am I not happy
To be so freed of a continual trouble?
Had many a man such fortune as I,
In what a heaven would they think themselves,
Being released of all those threat'ning clouds,
Which in the angry skies, call'd women's brows,
Sit ever menacing tempestuous storms?
But yet I needs must tell you, old December,
My wife was clear of this; within her brow,
She had not a wrinkle, nor a storming frown;
But like a smooth well-polish'd ivory,
It seem'd so pleasant to the looker-on,
She was so kind, of nature so gentle,
That if she'd done a fault, she'd straight go die for't:
Was not she then a rare one?
What, weep'st thou, aged Nestor?
Take comfort, man! Troy was ordain'd by fate
To yield to us, which we will ruinate.

Albert. Good, sir, walk with me but where you see
The shadowing elms, within whose circling round
There is a holy spring, about encompassed
By dandling sycamores and violets,
Whose waters cure all human maladies.
Few drops thereof, being sprinkl'd on your temples,

Revives your fading memory, and restores
Your senses lost unto their perfect being.
Carracus. Is it clear water, sir, and very fresh?
For I am thirsty? gives it a better relish
Than a cup of dead wine with flies in't?
Albert. Most pleasant to the taste; pray, will you go?
Carracus. Faster than you, I believe, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am walk'd forth from my preserver's cave,
To search about these woods, only to see
The penitent Albert, whose repentant mind
Each tree expresseth. O, that some power divine
Would hither send my virtuous Carracus!
Not for my own content, but that he might
See how his distress'd friend repents the wrong,
Which his rash folly, most unfortunate,
Acted 'gainst him and me; which I forgive
A hundred times a day, for that more often
My eyes are witness to his sad complaints;
How the good hermit seems to share his moans,
Which in the day-time he deplores 'mongst trees,
And in the night his cave is fill'd with sighs;
No other bed doth his weak limbs support
Than the cold earth; no other harmony
To rock his cares asleep, but blustering winds,
Or some swift current, headlong rushing down
From a high mountain's top, pouring his force
Into the ocean's gulf, where being swallow'd,
Seems to bewail his fall with hideous words:
No other sustenation to suffice
What nature claims, but raw unsavoury roots,
With troubled waters, where untamed beasts
Do bathe themselves.

Enter Satyrs, dance et exeunt.

Ah me! what things are these!
What pretty harmless things they seem to be!
As if delight had no where made abode,
But in their nimble sport.

Enter ALBERT *and* CARRACUS.

Yonder's the courteous hermit, and with him

Albert it seems. O see, 'tis Carracus!
Joy, do not now confound me!
Carracus. Thanks unto heavens and thee, thou holy man,
I have attain'd what doth adorn man's being,
That precious gem of reason, by which solely
We are discern'd from rude and brutish beasts,
No other difference being 'twixt us and them,
How to repay this more than earthly kindness
Lies not within my power, but in His
That hath indu'd thee with celestial gifts,
To whom I'll pray, He may bestow on thee
What thou deserv'st, blest immortality.
Albert. Which unto you befall, thereof most worthy.
But, virtuous sir, what I will now request
From your true generous nature, is, that you would
Be pleas'd to pardon that repentant wight
Whose sinful story upon yon tree's bark
Yourself did read, for that you say, to you
Those wrongs were done
Carracus. Indeed they were, and to a dear wife lost;
Yet I forgive him, as I wish the heavens
May pardon me.
Maria. So doth Maria too. [*She discovers herself.*
Carracus. Lives my Maria then? what gracious planet
Gave thee safe conduct to these desert woods?
Maria. My late mishap (repented now by all,
And therefore pardon'd) compell'd me to fly,
Where I had perished for want of food,
Had not this courteous man awak'd my sense,
In which death's self had partly interest.
Carracus. Alas, Maria! I am so far indebted
To him already, for the late recovery of
My own weakness, that 'tis impossible
For us to attribute sufficient thanks
For such abundant good.
Albert. I rather ought to thank the heaven's Creator
That he vouchsaf'd me such especial grace,
In doing so small a good; which could I hourly

Bestow on all, yet could I not assuage
The swelling rancor of my fore-past crimes.
Carracus. O, sir, despair not; for your course of life
(Were your sins far more odious than they be)
Doth move compassion and pure clemency
In the all-ruling judge, whose powerful mercy
O'ersways his justice, and extends itself
To all repentant minds. He's happier far
That sins, and can repent him of his sin,
Than the self-justifier, who doth surmise
By his own works to gain salvation;
Seeming to reach at heaven, he clasps damnation.
You then are happy, and our penitent friend,
To whose wish'd presence please you now to bring us,
That in our gladsome arms we may infold
His much-esteemed person, and forgive
The injuries of his rash follies past.
Albert. Then see false Albert prostrate at your feet,
[*He discovers himself.*
Desiring justice for his heinous ill.
Carracus. Is it you? Albert's self, that hath preserv'd us?
O blest bewailer of thy misery!
Maria. And woefull'st liver in calamity!
Carracus. From which, right worthy friend, 'tis now high time
You be releas'd; come then, you shall with us.
Our first and chiefest welcome, my Maria,
We shall receive at your good father's house;
Who, as I do remember, in my frenzy
Sent a kind letter, which desir'd our presence.
Albert. So please you, virtuous pair, Albert will stay,
And spend the remnant of this wearisome life
In these dark woods.
Carracus. Then you neglect the comforts heav'n doth send
To your abode on earth. If you stay here,
Your life may end in torture, by the cruelty
Of some wild ravenous beasts; but if 'mongst men,

When you depart, the faithful prayers of many
Will much avail to crown your soul with bliss.
Albert. Lov'd Carracus, I have found in thy converse
Comfort so blest, that nothing now but death
Shall cause a separation in our being.
Maria. Which heaven confirm!
Carracus. Thus by the breach of faith, our friendship's knit
In stronger bonds of love.
Albert. Heaven so continue it! [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Hog *in his chamber, with* Rebecca *laying down his bed, and, seeming to put the keys under his bolster, conveyeth them into her pocket.*
Hog. So, have you laid the keys of the outward doors
Under my bolster?
Rebecca. Yes, forsooth.
Hog. Go your way to bed then. [*Exit Rebecca.*
I wonder who did at the first invent
These beds, the breeders of disease and sloth:
He was no soldier sure, nor no scholar,
And yet he might be very well a courtier;
For no good husband would have been so idle;
No usurer neither: yet here the bed affords
[*Discovers his gold.*
Store of sweet golden slumbers unto him.
Here sleeps command in war; Cæsar by this
Obtain'd his triumphs; this will fight man's cause,
When fathers, brethren, and the near'st of friends,
Leave to assist him; all content to this
Is merely vain; the lover's whose affections
Do sympathize together in full pleasure,
Debarr'd of this, their summer sudden ends;
And care, the winter to their former joys,
Breathes such a cold blast on their turtles bills;
Having not this, to shrowd him forth his storms,
They straight are forc'd to make a separation,

And so live under those that rule o'er this.
The gallant, whose illustrious outside draws
The eyes of wantons to behold with wonder
His rare-shap'd parts, for so he thinks they be,
Deck'd in the robes of glistering gallantry;
Having not this attendant on his person,
Walks with a cloudy brow, and seems to all
A great contemner of society;
Not for the hate he bears to company,
But for the want of this ability.
O silver! thou that art the basest captive,
Kept in this prison; how many pale offenders
For thee have suffer'd ruin? But, O my gold!
Thy sight's more pleasing than the seemly locks
Of yellow-hair'd Apollo; and thy touch
More smooth and dainty, than the down-soft white
Of lady's tempting breast: thy bright aspect
Dims the great'st lustre of heaven's waggoner.
But why go I about to extol thy worth,
Knowing that poets cannot compass it?
But now give place, my gold, for here's a power
Of greater glory and supremacy
Obscures thy being; here sits enthroniz'd
The sparkling diamond, whose bright reflexion
Casts such a splendor on these other gems,
'Mongst which he so majestical appears,
As if——Now my good angels guard me!

A flash of fire, and LIGHTFOOT *ascends like a spirit.*

Lightfoot. *Melior vigilantia somno.*
Stand not amaz'd, good man, for what appears
Shall add to thy content; be void of fears:
I am the shadow of rich kingly Crœsus,
Sent by his greatness from the lower world
To make thee mighty, and to sway on earth
By thy abundant store, as he himself doth
In Elysium; how he reigneth there,
His shadow will unfold; give thou then ear.
In under-air, where fair Elysium stands,
Beyond the river stiled Acheron,
He hath a castle built of Adamant;

Not fram'd by vain enchantment, but there fix'd
By the all-burning hands of warlike spirits,
Whose windows are compos'd of purest crystal,
And deck'd within with oriental pearls:
There the great spirit of Crœsus' royal self
Keeps his abode in joyous happiness.
He is not tortur'd there, as poets feign,
With molten gold and sulphry flames of fire,
Or any such molesting perturbation;
But there reputed as a demi-god,
Feasting with Pluto and his Proserpine,
Night after night with all delicious cates,
With greater glory than seven kingdom states.
Now farther know the cause of my appearance;
The kingly Crœsus having by fame's trump
Heard, that thy lov'd desires stand affected
To the obtaining of abundant wealth,
Sends me, his shade, thus much to signify,
That if thou wilt become famous on earth,
He'll give to thee even more than infinite;
And after death with him thou shalt partake
The rare delights beyond the Stygian lake.

Hog. Great Crœsus' shadow may dispose of me
To what he pleaseth.

Lightfoot. So speaks obediency.
For which I'll raise thy lowly thoughts as high,
As Crœsus's were in his mortality.
Stand then undaunted, whilst I raise those spirits,
By whose laborious task and industry
Thy treasure shall abound and multiply.
Ascend Ascarion, thou that art
A powerful spirit, and dost convert
Silver to gold; I say ascend
And on me, Crœsus' shade, attend,
To work the pleasure of his will.

The PLAYER *appears.*

Player. What would then Crœsus list to fill
Some mortals coffers up with gold,
Changing the silver it doth hold?
By that pure metal, if't be so,

By the infernal gates I swear,
Where Rhadamanth doth domineer;
By Crœsus name and by his castle,
Where winter nights he keepeth [19] wassail;
By Demogorgon and the fates,
And by all these low country states;
That, after knowledge of thy mind,
Ascarion, like the swift-pac'd wind,
Will fly to finish thy command.

Lightfoot. Take then this silver out of hand,
And bear it to the river Tagus,
Beyond th'abode of Archi-Magus;
Whose golden sands upon it cast,
Transform it into gold at last:
Which being effected straight return,
And sudden too, or I will spurn
This trunk of thine into the pit,
Where all the hellish furies sit,
Scratching their eyes out. Quick! begone!

Player. Swifter in course than doth the sun.
[*Exit Player.*

Lightfoot. How far'st thou, mortal? be not terrify'd

[19] *wassail*] Verstigan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1634, p. 126, gives the following account of the origin of this term: "As this Lady (i. e. Rowena) was very beautifull, so was she of a "very comely deportment, and Hingistus, having invited King Vor-"tiger to a supper, at his new-builded castle, caused that after "supper she came foorth of her chamber into the King's presence, "with a cup of gold filled with wine in her hand, and making in "very seemly manner a low reverence unto the King, sayd, with a "pleasing grace and countenance in our ancient language, *Waes "heal hlaford Cyning*, which is, being rightly expounded according "to our present speech, *be of health, Lord King*, for as *was* is our "verbe of the preterimperfect tense, or preterperfect tense, signify-"ing *have bin*, so *was* being the same verb in the imperative mood, "and now pronounced *wax*, is as much as to say *grow, be*, or *be-"come*: and *waes-heal*, by corruption of pronunciation, afterwards "became to be *wassaile*. The king not understanding what shee "said, demaunded it of his chamberlaine, who was his interpreter, "and when he knew what it was, he asked him how he might "againe answer her in her owne language, whereof being informed "he sayd unto her *Drinc heal*, that is to say, Drink health." See also Note 79 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

At these infernal motions; know that shortly
Great Crœsus ghost shall, in the love he bears thee,
Give thee sufficient power by thy own worth
To raise such spirits.

Hog. Crœsus is much too liberal in his favour
To one so far desertless as poor Hog.

Lightfoot. Poor Hog! O speak not that word poor again,
Lest the whole apple-tree of Crœsus' bounty,
Crack'd into shivers, overthrow thy fortunes!
For he abhors the name of poverty,
And will grow sick to hear it spoke by those,
Whom he intends to raise.—But see, the twilight,
Posting before the chariot of the sun,
Brings word of his approach:
We must be sudden, and with speed raise up
The spirit Bazan that can straight transform
Gold into pearl; be still and circumspect.
Bazan, ascend up from the treasure
Of Pluto, where thou didst at pleasure
Metamorphose all his gold
Into pearl, which 'bove a thousand fold
Exceeds the value: quickly rise
To Crœsus' shade, who hath a prize
To be performed by thy strength.

HADDIT *ascends.*

Haddit. I am no fencer, yet at length
From Pluto's presence and the hall,
Where Proserpine keeps festival,
I'm hither come; and now I see,
To what intent I'm rais'd by thee;
It is to make that mortal rich,
That at his fame men's ears may itch,
When they do hear but of his store,
He hath one daughter, and no more,
Which all the lower powers decree,
She to one Wealthy wedded be;
By which conjunction there shall spring,
Young heirs to Hog, whereon to fling
His mass of treasure when he dies;

Thus Bazan truly prophesies.
But come, my task? I long to rear
His fame above the hemisphere.
Lightfoot. Take then the gold which here doth lie,
And quick return it by-and-by
All in choice pearl. Whither to go,
I need not tell you, for you know.
Haddit. Indeed I do, and Hog shall find it so.
[*Exit Haddit.*
Lightfoot. Now, mortal, there is nothing doth remain,
'Twixt thee and thine abundance, only this;
Turn thy eyes eastward, for from thence appears
Ascarion with thy gold, which having brought,
And at thy foot surrender'd, make obeysance;
Then turn about and fix thy tapers westward,
From whence great Bazan brings thy orient pearl;
Who'll lay it at thy feet much like the former.
Hog. Then I must make to him obeysance thus.
Lightfoot. Why so; in mean time Crœsus' shade will rest
Upon thy bed; but above all take heed,
You suffer not your eyes to stray aside
From the direct point I have set thee at:
For though the spirit do delay the time,
And not return your treasure speedily—
Hog. Let the loss light on me, if I neglect
Or overslip what Crœsus' shade commands.*
Lightfoot. [*Aside.*] So, now practise standing, though it be nothing agreeable to your Hog's age. Let me see, among these writings is my nephew Haddit's mortgage; but in taking that it may breed suspect on us; wherefore this box of jewels will stand far better, and let that alone. It is now break of day, and near by this the marriage is confirm'd betwixt my cousin and great Crœsus's friend's daughter here, whom I will now leave to his most weighty cogitations.
So, gentle sir, adieu; time not permits
To hear those passions, and those frantick fits

* The quarto reads:
"Or overslip what Crœsus *suit* command." C.

You're subject to, when you shall find how true
Great Crœsus' shade hath made an ass of you. [*Exit.*

Hog. Let me now ruminate to myself, why Crœsus should be so great a favourer to me.—And yet to what end should I desire to know? I think it is sufficient it is so? and I would he had been so sooner, for he and his spirits would have sav'd me much labour in the purchasing of wealth; but, then, indeed, it would have been the confusion of two or three scriveners, which, by my means, have been properly rais'd.—But now imagine this only a trick, whereby I may be gull'd; but how can that be? are not my doors lock'd? have I not seen, with my own eyes, the ascending of the spirits? have I not heard, with my own ears, the invocations wherewith they were rais'd? could any but spirits appear through so firm a floor as this is? 'tis impossible.—But, hark, I hear the spirit Ascarion coming with my gold. O bountiful Crœsus! I'll build a temple to thy mightiness!

Enter Young LORD WEALTHY *and* PETER SERVITUDE.

Young Lord Wealthy. O Peter, how long have we slept upon the hogshead?

Peter Servitude. I think a dozen hours, my lord, and 'tis nothing: I'll undertake to sleep sixteen, upon the receipt of two cups of muskadine. [10]

Young Lord Wealthy. I marvel what's become of Haddit and Lightfoot!

Peter Servitude. Hang 'em, flinchers; they slunk away as soon as they had drank as much as they were able to carry, which no generous spirit would ha' done, indeed.

Young Lord Wealthy. Yet I believe Haddit had his part; for, to my thinking, the cellar went round with

[10] *muskadine*] or muscadel. A kind of wine so called, because for sweetness and smell it resembles musk. It comes from the Isle of Crete.

An old traveller says otherwise: "From Bosco Helerno we soon "came to Montefiascone, standing upon a hill. It's a bishop's "seate, and *famous for excellent Muscatello wine*," &c. Lascelle's Voiage of Italy, 8vo. 1670. 244. O. G.

him when he left us. But are we come to a bed yet? I must needs sleep.

Peter Servitude. Come softly, by any means; for we are now upon the threshold of my master's chamber, through which I'll bring you to mistress Rebecca's lodging: give me your hand, and come very nicely.

[*Peter falls into the hole.*

Young Lord Wealthy. Where art, Peter?

Peter Servitude. O ho!

Young Lord Wealthy. Where's this noise, Peter, canst tell?

Hog. I hear the voice of my adopted son-in-law.

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, Peter, wilt not answer me?

Peter Servitude. O, my lord, above, stand still; I'm fall'n down at least thirty fathom deep; if you stand not still till I recover, and have lighted a candle, you're but a dead man.

Hog. I am robb'd, I am undone, I am deluded: who's in my chamber?

Young Lord Wealthy. 'Tis I, the lord your son that shall be; upon my honour I came not to rob you.

Hog. I shall run mad! I shall run mad!

Young Lord Wealthy. Why, then, 'tis my fortune to be terrified with madmen.

Enter PETER SERVITUDE, *with a candle.*

Peter Servitude. Where are you, my lord?

Hog. Here, my lady: where are you, rogue, when thieves break into my house?

Peter Servitude. Breaking my neck in your service, a plague on't.

Young Lord Wealthy. But are you robb'd, indeed, father Hog? of how much, I pray?

Hog. Of all, of all; see here, they have left me nothing but two or three rolls of parchment; here they came up like spirits, and took my silver, gold and jewels. Where's my daughter?

Peter Servitude. She's not in the house, sir: the street doors are wide open.

Young Lord Wealthy. Nay, 'tis no matter where she

is now: she'll scarce be worth a thousand pound, and that's but a tailor's prize.

Hog. Then you'll not have her, sir?

Young Lord Wealthy. No, as I hope to live in peace.

Hog. Why be't so, be't so; confusion cannot come in a fitter time on all of us. O bountiful Crœsus! how fine thy shadow hath devour'd my substance!

Peter Servitude. Good, my lord, promise him to marry his daughter, or he will be mad presently, tho' you never intend to have her.

Young Lord Wealthy. Well, father Hog, tho' you are undone, your daughter shall not be, so long as a lord can stand her in any stead. Come, you shall with me to my lord and father, whose warrants we will have for the apprehending of all suspicious livers; and, tho' the labour be infinite, you must consider your loss is so.

Hog. Come, I'll do any thing to gain my gold.

Peter Servitude. Till which be had, my fare will be but cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT, REBECCA, LIGHTFOOT, *and Priest.*

Haddit. Now, Mr. Parson, we will no farther trouble you; and, for the tying of our true love-knot, here's a small amends.

Priest. 'Tis more than due, sir; yet I'll take it all,
Should kindness be despis'd, good-will would fall
Unto a lower ebb, should we detest
The grateful giver's gift, *verissimo est.*

Haddit. It's true, indeed; good morrow, honest parson.

Priest. Yet, if you please, sir John will back surrender
The overplus of what you now did tender.

Haddit. O, by no means; I pr'ythee friend, good-morrow.

Lightfoot. Why, if you please, sir John, to me restore
The overplus, I'll give it to the poor.

Priest. O pardon, sir; for, by your worship's leave,
We ought to give from whence we do receive.

Haddit. Why then to me, sir John.

Priest. To all a kind good-morrow. [*Exit Priest.*

Haddit. A most fine vicar; there was no other means to be rid of him. But why are you so sad, Rebecca?

Rebecca. To think in what estate my father is,
When he beholds that he is merely gull'd.

Haddit. Nay, be not grieved for that which should rather give you cause of content; for 'twill be a means to make him abandon his avarice, and save a soul almost incurable. But now to our own affairs: this marriage of ours must not yet be known, lest it breed suspicion. We will bring you, Rebecca, unto Atlas's house, whilst we two go unto the old lord Wealthy's, having some acquaintance with his son-in-law Carracus, who I understand is there; where no question but we shall find your father proclaiming his loss: thither you shall come somewhat after us, as it were to seek him; where I doubt not but so to order the matter, that I will receive you as my wife from his own hands.

Rebecca. May it so happy prove!

Lightfoot. Amen, say I; for, should our last trick be known, great Crœsus' shade would have a conjur'd time on't.

Haddit. 'Tis true, his castle of adamant would scarce hold him: but come, this will be good cause for laughter hereafter.
Then we'll relate how this great bird was pull'd
Of his rich feathers, and most finely gull'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old LORD WEALTHY, *with* CARRACUS, MARIA, *and* ALBERT.

Old Lord Wealthy. More welcome, Carracus, than friendly truce
To a besieged city all distrest:
How early this glad morning are you come
To make me happy? for pardon of your offence,
I've given a blessing, which may heaven confirm
In treble manner on your virtuous lives!

Carracus. And may our lives and duty daily strive
To be found worthy of that loving favour,

Which, from your reverend age, we now receive
Without desert or merit!

Enter Young LORD WEALTHY, HOG, *and* PETER.

Young Lord Wealthy. Room for a desirer of justice! what, my sister
Maria! who thought to have met you here?

Maria. You may see, brother, unlook'd for guests prove often troublesome.

Young Lord Wealthy. Well, but is your husband there any quieter than he was?

Carracus. Sir, I must desire you to forget all injuries, if, in not being myself, I offer'd you any.

Albert. I'll see that peace concluded.

Young Lord Wealthy. Which I agree to; for patience is a virtue, father Hog.

Old Lord Wealthy. Was it you, son, that cried so loud for justice?

Young Lord Wealthy. Yes, marry was it, and this the party to whom it appertains.

Hog. O, my most honour'd lord, I am undone, robb'd, this black night, of all the wealth and treasure which these many years I have hourly labour'd for.

Old Lord Wealthy. And who are those have done this outrage to you?

Hog. O knew I that, I then, my lord, were happy.

Old Lord Wealthy. Come you for justice then, not knowing 'gainst whom the course of justice should extend itself? Nor yet suspect you none?

Hog. None but the devil.

Young Lord Wealthy. I thought he was a cheater, e'er since I heard two or three [21] Templers swear at dice, the last Christmas, that the devil had got all.

Enter HADDIT *and* LIGHTFOOT.

Haddit. My kind acquaintance, joy to thy good success.

Carracus. Noble and freeborn Haddit, welcome.

[21] *Templers—Christmas*] See Note to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

Lightfoot. Mr. Hog, good-day.

Hog. For I have had a bad night on't.

Lightfoot. Sickness is incident to age: what, be the writings ready to be seal'd we intreated last day?

Hog. Yes, I think they are; would the scrivener were paid for making them.

Lightfoot. He shall be so, though I do't myself. Is the money put up, as I appointed?

Hog. Yes, 'tis put up: confusion seize the receivers!

Lightfoot. Heaven bless us all! what mean you, sir?

Hog. O, sir, I was robb'd this night of all I had;
My daughter too is lost, and I undone.

Lightfoot. Marry, God forbid! after what manner, I pray?

Hog. O, to recount, sir, will breed more ruth
Than did the tale of that high [22]Trojan duke
To the sad fated Carthaginian queen.

Haddit. What exclamation's that?

Lightfoot. What you will grieve at, cuz;
Your worshipful friend, Mr. Hog, is robb'd.

Haddit. Robb'd! by whom, or how?

Lightfoot. O, there's the grief: he knows not whom to suspect.

Haddit. The fear of hell o'ertake them, whosoe'er they be. But where's your daughter? I hope she is safe.

Enter REBECCA.

Hog. Thank heaven, I see she's now so. Where hast thou been, my girl?

Rebecca. Alas, sir, carried by amazement I know not where; pursued by the robbers, forced to fly amazed, affrighted, through the city streets, to seek redress; but that lay fast asleep in all men's houses, nor would lend an ear to the distress'd.

Haddit. O heavy accident! but see, you grieve too much,
Being your daughter's found; for th' other loss,
Since 'tis the will of heaven to give and take,

[22] *Trojan duke*] See Note to *Fuimus Troes*, vol. VII.

Value it as nothing: you have yet sufficient
To live in blest content, had you no more
But my small mortgage for your daughter here,
Whom I have ever lov'd in dear'st affection.
If so you please so much to favour me,
I will accept her, spite of poverty,
And make her jointure of some store of land,
Which, by the loss of a good aged friend,
Late fell to me: what, is't a match or no?

Hog. It is.

Haddit. Then I'll have witness on't: my lord, and gentlemen,
Please you draw near, to be here witnesses
To a wish'd contract 'twixt this maid and I.

Omnes. We are all willing.

Hog. Then, in the presence of you all, I give my daughter freely to this gentleman as wife; and, to shew how much I stand affected to him, for dowry with her, I do back restore his mortgaged lands; and, for their loves, I vow ever hereafter to detest, renounce, loath, and abhor all slavish avarice:

Which doth ascend from hell, sent by the devil,
To be, 'mongst men, the actor of all evil.

Omnes. A blest conversion.

Old Lord Wealthy. A good, far unexpected. And now, gentlemen,
I do invite you all to feast with me
This happy day, that we may all together
Applaud his good success: and let this day be spent
In sports and shews, with gladsome merriment.
Come, blest converted men, we'll lead the way,
As unto heaven I hope we shall.

Hog. Heaven grant we may!

Carracus. Come, my Maria, and repentant friend,
We three have tasted worst of misery,
Which now adds joy to our felicity.

Haddit. We three are happy we have gain'd much wealth,
And tho' we have done it by a trick of stealth,
Yet all, I trust, are pleas'd; and will our ills acquit,

Since it hath sav'd a soul was hell's by right.

Young Lord Wealthy. To follow after, then, our lot doth fall;
Now rhime it, Peter.

Peter Servitude. A good-night to all.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Now expectation hath at full receiv'd
What we late promised; if in aught we've pleas'd,
'Tis all we sought t'accomplish, and much more
Than our weak merit dares to attribute
Unto itself, till you vouchsafe to deign,
In your kind censure, so to gratify
Our trivial labours.——
If it hath pleased the judicial ear,
We have our author's wish; and, void of fear,
Dare ignorant men to shew their worst of hate,
It not detracts, but adds unto that state
Where desert flourisheth.
We'll rest applauded in their derogation,
Though with an hiss they crown that confirmation.
For this, our author saith, if't prove distasteful,
He only grieves you spent two hours so wasteful;
But, if it like, and you affect his pen,*
You may command it when you please again.

* "If it like," is a very common old expression for "if it please;" but Mr, Reed allowed it to be altered to the vulgarism of "if it's liked."

EDITION.

The Hogge hath lost his Pearle: A Comedy. Divers times publickely acted by certaine London Prentices. By *Robert Tailor*. London, Printed for Richard Redmer, and are to be solde at the West-dore of Paules, at the signe of the Starre. 1614. 4to.

THE

FOURE PRENTISES
OF LONDON.

WITH

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

As it has bene diverse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Majesties Servants:

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Printed at London for J. W. 1615.

TO THE HONEST AND HIGH-SPIRITED PRENTICES, THE READERS.

None but to you (as whom this play most especially concerns) I thought good to dedicate this labour; which though written many years since, in my infancy of judgment in this kind of poetry, and my first practice, yet understanding (by what means I know not) it was in these more exquisite and refined times, to come to the press in such a forwardness ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past prevention, and then knowing withal, that it comes short of that accurateness both in plot and stile, that these more censorious days with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse: that as plays were then, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, it was in the fashion. Nor could it have found a more seasonable and fit publication than at this time, when to the glory of our nation, the security of the kingdom, and the honour of this renowned city, they have begun again the commendable practice of long forgotten arms, the continuance of which I wish, the discipline approve, and the encouragement thereof even with my soul applaud. In which great and hoped good they deserve not the least attribute of approbation, who, in the dull and sleepy time of peace, first wakened the remembrance of these arms in the Artillery Garden, which, begun out of their voluntary affections, prosecuted by their private industries, and continued at their own proper cost and charge, deserves, in my opinion, not only respect and regard, but recompence and reward. But to return again to you, my brave spirited Prentices, upon whom I have freely bestowed these *Four*, I wish you all, that have their courages and forwardness, their noble fates and fortunes.

Yours,

Thomas Heywood.

PROLOGUE.

Enter [1] three in black cloaks, at three doors.*

1. *What mean you, my masters, to appear thus before your times? Do you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long black velvet cloak upon my back? Have you not sounded thrice? Do I not look pale as fearing to be out in my speech? Nay have I not all the signs of a Prologue about me? Then to what end come you to interrupt me?*

2. *I have a Prologue to speak too.*

3. *And I another.*

1. *O superfluous, and more than ever I heard of! three Prologues to one play?*

2. *Have you not seen three ropes to toll one bell? three doors to one house? three ways to one town?*

1. *I grant you; but I never heard of any that had three heads to one body, but* Cerberus. *But what doth your Prologue mean?*

2. *I come to excuse the name of the Play.*

3. *I the errors in the Play.*

1. *And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name, why is it called,* True and Strange; *or* The Four Prentices of London? *A gentleman that heard the subject discoursed, said it was not possible to be true, and none here are bound to believe it.*

2. *It is true, that* Alexander *at thirty-two years of age conquered the whole world; but strange he should*

[1] *three in black cloaks*] From this description, it appears, that it was the custom formerly for the Speaker of a Prologue to be dressed in a black cloak; and thence seems to have been derived the practice of delivering those introductory parts of our Dramatick Entertainments in a suit of the same colour. See also the Introduction to *Cynthia's Revels*, and the Prologue to *The Woman Hater*.

* This direction is omitted in the 2d Edit. of 1632. C.

do so. If we should not believe things recorded in former ages, we were not worthy that succeeding times should believe things done in these our ages.

1. *But what authority have you for your History? I am one of those that will believe nothing that is not in the Chronicle.*

2. *Our authority is a Manuscript, a book writ in parchment, which not being public, nor general in the world, we rather thought fit to exemplify to the public censure things concealed and obscured, such as are not common with every one, than such Historical Tales as every one can tell by the fire in winter. Had not ye rather, for novelties sake, see* Jerusalem *ye never saw, than* London *that ye see hourly? So much touching the name of our History.*

1. *You have satisfied me; and I hope all that hear it. Now what have you to speak concerning the errors in the Play?*

3. *We acknowledge none; for the errors we could find, we would willingly amend: but if these clear-sighted gentlemen, with the eyes of their judgments, looking exactly into us, find any imperfections which are hid from ourselves, our request is, you would rather look over them than through them; not with a troubled eye, that makes one object to seem two, but with a favourable eye, which hath power in itself to make many to seem none at all.*

1. *Oh now I understand you. Three Prologues to our Play! pardon me, y'ave need of three hundred, methinks, and all little enough. But to end our beginning in a word; thus much by the patience of these gentlemen.*

Spectators, should you oppose your judgments against us, where we are three, which some would think too many; were we three thousand, we think ourselves too few. Our Author submits his labour to you as the Authors of all the content he hath within this circumference:

> *But for your sakes, this only we dare say,*
> *We promis'd you, and we'll perform a play.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE OLD EARL OF BOLOIGNE.

His four Sons, { GODFREY. / GUY. / CHARLES. / EUSTACE.

BELLA FRANCA, *his daughter.*
AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN.
ROBERT *of Normandy.*
The French King's Daughter.
TANCRED, *a Prince of Italy.*
THE SOLDAN *of Babylon.*
THE SOPHY *of Persia.*
TURNUS.
MORETES.
A Chorus, or Presenter.
Mutes.
The French King.
The Bolognois.
Banditti.
Irishmen.
Ambushes of Pagans.
The Clown.

THE

FOUR PRENTICES

OF

LONDON.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the old Earl of BOLOIGNE, *and his daughter* BELLA FRANCA.

Old Earl Boloigne. DAUGHTER, thou seest how Fortune turns her wheel.
We that but late were mounted up aloft,
Lull'd in the skirt of that inconstant Dame,

* On the title page to the edition of this play, printed in 1632, it is said to have been "newly revised" by the Author, but as frequently happens, it was only an artifice on the part of the bookseller, for it is evident that Heywood had nothing to do with the revision. Mr. Warton in a note to Henry IV. A. 3. S. 2. (See Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, 17. 133.) maintains that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* was intended to ridicule Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, and that the latter was meant to ridicule the prevailing fashion of reading Romances. Both these opinions, but especially the latter, are very questionable; for Heywood himself, excusing his play, says, in his dedication, that "it was *in the fashion*," as it prevailed "some fifteen or sixteen years" before 1615. That it was played prior to the statute of 3. James I. ch. xxi. there is ample internal evidence. From the subjoined note by Mr. Gilchrist, it would appear that it was *printed* considerably before 1615, the date of the earliest copy now known. In 1647, a tract was printed, called, "The Honour of London Apprentices, exemplified in a brief historicall narration," which, after an introduction, gives a prosing account in verse of their atchievements in various ages: among them we have the following:

Are now thrown head-long by her ruthless hand,
To kiss that earth whereon our feet should stand.
What censuring eye, that sees me thus deject,
Would take this shape to be that famous Duke,
Which hath made Boloigne thro' the world renown'd,
And all our race with fame and honour crown'd?

Bella Franca. But, father, how can you endure a slave
To triumph in your fortunes, and here stand
In soul deject, and banish'd from your land?

Old Earl Boloigne. I'll tell thee, girl. The French King, and myself,
Upon some terms grew in a strange debate,
And taking careful vantage of the time,
Whilst I with all my powers, in aid of William
The Norman Duke, now English conqueror,
Was busily employ'd; he seiz'd my right,
Planting another, and supplanting me.
This is the ground of my extremity.

Bella Franca. If for King William's sake now conqueror,
You lost your birth-right and inheritance,

" The rayse of *London* Prentices did shine
Among the infidels in *Palestine*,
When that renowned Christian Champion, nam'd
Godfrey, of *Bulloigne* (through the world so fam'd),
Went to the holy war (so called then)
The *London* Prentices prov'd men of men,
And in particular fifteen of them
Before the wall of old *Jerusalem*,
Slew and took prisoners eight and forty Turkes,
Boldly adventuring unto their workes, &c. C.

It is evident from the following allusion in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that there was an earlier edition of the *Four Prentices* than that of 1615: "Read the play of the Four Prentices, "where they toss their pikes so." Fletcher's play was printed in 1613, and must necessarily refer to an earlier copy than the one here printed from, if we are to understand Fletcher literally. The preface to the *Four Prentices* informs us that it was written at least as early as 1600, and Warton seems to refer to an edition of 1612. If the *Four Prentices*, or, as it was originally called *True and Strange*, was written as early as 1600, Heywood has the honour of having anticipated Cervantes, in the ridicule of Knight Errantry. O. G.

How comes it that he sees you in this state,
And lifts not up your fortunes ruinate?

Old Earl Boloigne. A conquered kingdom is not easily kept;
He hath so much ado to guard his own,
That mine is buried in oblivion;
And I am forc'd to lose the name of Earl,
And live in London like a citizen.
My four sons are bound prentice to four trades.
Godfrey my eldest boy I have made a Mercer;
Guy my next son, enroll'd in Goldsmith's trade;
My third son Charles bound to an Haberdasher;
Young Eustace is a Grocer: all high born,
Yet of the city-trades they have no scorn.
Thus bare necessity hath made me seek
Some refuge to sustain our poverty:
And having plac'd my sons in such a sort,
The little wealth I have left, I leave to thee.
Myself will travel to the Holy Land;
And ere I lie within the earth's vast womb,
Pay my devout vows at my Saviour's tomb.

Bella Franca. Was that the cause you sent for my four brothers?

Old Earl Boloigne. Their wished sight will chear my aged heart:
And I will bless them all before I part.

Enter GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES *and* EUSTACE, *like Apprentices.*

Godfrey. I wonder, brothers, why my father hath sent for us thus early: that, all business set apart, we must meet together this morning.

Guy. I know not the reason. I had much ado to get leave of my master to be spared from my attendance in the shop, and serving my customers.

Charles. 'Faith as soon as I heard but the messenger say, my father must speak with me, I left [2] my tankard to guard the conduit, and away came I.

[2] *my tankard to guard the conduit*] Charles, the speaker, was bound to a haberdasher; but he here alludes to the office of a wa-

Eustace. I beshrew him; I should have been at breakfast with two or three good boys this morning; but that match is disappointed by this meeting.

Bella Franca. See where my brothers are already come.

Old Earl Boloigne. Godfrey, Guy, Charles, young Eustace all at once,
Divide a father's blessing in four parts,
And share my prayers amongst you equally.
First, Godfrey, tell me how thou lik'st thy trade?
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou hast been,
How canst thou brook to be as thou art now?

Godfrey. Bound must obey: since I have undertook
To serve my master truly for seven years,
My duty shall both answer that desire,
And my old master's profit every way.
I praise that City which made princes tradesmen,
Where that man, noble or ignoble born,
That would not practice some mechanic skill,
Which might support his state in penury,
Should [3] die the death; not suffer'd like a drone,
To suck the honey from the public hive.
I hold it no disparage to my birth,
Though I be born an Earl, to have the skill
And the full knowledge of the Mercer's trade.
And, were I now to be create anew,

ter-bearer. See the character of *Cob*, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. S.

It might be the duty of apprentices formerly to fetch water from the conduits for the use of those families in which they lived, in the same manner as it even yet is part of their employment to perform offices as servile as that mentioned in the text.

Mr. Reed's conjecture is well-founded as appears by the following quotation. "At this time and likewise formerly and divers years after, it was a very great matter to give ten pound to bind any youth apprentize, although at this day it is usually to give twenty, forty, 60 or an 100 pound with an apprentize; for then it was the generall use and custome of all apprentizes of London, mercers only excepted, to carry the water tankerd, to serve their masters, from the Thames, and the common conduits of London." Stowe's Annales, p. 1040. Edit. 1631. See also *Eastward Hoe*, IV. 193. O. G.

[3] *die the death*] See Note to *God's Promises*, vol. I.

It should not grieve me to have spent my time
The secrets of so rich a trade to know,
By which advantage and great profits grow.
Old Earl Bologne. Well hast thou done to overcome thy fate,
Making thy mind conformed to thy state.
How likes my Guy the Goldsmith's faculty?
Guy. As a good refuge in extremity.
Say I be born a prince, and be cast down
By some sinister chance, or fortune's frown;
Say I be banished; when I have a trade,
And in my self a means to purchase wealth,
Thoug my state waste, and tow'ring honours fall,
That still stays with me in the extream'st of all.
Old Earl Bologne. What says my third son Charles?
Charles. If I should say I would not brook those bonds,
Which God, and fate, and you, have tied me in,
You would be preaching disobedience;
Or should I say the city-trades are base
For such a great man's sons to take on them,
Your fatherly regard would straight advise me
To chastise my rebellious thoughts; and say,
Son, you by this may live another day.
Therefore as my two brothers, I reply;
Yom ask me if I like it; [4] I say I.
Old Earl Bologne. What says my youngest boy?
Eustace. Father, I say, hawking is a pretty sport,
And hunting is a princely exercise;
To ride a great horse, oh 'tis admirable!
Old Earl Bologne. Eustace, I know it is; but to my question:
How canst thou brook to be a prentice, boy?
Eustace. Methinks I could endure it for seven years,
Did not my master keep me in too much.
I cannot go to breakfast in a morning

[4] *I say I*] i. e. *Ay.*
The necessity for this note shews the fitness of adhering to the old spelling of *Aye*, the adverb, instead of constantly to Ay. In the present edition the error has been rectified throughout. C.

With my kind mates and fellow-prentices,
But he cries Eustace, one bid Eustace come:
And my name Eustace is in every room.
If I might once a week but see a tilting,
Six days I would fall unto my business close,
And ere the week's end win that idle day.
He will not let me see a mustering,
[5]Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.
I am no sooner got into the fencing-school,
To play a [6] venie with some friend I bring,
But Eustace, Eustace, all the street must ring.
He will allow me not one hour for sport,
I must not strike a foot-ball in the street,
But he will frown: not view the dancing-school,
But he will miss me straight: not suffer me
So much as take up cudgels in the street,
But he will chide: I must not go to buffets;
No, though I be provoked: that's the hell,
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.

Old Earl Bologne. Sons, ye must all forget your birth and honours,
And look into the times necessity.
I know ye are persuaded: think not, sons,
The name of Prentice can disparage you.
For howsoever of you esteem'd they be,
Even kings themselves have of these trades been free.
I made a vow to see the Holy Land,

[5] *Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.*] Stow says, that "in "the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every "man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows "and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty "and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise (i. e. concert) of "birds, praising God in their kind." Again, "I find, also, that "in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) "lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes join-"ing together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-"poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice-"dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and to-"wards the evening, they had stage-plays and bonefires in the "streets." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255.

[6] *venie*] i. e. a bout.

And in the same my Saviour's sepulchre.
Having so well dispos'd you: I will now
First bless you, boys, and then prefer my vow.
Godfrey. With much ado, do I contain my spirit,
Within these bands, that have inclos'd me round.
Though now this case the noble sun doth shroud,
Time shall behold that sun break through this cloud.
Guy. My Genius bids my soul have patience,
And says I shall not be a prentice long.
I scorn it not: but yet my spirits aim,
To have this hand catch at the Crown of Fame.
Charles. An Haberdasher is the trade I use;
But the soft wool feels in my hand like steel:
And I could wish each hat comes through my hand
Were turn'd into an helmet; and each helmet
Upon a soldier's head, for me to lead.
War is the walk which I desire to tread.
Eustace. I am a Grocer; yet had rather see
A fair gilt sword hung in a velvet sheath,
Than the best Barbary sugar in the world,
Were it a freight of price inestimable.
I have a kind of prompting in my brain,
That says, though I be bound to a sweet trade,
I must forego it, I keep too much in.
I would fast from meat and drink a summer's day,
To see swords clash, or view a desperate fray.
Old Earl Boloigne. Bridle these humours, sons, expel them clean,
And your high spirits within your breasts contain;
Whilst I my tedious pilgrimage prepare,
To spend my age in poverty and prayer.
My first-born, first farewel; my second next;
Charles, Eustace, Daughter: here my blessings stay,
Your wishes bear me on my sacred way. [*Exit.*
Godfrey. Even to the place you travel, there to ascend
With those devout prayers you to heaven commend.
Brothers, since we are now as strangers here,
Yet by our father's provident care so plac'd,
That we may live secure from penury,
So let us please our masters by our care,

That we our ruin'd fortunes may repair.

Guy. Brother, if I knew where to go to war,
I would not stay in London one hour longer.

Charles. An hour! By heaven, I would not stay a minute.

Eustace. A minute! not a moment. Would you put a moment
Into a thousand parts, that thousandth part
Would not I linger, might I go to war.
Why, I would presently run from my master,
Did I but hear where were a drum to follow.

Bella Franca. Would you so brother?

Eustace. Aye, good faith, sweet sister,
I would shew him as fine a pair of heels, as light and nimble, as any the neatest cork-shoe in all the town turns up: I would i'faith.

Bella Franca. And leave me here alone?

Guy. Alone? why sister,
Can you be left alone 'mongst multitudes?
London is full of people every where.

Godfrey. Well, leave this jesting: we forget ourselves.
Sister, we'll have you to our father's house,
T'enjoy the small possessions left you there:
Return we to our masters and our charge,
Lest seeking this our loitering to excuse,
With forg'd inventions we their ears abuse.

[*Sound a drum within softly.*

I hear a drum. I have as much power to sit,
Sort out my wares, and scribble on a shop-board,
When I but hear the musick of a drum,
As to abstain from meat when I am hungry.
I'll know what news before I stir a foot.

Charles. By heaven, I am enamoured of this tune,
'Tis the best musick in the world to me.

Eustace. My legs are marching straight when I but hear it.
Ran, tan, tan: oh, I could lead a drum
With a good grace, if I but saw behind me
An hundred soldiers follow in even ranks.
Had I but here a band of men to lead,

Methinks I could do wonders. Oh, 'tis brave
To be a captain, and command to have.

Enter, after a drum, a CAPTAIN *with a Proclamation.*

Captain. All commanders, captains, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, serjeants, corporals, or common soldiers whatsoever, that will accompany to the holy wars at Jerusalem Robert Duke of Normandy, the King's son; they shall have pay and place, according to their deserts. And so God save King William, surnamed the Conqueror. [*Exeunt drum and Captain.*

Eustace. Ran, tan, tan. Now by St. George, he tells us gallant news:
I'll home no more; I'll run away to-night.

Guy. If I cast bowl, or spoon, or salt again,
Before I have beheld Jerusalem,
Let me turn Pagan.

Charles. Hats and caps adieu:
For I must leave you, if the drum say true.

Godfrey. Nay, then, have with you brothers; for my spirit
With as much vigour hath burst forth as thine,
And can as hardly be restrain'd as yours.
Give me your hands, I will consort you too:
Let's try what London Prentices can do.

Eustace. For my trade's sake, if good success I have,
The Grocer's Arms shall in mine ensign wave.

Guy. And if my valour bring me to command,
The Goldsmith's Arms shall in my colours stand.

Godfrey. So of us all: then let us in one *fleet
Launch all together: and as we are brothers,
So let us enter zealous amity,
And still prevail by our united strength:
I know our hearts are one. Sister, farewel.
Trust me, in vain you should persuade our stay;
For we are bent, comfort us with your prayers.

All. Farewel.

Bella Franca. Farewel.

Godfrey. God!

* *fleet*] The first Edition reads *ship.*

Guy. Heaven!
Charles. Fate!
Eustace. Fortune!
Godfrey. Make us happy men, to win.
Guy. Wear.
Charles. Vanquish.
Eustace. Overcome. [*Exeunt.*
Bella Franca. Amen!
Have you all left me midst a world of strangers,
Here only to myself? not* to protect me,
Or to defend me from apparent wrong?
Since it is so, I'll follow after you.
In some disguise I will pursue their steps,
And unto [7] heaven and fortune yield myself.
Toward sea they are gone, and unto sea must I,
A virgin's unexpected fate to try. [*Exit.*

Enter marching, ROBERT *of Normandy, the Captain, the four Brethren, drum, and soldiers.*

Enter the PRESENTER.

Presenter. Thus have you seen these brothers shipp'd to sea,
Bound on their voyage to the Holy Land;
All bent to try their fortunes in one bark.
Now to afford all dilatory news,
Which might withhold you from the stories pith,
And substance of the matter we intend,
I must intreat your patience to forbear,
Whilst we do feast your eye, and starve your ear.
For in dumb shews, which, were they writ at large,
Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,
Their infant fortunes I will soon express,
And from the truth in no one point digress.
Ye have seen the father of these four fair sons,
Already gone his wearied pilgrimage;
Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace, [8] prest to sea
To follow Robert duke of Normandy.
Imrgine now ye see the air made thick

* Qy. *None* instead of *not*. O. G.
[7] *heaven*] God; first Edition.
[8] *prest to sea*] Ready to go to sea. See Note on *The Four P's.*

With stormy tempests, that disturb the sea;
And the four winds at war among themselves;
And the weak barks wherein the brothers sail
Split on strange rocks, and they enforc'd to swim,
To save their desperate lives; where what befel them,
Dispersed to several corners of the world,
We will make bold to explain it in dumb show;
For from their fortunes all our scenë must grow.

Enter with a drum on one side certain Spaniards; on the other side certain Citizens of Boloigne: the Spaniards insult upon them, and make them do them homage. To the Citizens enter Godfrey, as newly landed and half-naked, confers with the Citizens, and by his instigation they set upon the Spaniards, and beat them away: they come to honour him, and he discloseth himself unto them; which done, they crown him, and accept him for their Prince; and so exeunt.

Those Citizens you see were Bolonois,
Kept under bondage of that tyrannous earl,
To whom the French king gave that ancient seat,
Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong,
But in the height of his ambition,
Godfrey, by shipwreck thrown upon that coast,
Stirs up th' oppressed City to revolt;
And by his valour was the usurper slain;
The City from base bondage free'd again.
The men of Boloigne, wond'ring what strong hand
Had been the means of their deliverance,
Besought him to make known his birth and state;
Which Godfrey did. The people, glad to see
Their natural prince procure their liberty,
Homage to him, create him Earl of Boloigne,
And repossess him in his father's seat.
Where we will leave him, having honour won,
And now return unto the second son.

Enter the King of France, and his daughter, walking; to them Guy all wet. The Lady entreateth her father for his entertainment; which is granted; and rich cloaths are put about him: et sic exeunt.

As the French king did with his daughter walk

By the sea-side; from far they might espy
One on a rafter float upon the waves,
Who, as he drew more near unto the shore,
They might discern á man: though basely clad,
Yet sparks of honour kindled in his eyes.
Him at first sight the beauteous lady loves;
And prays her father to receive him home:
To which the king accords; and in his court
Makes him a great and special officer.
There leave we Guy a gallant courtier prov'd,
And of the beauteous Lady well belov'd.

Enter Banditos, with the Earl prisoner. Exeunt some of them with him to prison. Enter Charles, all wet, with sword; fights with the rest, and kills their Captain. They yield, and offer to make him their Captain, to which he agrees; et sic exeunt omnes.

Charles the third son is by the winds and waves
Born on a plank as far as Italy,
And lands just at a lofty mountain's foot;
Upon whose top a many out-law'd thieves,
Banditti, Bravoes, such as keep in caves,
Made their abode. This crew assails young Charles;
Who in the bickering strikes their Captain dead.
They wond'ring at his valour, and being now
Without a leader, humbly seek to him
To be their chieftain, and command their strength:
Which at their earnest suit he undertakes.
We leave him there, thinking his brothers drown'd,
Nor knowing yet his father there lies bound.

Enter a corse, after it Irishmen mourning, in a dead march: to them enters Eustace, aad talks with the chief mourner, who makes signs of consent, after burial of the corse, and so exeunt.

Eustace, the youngest of the four, was cast
Upon the coast of Ireland; and from thence
He comes to travel to Jerusalem;
Supposing his three brethren drown'd by sea.
Thus have you seen these four, that were but now
All in one fleet, a many thousand leagues
Sever'd from one another: Guy in France,

Godfrey in Boloigne, Charles in Italy,
Eustace in Ireland 'mongst the [9] Irish kerns.
Yet, gentlemen, the self-same wind and fortune
That parted them, may bring them [10] altogether.
Their sister follows them with zealous love:
Be patient, ye will wonder when they meet.
Four London Prentices will, ere they die,
Advance their tow'ring fame above the sky;
And win such glorious praise as never fades,
Unto themselves and honour of their trades.
Grant them your wonted patience to proceed,
And their keen swords shall make the Pagans bleed.
[*Exit.*

Enter GUY, *and the Lady of France.*

Lady. Fie, stranger, can a skin so white and soft
Cover an heart obdurate, hard as flint?
Since I first saw thee floating on the waves,
The fire of love flew from your radiant eye,
Which like a sun-beam pierc'd unto my heart.

Guy. Sweet lady, all my powers I owe to you:
For by your favour I ascend this height,
Which seats me in the favour of a prince;
A prince, that did he know me, in the stead
[*Private to himself.*
Of doing me honour, would cut off my head.
He did exile my father; cast me down;
And, spurr'd with envious hate, distress'd us all.
Since fortune then, and the devouring seas,
Have robb'd me of my brothers, and none left
Of all my father's sons alive but I,
Take this advantage, and be secret, Guy.
Meet this occasion; and conclude with fate,
To raise again thy father's ruin'd state.

Lady. Fie, niggard, can you spend such precious breath,
Speak to yourself so many words apart;
And keep their sound from my attentive ear,
Which, save your words, no musick loves to hear?

[9] *Irish kerns*] See Note 31 to *Edward* II. vol. II.
[10] *altogether*] Once to meet; second Edition.

Guy. What would you have me say?
Lady. Would I might teach thee!
Oh that I had the guidance of thy tongue! [*Private.*
But what would that avail thee, foolish girl?
Small hope in those instructions I should find,
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your mind.
Guy. My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my hand, my sword,
Are all your servants; who hath done you wrong?
Lady. I doubt not of your valour. But resolve me,
And tell me one thing truly I shall ask you.
Guy. Be't not my birth, no question I'll deny.
Doubt not my truth, for honour scorns to lie.
Lady. I do believe you: fair knight, do you love?
Guy. To ride a horse as well as any man;
To make him mount, curvet, to leap, and spring;
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.
Lady. I did not ask you if you love to ride.
Something I mean; which though my tongue deny,
Look on me, you may read it in mine eye.
But do you love?
Guy. To march, to plant a battle, lead an host,
To be a soldier, and to go to war,
To talk of flanks, of wings, of [11] sconces, holds,
To see a sally, or to give a charge,
To lead a [12] vaward, rereword, or main host;
By heaven, I love it as mine own dear life!
Lady. I know all this; your words are but delays.
Could you not love a lady that loves you?
'Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe. [*Private.*

[11] *sconces*] Block-houses, or fortifications in war. Minshieu says, that a *sconce* is also taken for the head, because a *sconce*, or block-house, is made round in the fashion of a head, whereupon comes the term in Oxford to *sconce* one, *Mulctare pecunia*, i. e. to set up so much in the Buttery-book upon his *head*, to pay for his punishment for his offence committed.

[12] *vaward*] The foremost part of the army in battle.

This explanation seems incorrect, for W. Rowley, in his *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, Act II. distinguishes between the *Van* and the *Vaw*. Baltazar is describing the battle, and says "'Tis here without bloodshed: this our main battalia, that the *van*, this the vaw, these the wings," &c. C.

Guy. Where is my man to bring me certain news,
The king's commission sends me to the wars:
The villain loiters in my business.
Lady. All this is from the matter, gentle knight;
The king's commission may be sign'd at leisure.
What say you to my question?
Guy. You would have me tell you true?
Lady. Either speak true, or do not speak at all.
Guy. Then as I am true knight I honour you,
And to your service will espouse my sword.
I wish you as I wish the glorious sun,
That it may ever shine; without whose lustre
Perpetual darkness should o'ershade the earth.
But tell me, lady, what you mean by love.
Lady. To love a lady, is with heart entire
To make her mistress of his whole desire;
To sigh for her, and for her love to weep;
As his own heart her precious favours keep:
Never be from her, in her bosom dwell,
To make her presence heaven, her absence hell.
Write sonnets in her praise, admire her beauty;
Attend her, serve her, count his service duty.
Make her the sole commandress of his powers,
And in the search of love, lose all his hours.
Guy. 'Tis pretty for some fool that could endure it.
How near am I unto this love, sweet lady?
I love to mount a steed, whose heavy trot
Cracks all my sinews, makes my armour crash:
I love to march up to the neck in snow,
To make my pillow of a cake of ice,
That in the morning, when I stretch my limbs,
My hair hangs thick with dropping isicles,
And my bright arms be frozen to the earth.
I love to see my face besmear'd in blood,
To have a gaping wound upon my flesh,
Whose very mouth would make a lady swoon.
I love no chamber-musick; but a drum,
To give me [13] hunts-up. Could your grace endure

[13] *hunts-up*] The *hunts-up* was the name of a tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan, A.* 2. S. 1:

To lie all night within a sheet of mail,
By a drawn sword that parts not from my side,
Embrace a body full of wounds and scars,
And hear no language but of blood and wars?
Such is my life; such may my honour prove:
Make war a lady, I that lady love.

Lady. Fie, fie, you run quite from the bias clean,
To love that dearly, which we hate so deadly.
If love and I be one, you hate us both.

Guy. Then can I love no lady by my troth.
Madam, farewel; for under my command
The king your father sends ten thousand men,
To win the holy town Jerusalem,
Thither must I; esteeming your high honour
Like a bright comet and unmatched star;
But love no woman in the world, save war. [*Exit.*

Lady. Go, flint; strike fire upon thy enemies steel,
Whilst I descend one step from fortune's wheel.
Thou goest before, love bids me follow after:
By thee, the king thy lord must lose his daughter. [*Exit.*

Enter CHARLES *like an out-law, with Banditos and Thieves, and with the* CLOWN.

Charles. Thieves, and good fellows, speak, what should I call you?
There's not a rogue among you that fears [14] heaven,
Nor one that hath a touch of honesty.
Robbers, and knaves, and rascals all together,
Sweet consort of vile villains list to me.
Am not I well prefer'd to become captain
Unto a crew of such pernicious slaves?
I shall have such a coil to make you christians,
And bring you to some shape of honesty,
That ere I do it, I shall make your bodies
Nothing but scare-crows, to hang round these trees.

Clown. Brave captain courageous whom death cannot daunt; we have been all gentlemen and house-

" ——— I was never yet
" At such a *hunts-up*, nor was so rewarded."
See also Mr. Steevens's Note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. S. 5.

[14] *heaven*] God; first Edition.

holders; but I was banish'd for nothing but getting of bastards; but this fellow fled from Venice, for killing a man cowardly on the Rialto; some for one villainy, and some for another. Our captain that you killed, and now supply his place, poisoned a worthy merchant in the city with rats-bane; and flying hither, for his valour we made him our general. But now, brave Cavalliero, to thee alone we sing Hononone.ro.

Charles. Well, I must have you now turn honest thieves.

He that commits a rape, shall sure be hang'd:
He that commits a murder, shall be murdered
With the same weapon that did act the deed:
He that robs pilgrims, or poor travellers,
That for devotion's sake do pass these mountains,
He shall be naked tied to arms of trees,
And in the days heat stung with wasps and bees.
Ye slaves, I'll teach you some civility.

Clown. Captain, what shall he be done withal, that lies with a wench with her will, if he be hung that lies with one against her will?

Charles. I'll have him whipt.

Clown. See, see, I think the captain hath been a cook in his time, he can fit sweet meat with sour sauce. But what a fool is our captain, to prescribe laws to out-laws? if we would have kept the laws before in the city, we needed not to have been driven now to lead our lives in the country. But, captain, since you are our captain, we will resign unto you all our treasures and prisoners, and our spoils. Take possession of them [15]in God's name, that came to us in the devil's name.

Charles. Your prisoners, spoils, and treasure, all bring forth,

That I may seize them as mine own by right;
As heir to him whom I have slain in fight.

Enter the THIEVES *bringing in the old* EARL *bound.*

Old Earl Boloigne. Villains, I know you drag me to my death:

[15] *in God's name,*] The second Edition reads *in Jove's name.*

And ye shall do me an exceeding [16]grace.

Charles. I am deceiv'd but I have seen that face.

Villains. Come, come you old grey-beard, you must before our captain: if he say *vive*, then live; if not, thou diest if thou wert his father.

Charles. Villain, thou liest if thou wert my brother:
He shall not die. Upon your low knees fall,
And ask him pardon, or I'll hang you all.

Old Earl Boloigne. 'Tween joy and fear amaz'd in heart I stand:
Doth my son Charles lead this unruly band?

Charles. Your only son, and all the sons you have,
And born his father's desperate life to save.

Old Earl Bolöigne. How cam'st thou here? why dost thou call thyself
My only son, having three brothers more,
Which unto me thy beauteous mother bore?

Charles. Once we were four, all fellow-prentices;
And after fellow-soldiers, prest to serve
The good duke Robert in his holy wars;
But in a storm, our ships so bravely mann'd,
Were wreck'd; and, save myself, none swam to land.
They perish'd there: I by the waves and winds
Was driven upon this coast of Italy.
Where landing naked, save my trusty sword,
This crew of bold banditos set upon me!
But in the dangerous fight, by chance I slew
The luckless captain of this damned crew:
Who since have made me captain, here to stay
Till fortune grant me a more prosperous way.

Old Earl Boloigne. Mine eyes have vow'd to die the self same death
My sons have done: son, let me weep awhile,
To bring the like destruction to my eyne;
These in salt tears; they in a sea of brine.

Clown. Is this our captain's father? what villains were we to use him so roughly?

Villain. If the old fornicator had but told us so

[16] *grace.*] The second Edition reads *pleasure.*

much, we should have had the grace either to have set
him free, or fortune to have us'd him more gently.
Charles. Since, father, we have met this happy day,
Secure with me amongst these out-laws stay.
Old Earl Bologne. Not for the world; since I have
lost my sons,
All outward joys are from my heart remov'd:
Vain pleasures I abhor, all things [17]defy,
That teach not to despair, or how to die.
Yet ere I leave the world I vow to see,
His holy blessed tomb that died for me.
Charles. Then take along with you this bag of gold
To bear your charge in every inn you come:
Deny it not, relief is comfortable.
Old Earl Bologne. Thanks, my dear son, expence it
will defray,
And serve to deal to poor men by the way.
And now farewel, sweet Charles, thou all my sons,
For now the last sand in my hour-glass runs.
Charles. Ye two conduct him safe beyond the moun-
tains.
Villain. Shall I be one?
Clown. And I another?
Charles. Ye know the passages, be it your charge.
Villain. I am glad the silly man is weak and old:
By heaven my fingers tickle at his gold.
Clown. Old man, is your purse afloat?
I have vow'd to cut his throat,
But to have it every groat. [*Exeunt.*
Charles. And now return we to survey our cave,
Peruse our treasure got by rape and spoil;
Though won by others, yet possest by us:
Yet henceforth shall be us'd no violence.
I'll make these villains work in several trades,
And in these forests make a common-wealth.
When them to civil nurture I can bring,
They shall proclaim me of these mountains king.
[*Exeunt.*

[17] *defy,*] i. e. refuse or deny. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 5. S. 3.

Enter EUSTACE *and his* IRISHMAN.

Eustace. I think these upright craggy mountain tops
Are (if the truth were known) high way to heaven:
For it is straight, and narrow, and some places
Are for the steepness inaccessible.
Fair fall a rafter, and a gale of wind,
Or I had gone to heaven a way by water
Nearer than this by land: that way they found,
Who in the salt remorseless seas were drown'd,
My brothers, whom I dream on when I sleep,
And my eyes waking at their fortunes weep.
Forgetting them, the friendly Irish coast
Gave me safe harbour; thence I have travel'd hither,
Even to these lofty hills of Italy,
After prince Robert duke of Normandy.
'Tis safer sitting in my master's shop,
Crying what lack you, than 'tis here to stay,
To wolves and wild beasts to be made a prey.

Irishman. Master, so Christ save me, I shall wait on thee; wake for thee when thou sleepest, run for thee when thou biddest, and fly o' thy errands, like an arrow from a bow, when thou wantest wine, or meat, to drink or eat, or any other necessary provision.

Now I have left my best friend in the grave,
My friendship and my service you shall have.

Eustace. Well, fortune hath preserv'd me to some end.
It is for something that I did not sink,
When the salt waves my mouth and ears did drink.
I might have fed the haddocks; but some power
Is my good master, and preserves me still.
Well, sword, in all my troubles stand me bye:
Thou art bound to win me somewhat ere I die.

Enter the CLOWN *and the* VILLAIN, *dragging the Old* EARL *violently, and rifling him.*

Clown. Give us the gold my captain gave you, you old anatomy.

Villain. Gray-beard deliver, or you are but dead.

Old Earl Boloigne. Take it my friends; full little needs this strife.

First take gold, and after take my life.

Clown. Nay, you old [18] Jack a lent, six weeks and upwards, though you be our captain's father, you cannot stay there, and for surety that you shall not go back, and tell him what we have done to you, we'll kill you, and fling you into some coal pit.

Villain. Content; and when we have done, we will return him word we have conducted thee past all danger of the mountains: and now prepare thee for the fatal stroke.

Old Earl Boloigne. Thou dost me a great kindness, let it come:
God take my soul, now when thou wilt strike home.

Eustace. He strikes his own soul down to Erebus,
That lifts a sword that shall but touch his hair.

Irishman. And by S. Patrick I'll make him garter his hose with his guts, that strikes any stroke here.

Clown. Whom have we here? a gentleman and his water-spaniel? let's rob them too, and after kill the Grey-beard.

Villain. Content, content. Sirrah, stand.

Eustace. Yes, I will stand, base wretch, when thou shalt fall;
And strike thee dead, and trampling on thy [19] bulk
By stamping with my foot crush out thy soul.
Take that, you slave, for bidding Eustace stand.
[*He beats them both away.*
Now, father, go in peace.

Old Earl Boloigne. Thanks, my fair son,
By whose stout valour I have freedom won.
I can bestow upon you nought but thanks,
Unless you will divide this gold with me.

Eustace. No, father, keep it; thou art old and poor:
But when I want, my sword shall purchase more.
[*Apart to himself.*

Old Earl Boloigne. By viewing him my former griefs abound,

[18] *Jack a lent.*] See Note 34 on Green's *Tu quoque*, vol. VII.

[19] *bulk*] i. e. body. See Note 4 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, vol. III.

Even such a one was Eustace that was drown'd:
Which had he liv'd, his stature, years, and all,
Would have resembled his, so streight, so tall,
So fair, so strong, of such a worthy spirit;
But his blest soul, by this, doth heaven inherit.
Grief for his death so near my heart doth dwell,
That for my life I cannot say farewel. [*Exit.*

Eustace. The captain's father, whom the slaves had kill'd
Had not our coming intervented them,
Resembles mine in gesture, face, and look.
But the old earl my father is by this
Within the walls of fair Jerusalem,
Else had I surely took this aged man
T'have ask'd him blessing. But what next ensues?
I find these mountains will be full of news.

Enter CHARLES, CLOWN, VILLAIN, *and the Crew.*

Clown. Captain, a prize! we two were assailed by two hundred, and of them two hundred we kill'd all but these two. These are the remainder of them that are left alive.

Charles. Go two or three of you, and fetch them in: If they resist you, take their weapons from them.

Clown. I had rather somebody else should attempt them than I now: but since there is no other remedy, give me three or four of the stoutest of our crew, and then God and S. Anthony.

Eustace. More thieves and villains have begirt us round.
Now, Eustace, for the honour of thy name,
Return them to their captain back with shame.
[*He sets upon them all, and beats them.*

Charles. Now by mine honour, the best piece of flesh
That ever in these woods held out-law play.
Even such a spirit had Eustace when he liv'd.
We must not lose this gallant; if we can,
We'll strive to make him our companion.

Eustace. Ye slaves, I'll beat you all into a mouse-hole:

And like a baited lion at a stake,
Kill all the curs that come but near to bark.
Ye gulls, have ye no better men amongst you?
Defy your captain from me: here I stand,
To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

Charles. I were a bastard, not my father's son
Should I refuse it.

Eustace. By all the land I have left me in the world,
That's but my grave, captain, thou honourest me.

Charles. By all the wealth I brought into these woods,
That's but my sword, thou dost the like to me.
Thou shalt have fair play, gallant, by mine honour.

Eustace. False was my mother to my Father's bed,
If I should ask more odds of Hercules.

Charles. He dies upon my sword, disturbs our fray,
Or in the fight dares disadvantage thee.

Eustace. Were I the world-commanding Alexander,
I would make thee my Ephestion for that word.
I love thee for thy valour, captain thief.

Charles. 'Tis that preserves thee from our violence,
An honour'd mind lies in this outlaw's shape.
So much I reckon of thy chivalry,
That wert thou master of an Indian mine,
Thou should'st not be diminish'd one denier.
Securely fight, thy purse is sanctuary'd,
And in this place shall [20] beard the proudest thief.

Eustace. An honour'd minded villain, by my sword;
A right good fellow, and an honest thief.
If I should have thee prostrate at my mercy,
I will not kill thee for thy liberal offer.
Yet win it, lad, and take it without fail:
I scorn to have my purse go under bail.

Charles. He goes beyond me in heroick thoughts:
To thine I stake down this: stand all apart!
He that steps in, be subject to our curses.
And now the better man take both the purses.

Eustace. It is a match, I'll seize them to thy grief.

[20] *beard the proudest thief.*] See Note 39 to *Edward* II. vol. II.

Now, [21] true-man, try, if thou canst rob a thief.

They fight: as they are fighting, enter BELLA FRANCA, *pursued by an out-law; she runs betwixt them and parts them.*

Bella Franca. If ye were born of women, aid a woman!

Charles. Why, what's the matter?

Bella Franca. Oh, turn the edges of your swords 'gainst him,
That in the forest would have ravish'd me.

Charles. Cease thy pursuit; and, stranger, pause awhile,
To hear the tenour of this lady's plaint.

Eustace. Why then kings truce; but let the purses lie:
They'll fall to my advantage by and by.

Charles. Now tell me, lady, what's your suit to me?

Bella Franca. To save my life from foul inchastity.
For passing by these countries on my way,
To pay my zealous vows in Golgotha,
Attended only by a little page,
This villain, with a crew of ruffian thieves,
Seiz'd what we had first, haled my page from me,
And after would have wrack'd my chastity.
But, being swift of foot, fear lent me wings
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flie,
Either to save mine honour or to die.

Charles. Thy honour and thy life are both secur'd:
And, for a lady's sake you much resemble,
Command my sword, my subjects, and my cave,
Where succour, all offenceless you shall have.
Sirrah, go you and scour about the hill.

Clown. I go. [*Exit.*

Bella Franca. How like is he to Charles by ship-wreck dead;
And he to Eustace perish'd in the waves!
But they are both immortal saints in heaven:
Yet I am glad, because these shapes are theirs,
My happy coming hath ta'en up their strife,

[21] *True-man*] See Note 88 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Preserving mine own honour and my life.
Eustace. So blush'd my sister: and this out-law thief
Hath a resemblance to my brother Charles:
But she in London lives a virgin pure;
He in some huge whale's belly too too sure.
Charles. A pretty wench i'faith: I'll marry her,
And make her queen of all this out-law crew.
Eustace. I am half in love already, at first sight:
How will this raging flame increase by night!
Charles. Fair beauteous maid, resign your love to me;
Mistress of all these forests you shall be.
Eustace. Love me, I'll kiss away these tears of grief;
Sweet wench; embrace a true-man, scorn a thief.
Charles. How now, sir sauce! you are as bold, methinks,
As if you were a free-man of our trade:
None but myself plead interest in this maid.
Eustace. My interest is as much; in this 'tis greater,
Because that of the two I love her better.
Charles. Proud passenger, I'll make thee eat that word.
Eustace. If I eat air, thou shalt digest my sword.
Charles. Revive this quarrel, let the former die;
Fight we for her, and let the purses lie.
Eustace. Out-law, I rather love to fight than brawl;
I'll win from thee thy wench, thy purse and all.
Bella Franca. Stay, gentlemen!
[*She steps between them.*
Eustace. By heaven, I scorn to stay,
Till both the purses I have ta'en away.
Charles. My sword for me, my mistress, and my gold,
My resolution shall my claim uphold.
Enter the CLOWN, *running betwixt them.*
Clown. What do you mean, gentlemen, to fight among yourselves, that should be friends, and had more need to take one another's part to fight against

your enemies? We shall all be slain, killed, murdered, massacred! For my own part, if I had nine lives, like a cat, they were all sure to die one dog's death.

Charles. Why, what's the matter, fellow?

Clown. Oh, noble captain, we shall all be slain. Tancred, a prince of Italy, with an army hath beset the foot of the mountains, and hath vow'd to make venison of all us poor out-laws, and kill us like deer. God be with you: I'll go shift for one. [*Exit.*

Charles. [22] Dear we will be to him, before he do it,
And dearly sell our desperate carcases.
Kind stranger, wilt thou take a truce with me,
Thou shalt divide with me my dignity:
We two will jointly o'er these mountains reign,
And by our valours our estates maintain.

Eustace. Because I hear thy life in jeopardy,
And thou hast dealt with me so honourably,
Receive my hand: now I am wholly thine.
And, ye mad rogues, I am half your captain now.
Look when ye see me nod, ye crouch and kneel,
Make legs, and [23] curt'sies, and keep bare your crowns.

Clown. 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are clowns.
But for my own part, here's a leg, here's a cap, here's a knee;
All these, sweet half-captain, I reserve for thee.

Eustace. Speak, do you all accept me?

All. We do, we do.

Eustace. Then, brother thief, I am turn'd out-law too.
But, to do no man wrong, I make that law,
Only to pass this tedious summer here,
Till we our down-cast fortunes may up-rear.

[22] *Dear we will be to him,* &c.] This species of quibbling is very common in our early writers. So Shakspeare in the *First Part of Henry* IV. A. 5. S. 4.

"Death hath not struck so fat a *deer* to day,
"Though many *dearer* in this bloody fray."

See also other instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on the last passage.

[23] *curt'sies*] The first edition reads *cringes.*

Charles. You share with me in [24] love, in mind, in all. [*Soft march.*

But, hark! I hear our enemies' drums do brawl.

Eustace. Their voice is welcome; oh, that I had with me

As many good lads, honest prentices, [*Apart.*

From Eastcheap, Canwick-street, and London-stone,

To end this battle, as could wish themselves

Under my conduct if they knew me here,

The doubtful day's success we need not fear.

Charles. O, for some Cheapside boys for Charles to lead! [*Apart.*

They would stick to it, when these out-laws fall.

Wishes are wind, let's think ourselves well mann'd;

We'll sooner die than fly, so make a stand.

Enter TANCRED, *with drum and soldiers.*

Tancred. Are these the out-laws that disturb our peace?

Think they these mountain-tops can shelter them

From our revenge, and just-assembled arms?

Charles. Come, come, let us prepare to answer them.

Tancred. Which be the chief of these confounded troops?

Charles. Prince, I am one of them.

Eustace. And I another.

Charles. I am his friend.

Eustace. And I his out-law brother.

Tancred. How dare you stand contemptuous 'gainst your liege?

Captains, ye are our men.

Charles. That we deny:

I am a stranger, Tancred.

Eustace. So am I.

Tancred. Such valour is reported to appear [*Apart to his own people.*

In the brave deeds of these rude foresters,

That we could rather wish they were our friends,

To dwell in cities, than keep out in caves.

[24] *love*] The first Edition reads *end*.

Considering now what wars we have in hand,
Their martial spirits might much advantage us,
Would they but keep within some honoured bounds.
We'll work them if we can to our alliance,
And rather motion love, than proud defiance.
Charles. Why comes the County Palatine in arms,
To fight against unarmed foresters,
If thou wilt win renown, bend thy brave forces
'Gainst Pagans that besiege Jerusalem.
Small fame and honour canst thou win thee here;
Besides, our cheap lives thou shalt purchase dear.
Eustace. We have reform'd these villains since we came,
And taught them manners and civility:
All rape and murder we repay with death;
Amongst us doth not live a ravisher.
Tancred. I have heard no less, but that you weed out such
As pass the bounds of Christian honesty;
Which makes me rather offer peace than war.
But what bright virgin stands, so discontent?
Charles. My life.
Eustace. My love.
Tancred. The word had been well spent,
If I had said mine too; for I protest,
Of all this number I affect her best.
Charles. Believe me, fellow-partner, in my rule,
You offer wrong to impart in this my love.
Eustace. Half of all's mine, I claim it as my due:
In which, bright virgin, I except not you.
Tancred. I do contain my love with much ado;
For her (methinks) I could turn out-law too.
Eustace. What, do you think to have a double share?
Half of her's mine; I will not bate an hair.
Charles. By thine own words thou gavs't me half at least.
Eustace. But I'll have all; my title is increas'd.
Tancred. Stay, captains, for our annual crown's revenues,

We would not lose the weakest of you both,
So much do we affect your chivalries.
Let me take up this mutual enmity:
Your quarrel is for her; both would enjoy her:
You claim her as your right. [*To Charles.*
Charles. 'Tis true I do.
Tancred. And, captain, you say she belongs to you.
Eustace. True (valiant prince), my hopes shall his destroy;
Thou art mine own, sweet wench. [25] Heaven give us joy!
Tancred. Then till this strict contention ended be,
Deliver this bright virgin unto me.
Here shall our former hate and discord cease:
This lady shall be hostage of your peace.
Unto thy charge we give ten thousand men:
[*To Charles.*
As many soldiers we resign to thee. [*To Eustace.*
Make me her keeper till these wars be done;
Ye have the price, I my content have won.
Charles. Honour hath taught the Palatine to speak.
Eustace. Since what we both desire, one can but have,
Take charge of her. Let me receive the charge
Of a great army, and commanding power.
Before I marry, I must win my dower.
Charles. So say I too; and out-law life adieu.
Tancred. And welcome love, which I must keep for you.
Their drums shall scold, mine shall have time to cease,
And whilst they war, with her I'll make my peace.
Are you content, sweet lady?
Bella Franca. I must do
That which amongst you all best pleaseth you.
I am a prisoner; prisoners must obey;
You say I shall, and I must not say nay.
Charles. Do so, sweet love.

[25] *Heaven*] The first edition reads *God.*

Eustace. Till these wars ended be
I pr'ythee, sweet love, keep thy heart to me.
Tancred. Come, captain, we bequeath you to your charge,
To march with speed towards the holy wars.
This lady, as our life we will esteem,
And place her in the honour of a queen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *of* NORMANDY, GODFREY *of* BOLOIGNE, *and* GUY *of* LESSINGHAM, *with drums and soldiers.*

Godfrey. Whatart thou with thy brow confrontest me?
Guy. Oone that thinks scorn to give least place to thee.
Godfrey. Thou know'st me not, to set my name so light.
Guy. I [26] reck thee not; nay frown, thou canst not fright.
We are no babe; or, if we were, yet know
Thy proud face cannot like a bugbear show.
Godfrey. Thou hast struck fire upon a flinty spirit.
Think'st thou, because thou lead'st the French king's troops,
And art commander of a few bold French,
That we will yield the upper hand to thee?
I let thee know thou hast dishonoured me.
Guy. I let thee know thou hast done as much by me.
Think'st thou, thou canst outface me? proud man, no:
Know I esteem thee as too weak a foe.
Godfrey. Now by my knight-hood I'll revenge this wrong,
And for that word thy heart shall curse thy tongue.
Robert. What mean these [27] Christian princes thus to jar,
And bend their swords against their mutual breasts,
Whose edge were sharpen'd for their enemies crests?
Godfrey. He shall not march before me.
Guy. But I will.

[26] *reck.*] See Note 33 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.
[27] *Christian*] The first Edition reads *hasty*.

Godfrey. [28] Zounds! but thou shalt not, by this blessed day,
I'll pitch thee like a bar out of my way.
Guy. Thy arms want strength, thou canst not toss me so.
Godfrey. No, can they not? by heaven I'll try a throw!
Robert. Princes, I charge you by the honoured zeal,
And love to him for whom ye come to fight,
To cease this envy and abortive jar.
The fields are broad enough for both to march,
And neither have the vantage of the ground.
Guy. Robert, mine arm shall act a wondrous thing;
I'll hurl him like a stone out of a sling.
Not have the way? I'll fling thee on the earth,
And then march over thee with all my troops.
Godfrey. Robert of Normandy, by all the honour
Thou hop'st t'atchieve thee in these holy wars,
Stand from betwixt us, let's but try one fall.
I'll cast his cork-like trunk by wondrous skill,
As Hercules threw Lycas from an hill.
Robert. For God's sake and our Saviour's, in whose book
Ye now are entered as his soldiers prest,
In whose camp royal if ye mutiny,
Ye are found guilty by his martial law,
And worthy death, I charge you, princes both,
T'abandon this injurious enmity.
Stand you betwixt the soldiers, lest this sting
Of blind sedition reign in this our army,
And feed upon our bodies like a plague.
Princes, I charge you, by your Saviour's blood
Shed for your sins, ye shed none at this time.
Godfrey. Well, let him march before, I will resign;
Robert prevails: Frenchman, the right is thine.
Guy. I will not march first; but in courtesy
I will resign that honoured place to thee;
But what a king should say, I should not do,
With violent rage that would I run into.

[28] *Zounds*] The first Edition reads *Ey*.

Go on,[29] by heaven you shall, I yield it you:
By heaven you shall, the place I freely grant.
Friendship can more with me, than rude constraint.
Godfrey. Thy honoured love with honour I return,
What thou would'st give me, I resign thee back:
This kind reply to me stands like a charm,
[30] Then royally let's march on arm in arm.
Robert. Such just proportion princes still should keep.
Brave lord of Boloigne, join your troops with ours,
That are by birth approved Englishmen:
And Lord of France, that under your conduct
Have ready arm'd ten thousand fighting men,
To fight with us for fair Jerusalem,
Distrest by misbelieving infidels,
Let us unite a friendly christian league.
We have entered, valiant lords, upon our way
Even to the midst of fertile Lombardy,
By writers term'd the garden of the world.
Half of our way we have overcome already,
Then let us here incamp upon these downs.
But stay, what threat'ning voice of warfare sounds?

Enter, after a trumpet, EUSTACE.

Godfrey. Had not young Eustace in the seas been drown'd,
I should have said, he treads upon this ground.
And but none scap'd the dangerous seas save I,
This Frenchman I should think my brother Guy.
Eustace. Princes, my master County Palatine,
Wondering what bold foot durst presume to tread
Upon his confines without asking leave,
Sends me to know the cause of your arrive:
Or why the arm'd hoofs of your fiery steeds
Dare wound the forehead of his peaceful land.
Godfrey. Dare! sends thy lord in that ambitious key?

[29] *by heaven*] The second Edition reads *indeed.*

[30] *Then royally lets march on arm in arm*] This play, though not mentioned in the key to *The Rehearsal,* seems to have been one of those ridiculed in that witty performance. The above line is not unlikely to have been burlesqued in the following:

"Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,
"And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand."

Guy. Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue
Gilded thy message with these words of scorn?
Robert. Add'st thou unto thy message, knight, or no?
Eustace. The naked tenour of my master's mind
Thus I infold; rash, saucy, insolent,
That by audacious boldness have not fear'd
To break into my sovereign's royal pale;
I charge you to return the way you came,
And step by step tell every tedious stride,
That you have measured rashly in his land;
Or by the honour of his name he swears,
To chace you from the margent of his coast,
With an unnumber'd army and huge host.
Godfrey. March back again? Oh scandal to our names!
Have we deserv'd to be so censur'd on?
Though not one man upon my part would stand,
Alone I'll pierce the bowels of his land.
Guy. Basely retire, and thirty thousand strong!
Were the whole world's power ambush'd in our way,
Yet would we on. Return dishonourably!
Forward I'll march, though every step I tread
Plunge me in blood thus high above my head.
Robert. Princes, have patience, let me answer him.
Knight, I condemn not thee for speaking boldly
The proud defiance that thy master sends;
But mildly we return our pleasures thus.
We do confess it was some over-sight
To march so far, without some notice given
Unto the lord and prince that [31] owes the land,
And we could wish that we had crav'd his leave:
But since 'tis thus, that we have march'd thus far,
And basely to retire is infamous,
(If not with leave) we forward mean to go,
Despight of king or emperor shall say no.
Eustace. I will inform the prince my sovereign so.
Exit.
Guy. That young knight's face, methinks, I well should know.

[31] *owes*] See Note 27 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Godfrey. I see the swords were sharp'd 'gainst infidels
Must be employ'd to lavish Christian blood.
Upon his soul lie all the heinous guilt,
Who, being a Christian prince, forbids and bars
Our quiet passage to these Pagan wars.
Guy. This bickering will but keep our arms in [32]ure,
The holy battles better to endure.
Robert. Well, God for us, for our intent is good;
Charg'd be their souls with all this Christian blood.
Enter TANCRED, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *drum, colours, and soldiers, marching.*
Tancred. What art thou brav'st the County Palatine?
Robert. My name is Robert duke of Normandy.
Tancred. Speak, will ye all retire the way ye came?
Robert. God keep duke Robert from so foul a shame!
Godfrey. Basely retire when we have march'd thus far!
First we'll unpeople this thy land by war.
Charles. Then will we drive you back by our main force,
And seize upon your troops of foot and horse.
Guy. So say you; but should you attempt to do't,
We straight should overthrow you horse and foot.
Eustace. So said, so done, brave lord, were gallant play;
But you would at the first push shrink away.
Robert. No, proud Italians, all our spirits are fire,
Which burns not downward, but is made t'aspire.
Prince, we confess we did forget ourselves,
Presuming on that ancient privilege
Which every Christian brother prince should claim
One in the interest of another's name;
An error we confess, though not a fault.
But basely with dishonour back to fly,
And to be held as cowards, we [33]deny.

[32] *ure*] i. e. in practice, use. See Note 12 to *Ferrex and Porrex*, vol. I.

[33] *deny*] See p. 419.

Tancred. And nothing else can satisfy mine ire,
But whence ye came the same way to retire.
Robert. And that I'll never do.
Godfrey. Nor I.
Guy. Nor I.
Charles. Then shall ye on these Lombard champains die.
To arms, brave soldiers!
Eustace. Strike up, warlike drum!
Prepare you, Christian princes, now we come.
Godfrey. Stay, brave prince Tancred, stay, great Norman duke!
Out of my zeal to God and Christendom,
To staunch the blood which should be broach'd this day,
Unto the grief of all that honour Christ,
And joy to such as love idolatry,
I make this challenge general through the host
Of him that interrupts us on our way.
If any proud Italian dare take up
The honour'd gage which I have here thrown down,
And fight a single combat for our passage,
These shall be made our strict conditions:
If him I conquer, all our host shall march
Without least let and contradiction:
If I be vanquish'd by thy champion's hand,
Our army shall march back out of thy land.
Charles. A princely motion to save Christian blood.
Great prince of Italy, upon my knee
I humbly beg I may thy champion be.
Tancred. Thou hast thy suit; thy valour hath been try'd:
With a rough brow see thou confront his pride.
Robert. Then what ten thousand Christian lives should right,
These two brave lords will end in single fight.
Tancred. It is agreed.
Eustace. Stand to't, brave outlaw-brother,
Would I were one of them.

Guy. And I the other.
Charles. What weapon wilt thou use?
Godfrey. That which next comes:
Give me this partizan. Now strike up, drums!
Charles. Give me this soldier's; trumpet, sound a charge:
I'll stop the passage which he seeks t' enlarge.
Godfrey. Princes, stand off, my warlike arm this day,
For all your troops, shall win a prosperous way.
Charles. Thou canst not enter, though the way stood ope;
My heart, and this, thy passage vows to stop.
Godfrey. Yet will I through.
Charles. Thou shalt not, this says nay.
Godfrey. Oh, but behold! I have this to hew my way.
[*They fight, and are parted by Robert and Tancred.*
Tancred. I would not lose my champion for the world.
Robert. Nor I this prince; for were these spirits spent,
All Christendom their fortunes might lament.
Part them on equal odds, and equal terms:
Both alike valiant, both have honour won,
More valorous live not underneath the sun.
Tancred. We will reserve their haughty chivalries,
To exercise against God's enemies.
Eustace. They have won honour, I have idly stood;
By my good stars I'll have a challenge too,
If any in their camp dares answer me.
Give me thy pike, a pike a prince may trail,
And at that weapon will I challenge all.
Great prince, these fiery princes that came hither
To brave our forces had a champion
To challenge us: are we as valiant,
And shall we fail to do the like to them?
Give me but leave, my lord, to send one boast
T' affright them, like a devil, through their host.

Tancred. It pleaseth us; then when thou wilt begin.
Robert. What champion shall we have to answer him?
Guy. I should esteem him my immortal foe,
That should attempt to take away the honour
Of such a strong encounter from my hand.
Champion, appear betwixt our royal hosts,
Let's see thy strength make good thy haughty boasts.
Eustace. I am here; stand thou forth on the adverse part.
Survey me well; brave Hector I resemble,
Whose very brow did make the Greeks to tremble.
Guy. But I, Achilles, proud ambitious boy,
Will drag thy corse about the walls of Troy.
Give me thy pike, I'll toss it like a reed,
And with this bull-rush make mine enemy bleed.
Rapier and pike! is that thy honoured play?
Look down, ye gods, this combat to survey.
Eustace. Rapier and pike this combat shall decide;
Gods, angels, men, shall see me tame thy pride.
Guy. Thou do'st thyself wrong to o'ercharge thine arm
With such a weapon as thou canst not wield.
I'll teach thee; thou shalt like my zany be,
And feign to do my cunning after me.
Eustace. Thou would'st instruct thy master at this play.
Think'st thou this rye-straw can o'er-rule my arm?
Thus do I bear him when I use to march;
Thus can I fling him up, and catch him thus:
[*They toss their pikes.*
Then thus, to try the sinews of my arm.
Guy. But thou should'st charge him thus, advance him thus;
Thus should'st thou take him, when thou seest from far
The violent horses run to break our ranks.
Eustace. All that is nothing, I can toss him thus.
Guy. I thus: 'tis easier sport than the [34] baloon.

[34] *baloon.*] i. e. foot-ball. *Balon*, Fr. S.
Although this game is only now practised by clowns and school-

Eustace. We trifle time, this shall thy rage withstand.

Guy. With this, our host shall pierce thy sovereign's land.

They fight: ROBERT *and the Palatine cast their warders between them, and part them.*[35]

Robert. That host should lose ten thousand Pagans lives,
With the rich honour of their overthrow,
That should but lose his champion in this combat.
If both should perish, our brave Christian army
Should be more weak by thousands than it was.

Tancred. Their matchless valour hath prevail'd with us;
Freely enjoy the pleasures of our land:
Our army here we do conjoin with yours,
To lead them to the fair Jerusalem.

Robert. We pawn our faith to this perpetual league:
And now we show ourselves that Christian host,
In which true peace should flourish and abound;
Unto this peace let drums and trumpets sound.
Champions, embrace; and all your stern debate
[*Flourish.*
Pour in abundance on the Pagan's heads.
Princes and lords, let our united bands
Win back Judea from the Pagan's hands.
[*Exeunt marching.*

"boys, in the time of Heywood it was a princely amusement, as we learn from Prince Henry's "orders for his highnes Court, given at "Richmond, the 16th October, 1610," in which he enjoins, "that "when he is himself at the tennys play, *the ballon*, or such exercise, "two of his guards be presently appointed to attend about the dore, "until his departure thence." O. G.

[35] *warders*] Warders appear to have been a kind of truncheons carried by the person who presided at these single combats. On its being thrown down, both the parties were obliged to cease fighting. So, in the account given by Hall of the duel between the Duke of Norfolk and Duke of Hereford, it is said, "The Duke of "Norffolke was not full set forward when the Kynge cast doune his "*warder*, and the heraultes cried ho, ho. Then the Kyng caused "their speres to be taken from them, &c." *Introduction to the History of Henry* IV. fol. 3. See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Richard* II. A. I. S. 3.

Manet the French Lady.

Lady. Thus have I mask'd my bashful modesty
Under the habit of a trusty page.
And now my servant's servant am I made.
Love, that transform'd the gods to sundry shapes,
Hath wrought in me this metamorphosis.
My love and lord, that honoured me a woman,
Loves me a youth, employs me every where;
I serve him, wait upon him, and he swears
He favours both my truth and diligence:
And now I have learnt to be a perfect page,
He will have none to truss his points but me,
At board to wait upon his cup but me,
To bear his target in the field but me.
Nay, many a thing which makes me blush to speak;
He will have none to lie with him but me.
I dream and dream, and things come in my mind:
Only I hide my eyes; but my poor heart
Is barr'd and kept from love's [36] society.
Like Tantalus, such is my poor repast,
I see the apples that I cannot taste.
I'll stay my time, and hope yet, ere I die,
My heart shall feast as richly as my eye.
[*Exit. Flourish.*

Enter the old SOLDAN, *the young* SOPHY, *tables and forms; and* MORETES, TURNUS, *with drum and soldiers.*

Soldan. Counsel, brave lords, the Christian army marcheth
Even to our gates with paces undisturb'd:
The hollow earth resounds with weight of arms,
And shrinks to bear so huge a multitude.
They make a valley as they march along,
And raising hills encompass either side.
Counsel, brave lords, these terrors to decide.

Sophy. Jove's great vicegerent over all the world,

[36] *society.*] The first Edition reads *satiety.* And probably *satiety* is the word written by the author; *society* does not by any means imply what is here meant. C.

Let us confront their pride, and with our powers
Disperse the strength of their assembled troops.
Soldan. Sion is ours by conquest; all Judea
Is the rich honour of our conquering swords:
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breasts
The walls that shall defend Jerusalem?
Sophy. They shall march over us, that march this way:
Before the Christians shall attain these walls
With dead men's faces we will pave the earth.
Soldan. I cannot judge the Christians are so mad
To come in way of battle, but of peace.
Sophy. They rather travel in devotion,
To pay their vows at their Messiah's tomb;
And so, as pilgrims, not as soldiers come.
Soldan. Your own power blinds you, and hath skreen'd your eyes:
My hairs do wear experience livery,
But yours, the badge of youth and idleness.
Their army stands upon a mountain top,
Like a huge forest; their tall pikes, like pines,
In height do over-peer the lower trees;
Their horsemen ride like Centaurs in the meads,
And scout abroad for pillage and for prey:
Courage is their good captain.
Sophy. Courage! no.
Pale fear, and black destruction, lead the foe.
Soldan. I say again, the Christian princes lead
An army for their power invincible.
Victorious hope sits hovering on their plumes;
Their gilded armour shines against the sun,
Dazzling our eyes from top of yonder hill,
Like the bright streaks that flow from paradise.
Sophy. Oh, conquest worthy the brave Persian swords!
Let us descend from forth the town and meet them.
Soldan. No.
Sophy. Yes.

Soldan. [37] Should Jove himself in thunder answer I,*
When we say no; we'd pull him from the sky.
Sophy. Should Soldan, Sophy, priest, or presbyter,
Or gods, or devils, or men, gainsay our will,
Him, them, or thee, would the brave Persian kill.
Moretes. Quench your hot spleens with drops of sweet advice,
Temper your rage with counsel, mighty kings.
Soldan. I say we will make peace with Christendom.
Sophy. I say the Persian scorns to be colleague,
Or to have part with them of Christendom.
Soldan. Yet hear my age.
Sophy. Yet hearken to my youth.
Moretes. My tongue give place unto the Soldan's age.
Turnus. But I applaud the Persian's youthful rage.
Soldan. Stay, lords, our grave experience doth foresee
The mischiefs that attend on this debate.
We tread the path of our destruction,
By our dissentions grow the Christians strong,
Whom our united hearts may easily quell.
Brave Persian Sophy, we commend your hate
To them that have abhorr'd our Pagan gods;
Yet temper it with wisdom, valiant prince.
'Tis our security I would increase,
When with my words I mention gentle peace.
Moretes. Experience doth instruct the Soldan's tongue,
Hearken to him, he speaks judicially.
Sophy. My tongue a while gives licence to mine ear;
The depth of your grave wisdom let us hear.
Soldan. Then thus: let's send unto the Christian's host,
To know what cause hath brought them thus far arm'd.

[37] *Should Jove himself*, &c.] The Soldan here is as violent as Prince Prettyman in *The Rehearsal*, A. 4. S. 2.

"Durst any God be so uncivil,
"I'd make that God subscribe himself a devil."

* Here is another instance where *ay* must be printed *I*, for the sake of preserving the rhime. C.

If peaceably they come to visit here
The ancient reliques of their Saviour's tomb,
Peace shall conduct them in, and guard them out:
But if they come to conquer Sion's hill,
And make irruption through our triple walls,
Death and despair shall ambush in their way,
And we will seize the ensigns they display.

Sophy. My youth yields willingly to your grave years;
Let it be so. But whom shall we elect
To be created lords ambassadors?

Soldan. Moretes shall be one; for I am sure
He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.

Sophy. Turnus another; he that all things dares,
Will with defiance stir them up to wars.

Soldan. Moretes and brave Turnus, speed you straight
Unto the Christian host: say, if they come
Like pilgrims, to behold the sepulchre,
Our gates stand open to receive them in;
And be you painful to persuade a peace.
But if they stand upon their hostile ground,
Say that our breasts are arm'd, our swords are keen,
Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our spleen.
And so be gone.

Moretes. I to persuade a peace. [*Exit.*

Turnus. I go the furious rage of war t'encrease. [*Exit.*

Soldan. We will meantime conduct our royal hosts,
(One half is mine, the other you shall lead)
To intercept them ere they win the sight
Of these invincible and high-built walls.
Brave Persians, we will both in ambush lie,
Sure now the Christians are all come to die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TANCRED *with* BELLA FRANCA, *richly attired; she somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew of it;* ROBERT *of Normandy, the four brethren, and the French Lady, like a page.*

Tancred. Behold, brave Christian princes, all the glory
That Tancred can inherit in this world.

Eustace. Part of it's mine.
Charles. And part belongs to me.
Godfrey. An heavenly mixture now beshrew my heart,
But Godfrey with the rest could cry half part.
Guy. I am all hers.
Robert. That lady seems to me
The fairest creature ever eye did see.
Bella Franca. Tancred, of all, thy face best pleaseth me. [*In private.*
Tancred. Fair lady.
Eustace. Madam.
Charles. Mistress.
Godfrey. Beauteous love.
Guy. Bright goddess.
Robert. Nymph.
French Lady. Love whom you will say I,
So ye affect not my beloved Guy.
Tancred. Lords, she is mine.
Eustace. When did my interest cease?
Charles. When I am here, you brother out law, peace.
Godfrey. Why should not I enjoy her?
Robert. Why not I?
Guy. She can have none but me.
Eustace and Charles. That we deny.
Bella Franca. Princes, what means this frenzy in your hearts?
Or hath some necromantic conjuror
Rais'd by his art some fury in my shape,
To work sedition in the Christian camp?
You have confirm'd by general parliament
A statute, that must stand inviolate;
Namely, that mutiny in prince or peasant
Is death; a kingdom cannot save his life.
Then whence proceed these strange contentions?
Charles. I seiz'd her first.
Eustace. I first her thoughts did prove.
Tancred. I plead the composition for my love.

Robert. If wealth will win the thoughts of that chaste lady,
I'll bid as fair as any for her love.

Godfrey. If valour may atchieve her, I 'mongst many
Will bid more warlike blows for her than any.

Guy. Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me. [*Draws.*

French Lady. Speed they that list, so you repulsed be.

Bella Franca. Yet hear me, princes.

Eustace. Hence, with frivolous words.

Godfrey. Stand we to prate, when others draw their swords?

Charles. Speak thou my cause. [*Draws.*

Tancred. This shall my pleader be. [*Draws.*

Guy. Thou art for us. [*Draws.*

Robert. And, sword, speak thou for me.

Bella Franca. He that best loves me, pierce me with his sword,
Lest I become your general overthrow.
I do conjure you, by the love you bear me,
Either to banish this hostility,
Or all at once to act my tragedy,
A blow is death proclaim'd by parliament:
Can ye make laws, and be the first that break them?
Knew I that this my beauty bred this strife,
With some black poison I would stain my cheeks,
Till I look'd fouler than an Æthiop.
"Still do ye brandish your contentious swords?
This night shall end my beauty, and to-morrow
Look to behold my crystal eyes scratch'd out,
My visage martyr'd, and my hair torn off:
He that best loves it, ransom it with peace,
I will preserve it if your fury cease.
But if ye still persist, the heavens I call
As my vow's witness, I will hate ye all.

Tancred. To shew my love, my sword shall sleep in rest.

Godfrey. I'll keep mine sharp for the brave Soldan's crest.

Guy. Peace, sword.
Robert. The Norman Robert keeps his keen,
T'abate the fury of the Soldan's spleen.
Charles. My sword cries truce.
Eustace. Blade, when thou next art seen,
Thou mak'st thy lord a king, his love a queen.
Bella Franca. You have redeem'd my beauty: your last jar
Had made perfection with my face at war.
Eustace. Lady, the virtuous motions of your heart
Add to th' abundant graces of your fame.
It was your beauty that did blind our souls,
And in our close breasts plac'd oblivion.
'Tis true we have ordain'd a strict decree,
That whosoever in our Christian host
Strikes with a sword in hostile enmity,
Forfeits his life; then break off this debate,
And keep our own decrees inviolate.
Enter, with [38]*a tucket before them,* TURNUS *and* MORETES.
Moretes. Health to the Christians from the mighty Soldan.
Turnus. Death and destruction from the Persian Sophy.
Robert. That tongue brings peace, to thee will I attend.
Godfrey. That tongue brings war, thy motions we commend.
Tancred. Speak peace, thy looks are smooth, we'll list to thee.
Charles. Speak war, bring war, and we to war agree.
Moretes. The Babylonian Soldan, mighty princes,
Sends me to know the cause of this your march
Into a land so far remote from ye?
If ye intend to see your prophet's tomb,
As holy pilgrims, peace shall guard your way.
Eustace. Peace we defy; let's hear what thou canst say.
Robert. Proceed, proceed.

[38] *a tucket*] See Note 17 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, vol. III.

Guy. Do; and I'll sound my drum,
To drown his voice that doth for parlance come.
Eustace. Why, I am born to nothing in this world
But what my sword can conquer. Should we yield
Our fortunes to base composition,
I have no hopes mine honour to increase:
Curst be his base ear that attends to peace!
Moretes. Let me conclude my message.
Godfrey. Pagan, no:
War's friend speak thou; I am to peace a foe.
Turnus. The Persian Sophy thus instructs my tongue:
That prince amongst you whose heroic breast
Dares shew itself to his triumphant spear,
(Excepting but the name of Christian)
Like to the Persian gods he honours him,
But should he know a heart in these proud troops,
And know that heart to be addict to peace,
He'd hate him like a man that should blaspheme.
In Sion towers hangs his victorious flag,
Blowing defiance this way; and it shows
Lik a red meteor in the troubled air,
Or like a blazing comet, that foretells
The fall of princes.
Charles. Thine own prince's fall.
Turnus. Then, in one word, destruction to you all!
Godfrey. I had not thought such spirits had remain'd
Within the warlike breasts of Infidels.
Eustace. Dares the majestic spirit of thy king
Answer a challenge? dares he pawn his crown
Against the hazard of ten thousand lives?
Guy. And who should fight against him?
Eustace. I.
Guy. Thou!
Eustace. I, 'gainst him, and thee, and all the world,
That interdicts my honour.
Guy. Me!
Eustace. Thee. [*A blow changed.*
Guy. Fire, rage, and fury, all my veins do swell;
Be mute, my tongue; bright sword, my fury tell.

Eustace. Fire mount 'gainst his mad fury, check his rage;
Burn out then flame, his blood thy heat shall 'suage.
[*They fight, and are parted.*
Godfrey. What have ye done? injustice stains our crests,
If for this act ye have not lost [39]your lives.
Robert. I will not bear the badge of Christendom
In such a Bedlam mad society.
Charles. Cease to determine of their hair-brain rage,
Till ye have sent the Pagans from our tents.
Tancred. 'Tis well advis'd. Soldiers, take charge of them,
Till we determine of our embassy.
Moretes. I fear me, Turnus, had you known before
The spirits of these haughty Christians,
T'have been so full of envious chivalry,
You would have temper'd some part of your rage.
You see they strive, and fight amongst themselves,
To practise hate against they meet with us.
Turnus. Moretes, no; we scorn all abject fears,
And they shall know our hearts as great as theirs.
Godfrey. It shall be so. Attend me, Pagan lords:
We come not with grey gowns, and pilgrim's staves,
Beads at our sides, and sandals on our feet,
Fear in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,
To beg a passage to our prophet's grave;
But our soft beaver sells we have turn'd to iron,
Our gowns to armour, and [40]our shells to plumes,
Our walking staves we have chang'd to scymitars;
And so with pilgrims hearts, not pilgrims habits,
We come to hew our way through your main armies,
And offer at the tomb our contrite hearts
Made purple with as many Pagans bloods,

[39] *your*] The first Edition reads *their*.

[40] *our shells to plumes*] Dr. Warburton observes (Note to *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.), "that the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, "or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-"shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of "their devotion." See also Mr. Steevens on the same passage.

As we have in our breasts religious thoughts.
And so be gone, no words in trifling waste,
Death follows after you with wings of haste.
Turnus. That prince speaks musick, which doth cheer my heart.
Moretes. Princes adieu, with terror I depart.
[*Exeunt.*
Charles. Now to these other captain-mutineers;
What shall be done with them?
Eustace. Even what you please.
We have liv'd with pain, and we can die with ease.
Guy. What God hath made, a God's name do you mar?
Death is the least I fear: now to the bar.
Robert. Lords, give me leave to temper our decree.
The law is death, but such is our regard
Of Christian blood, we moderate it thus.
Because we know your worths, your lives are sav'd:
Yet that the world shall see we prize our laws,
And are not partial should we sit on kings;
We doom you everlasting banishment
From out the Christian army.
Eustace. Banishment!
This was your doing; well, I'll be reveng'd:
By all the hopes that I have lost, I will.
Princes, your dooms are upright, I obey them,
And voluntarily exile myself.
(Against my furious spirit) I could weep
To leave this royal army, and to lose
The honour promis'd in the Pagans' deaths.
Farewel to all, with tears of grief I go,
Ye are all my friends, thou only art my foe. [*Exit.*
Guy. Hold me so still; where'er I next shall meet thee,
This sword, like thunder, on thy crest shall greet thee.
Banish'd the camp I go, but not so far,
But I will make one in this christian war:
Like an unknown knight I will bear a shield,
In it engraven the trade I did profess,
When once I was a Goldsmith in Cheapside:

And if I prosper, to these arms I'll add
Some honour, and the scutcheon I shall bear
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death and fear.
Adieu, brave christian lords, for I must stray;
A banish'd man can never miss his way. [*Exit.*

Godfrey. Why do you look so sad upon their griefs?

Charles. Ah, pardon me. My heart begot a thought
At their departure, which had been of force
T'have strain'd a tear or two from my moist eye.
How like was he to Eustace! he to Guy!

Godfrey. A leaden weight of grief lies at my heart,
And I could wish myself were banish'd too,
To bear them in their sorrows company.

Robert. These, for example's sake, must be remov'd,
And though their absence will much weaken us,
Yet we had rather put us in God's guard,
Lessening our own strength, than to bear with that
Which might in time lead to our overthrow.
March forward, lords; our love we will defer.
Prince Tancred, till our wars chief heat be spent,
Keep still this beauteous lady in your tent.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Manent FRENCH LADY *and* BELLA FRANCA.

French Lady. My lord is banish'd, what shall [41] poor I do?
There is no way, but I must after too.
But ere I go some cunning I must use,
To make this lady my lord's love refuse.

Bella Franca. Fair youth, why have you singled me alone?
Is it to share joy, or partake my moan?

French Lady. Whether you please. Invention, help me now, [*Apart.*

[41] *poor I*] This expression is ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, A. S. 5:

"Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
"That you will here, with *poor us*, still remain.

I do not perceive why this phrase should seem to deserve ridicule in any greater proportion than a thousand others. Shakespeare has it in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen says,

"*Poor I* am stale, a garment out of fashion." S.

To bring her out of love with my sweet lord;
For should she love him I were quite undone.
Madam, in faith, how many suitors have you?
Bella Franca. More than I wish I had: first, the French general.
French Lady. Oh God, I fear: I think I am accurst.
She loves him best, because she names him first.
Bella Franca. The English Robert, County Palatine;
Two gentlemen that took me in the woods:
One is now banish'd, but the other still
Stays in the army; then, the Boloigne duke.
French Lady. And which of all these is the properest man?
Bella Franca. 'Faith, let me hear thy judgment.
French Lady. Prince Robert is a gallant gentleman:
But the French lord uncomely, and unshap'd.
Tancred's a proper man, but the French lord,
He hath no making, no good shape at all.
I could not love a man of his complexion:
I would not have him if I were a lady,
Had he more crowns than Cæsar conquered.
Bella Franca. I see no such defects in that French lord.
French Lady. Ay, ay, 'tis so. Upon my life, she loves him!
I must devise some plot, or they will use
Some means to meet, and marry out of hand.
Lady, he was my master; but believe me,
He is the most insatiate man for women,
That ever breath'd: nay, madam, which is more,
He loves variety, and delights in change;
And I heard him say, should he be married,
He'd make his wife a cuck-quean.
Bella Franca. Why though he do; 'tis virtue in a woman,
If she can bear his imperfections.
French Lady. Upon my life, they are made sure already,
She's pleas'd with any imperfections.

What should I do?

Bella Franca. Now fair youth, list to me,
I will acquaint thee with a secrecy.
These lords so trouble me with their vain suits,
That I am tir'd and wearied, and resolve
To steal away in secret from the camp.

French Lady. My Guy is gone, and she would follow him:
I must prevent it, or else lose my love.

Bella Franca. Wilt thou consort me, bear me company,
And share with me in joy and misery?

French Lady. Madam, I will. She loves him, and no wonder.
I'll go, be't but to keep them still asunder.

Bella Franca. Then from their tents this night we'll steal away,
And through the wide woods and the forests stray.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Enter SOLDAN, SOPHY, TURNUS, MORETES, *Drums, Ensigns, and Soldiers.*

Soldan. Then your reports found nought but death and war.

Moretes. The Christians would not lend an ear to peace.

Sophy. Since they demean themselves so honourably,
This earth shall give them honourable graves.

Turnus. By pride herself are their proud ensigns borne:
War in their tongues sits; in their faces scorn.

Soldan. Our resolutions shall control base fears:
We are proud as they; our swords shall answer theirs.

Sophy. Didst thou deliver our strict embassy?

Turnus. I did, my lord.

Soldan. Did they not quake to hear it?

Turnus. No more than rocks shake with a puff of breath;
They come resolv'd, and not in fear of death.

Sophy. Look'd they not pale?

Turnus. With fury, not with fear.

They were mad, because your forces were not there.
Soldan. Did you not dash their spirits? fell not their eyes
Down to the earth, when thou didst speak of us?
Went not a fearful murmur through their host,
When thou did'st number our unnumber'd power?
Did not their faint swords tremble in their hands
At that name Soldan?
Sophy. Or when thou nam'dst me,
My power, my strength, my matchless chivalry;
Fell they not flat upon the earth with fear?
Turnus. No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breasts,
Their plumes flew bravely on their golden crests:
And they were ready to have fallen at jar,
Which of them first should with the Persian war.
Moretes. There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:
I could not see a face but menac'd death:
No hand, but brandish'd a victorious sword.
They all cry battle, battle! peace defy;
And not a heart but promis'd victory.
Soldan. There's not an heart shall scape our tyranny,
Since they provoke our indignation:
Like the vast ocean shall our courage rise,
To drown their pride, and all their powers surprize.
Sophy. My scymitar is like the bolt of Jove,
That never toucheth but it strikes with death.
Oh how I long till we, with spears in rests,
Strike out the lightning from their high-plum'd crests.
Soldan. I would burn off this beard in such a flame,
As I could kindle with my puissant blows:
Yet the least hair I value at more worth
Than all the christian empire.
Sophy. Speak, brave Soldan,
[41] Shall our bar'd horses clime yond' mountain tops,

[41] *Shall our bar'd horses,* &c.] The bar'd horses are the barded horses, i. e. horses adorned with trappings. So, in the *Miracles of Moses,* by Drayton:

"There floats the bar'd steed with his rider drown'd."

See Note on *King Richard* III. edit. 1778, vol. VII. p. 4. S.

And bid them battle where they pitch their tents?
Soldan. [42] Courage cries, on; but good advice saith, stay.
Experience bids us fight another way.
Why should we tire our troops in search of them,
That with audacious boldness seek out us?
Let us stand to receive them when they come,
And with a grove of pikes growing on this earth,
Where now no tree appears, toss up their bodies,
Whose corses by your strong arms kept aloof
May hang like bloody pendants on your staves.
Sophy. Oh sight best pleasing to the Persian gods!
Turnus. In the skies forehead shall the bright sun stand
Amaz'd to view that glorious spectacle,
And with the pleasing sight forget his way,
To grace our trophy with perpetual day.
Moretes. But how shall we receive their armed troops?
What special order will your grace assign
To them that shall command your companies?
Soldan. It shall be thus. This way the Christians march;
The body of our Host shall stay behind,
To be a strength to fair Jerusalem;
But we with certain soldiers secretly
Will lie in ambush: the great Persian Sophy,
With Turnus, and a chief command of men,
Shall guard that way: myself, and thou Moretes,
Will keep this passage with a troop select,
To seize on their fore-runners, scouts, and spies.
Assist us, Fate! ere long the world shall know
Our glories by the Christians' overthrow.
This is my quarter; these my men shall be.
Sophy. Moretes, thou and these shall follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *of Normandy.*

Robert. Oh, whither will blind love conduct my steps?

[42] *Courage cries,* &c.] So, in *The Rehearsal*, A. 3. S. 5.
"Shall I to honour or to love give way?
"*Go on cries honour: tender love says nay.*"

Prince Tancred's dear, and English Robert's joy,
Is fled in secret, and hath left our tents.
Thus, like an errant and adventurous knight,
I have left the host to follow her fair search,
And durst not trust the air with my intent.
This way, they say, she went; the camp's secure.
This way, unknown, in secret I pursue her.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. This way my love went like a shooting star,
Whose blazing train doth gild the firmament.
Such glorious beauty adds she to the way,
Making the dark night paths shine bright as day.
Ye honoured arms farewel, and camp adieu,
I do forsake myself her to pursue.

Robert. Behold a traveller! I will enquire
If chance hath cast his eye upon my love.

Charles. I was about to ask of yonder man,
Whether her beauty had enrich'd his sight;
But 'tis my rival Robert: Charles, obscure thee;
For should he see thee, he will quickly judge
What adamant had drawn me to these woods.
One case I see hath made us errants both.
To be found wandering thus I should be loth.

Robert, Love that drew me, hath drawn that knight along;
Being but a child, a giant's not so strong.

Enter SOLDAN, MORETES, *and Soldiers.*

Soldan. Stand, Christians; by your crosses on your breasts
Ye're mark'd for death, and base destruction.

Robert. What are ye, that, like cowards, with such odds
Assault us thus unfurnish'd for the wars.

Soldan. I am the Soldan; these my men at arms,
That lie to intercept you, and prepare
For your accursed lives this fatal snare.

Charles. The Soldan, the grand enemy to Christ,
The devil's lieutenant, viceroy under him!
Brave English Robert, since our frowning stars
Have brought us to this narrow exigent,

And train'd us hither with a chain of love
To perish by the swords of infidels,
Stand foot to foot.

Robert. Tush, I am Pagans' swords proof, and my stars
Have mark'd me for a conqueror in these wars.

Soldan. Upon them, soldiers! pity they despise,
Scarce can the world afford a richer prize. [*Alarum.*

[*They fight, and are both taken.*

Charles. Thou glorious eye of heaven, be ever-blind;
Mask thy bright face in clouds eternally;
Dark vapours and thick mists thy front embrace,
And never shine to look on my disgrace.

Robert. A prisoner, Robert! this my comfort be:
He makes me bound that best can set me free.

Soldan. Take them to guard, this entrance to our wars
Is full of spirit, and begets much hope.
We will not yet examine what ye are,
Till tortures wring it from your slavish tongues:
That done, your bloods these champions shall embrue;
Mean time we'll wait for more of your loose crew.

Enter GUY *with his shield, and a Page brings his sword and target: in each of his hands a pole-axe.*

Guy. I am turn'd wild man since I us'd these forests:
And I have won more weapons in these woods,
From out-laws, whom my sword hath vanquished,
Than I can carry on my back with ease.
I have swords, targets, pikes, and partisans,
Pole-axes, maces, clubs, and horse-men's staves,
Darts, halberds, long swords, pistols, petronels,
All which I have conquered. At this mountain ridge
Two villains with these weapons set upon me:
But with my sword I made them turn their heels,
And leave these trophies which I thus support,
And bear upon my shoulders conqueror-like.
What! do I see an ambush? by their arms
They should be Pagans: Robert prisoner!
With him a Christian leader! Oh, my God,
Thou hast either brought me to revive my name
By rescuing these, or here to die with shame!

Come life, come death, a banish'd man will try
To live with honour, or with honour die.
Robert, break from thy guard, make them dismay'd,
Receive these weapons, God hath sent thee aid.
Robert. [43] God, and Saint George!
Charles. Now by the Soldan's crown,
If I can wield this weapon, he shall down.
Guy. The Christian's God for us.
Soldan. What, are they free?
Alarum drums! the heathen powers for me.
[*They fight; the Pagans are beaten off,* GUY *departs suddenly.*
Robert. Some angel, in the habit of a knight,
Hath rescued us: such heavy downright blows
Could never come from any mortal arm;
For every blow he reach'd was certain death.
Charles. What is that power, if heavenly power he be,
That we may laud and praise his deity?
Robert. Departed on a sudden ere we know,
To whom our freedoms and our lives we owe!
Charles. By that inscription graven on his shield,
We may perhaps descry him in the camp;
Cease admiration then: let these events
Hasten our steps back to survey our tents. [*Exeunt.*
Enter severally GODFREY *and* TANCRED.
Tancred. Godfrey!
Godfrey. Tancred!
Tancred. Well met, my lords, in these unpeopled paths:
What hath your love made you to leave the field?
Godfrey. Godfrey ne'er dreamt to have met with Tancred here:
The lady that hath fled from our chaste love
(Whom Tancred I do more affectionate,
Because she much resembles my fair sister)
Hath caused me so much to forget myself,
And play the wanderer in these unknown woods—
[*Soft march.*

[43] *God, and Saint George.*] See Note 9 to the *Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

But soft, that drum should speak the Pagans' tongue:
I fear we are betray'd; I, I, 'tis so:
Tancred, we are round compast by the foe.
SOLDAN, SOPHY, *and Soldiers, encompass the Christian Princes: Enter* EUSTACE, *and sets them free.*
Eustace. Thank me for this; for, next th' Almighty powers,
I have been the means to save your desperate lives.
Now, Christian Princes, I am quit with you
For all the grace you have done me in the camp;
And now you owe me for my banishment.
And though you have exil'd me from your tents,
You have not power to keep me from the wars.
Upon this shield I bear the Grocer's arms,
Unto which trade I was enrold and bound;
And, like a strange knight, I will aid the Christians:
Thou trade which did'st sustain my poverty,
Did'st, helpless, help me; though I left thee then,
Yet that the world shall see I am not ingrate,
Or scorning that, which gave my fortunes breath,
I will enlarge these arms, and make their name
The original and life of all my fame.
But I am tir'd with travel; shield lie there:
Oh that I could but see that lusty spirit,
My arch-foe, rival in my banishment,
To be reveng'd, and end my hostile hate!
I'll dream I fight with him to ease my spleen,
And in that thought I lay me on this green. [*Sleeps.*
Enter GUY, *with a paper and his shield.*
Guy. Arms, ye are full of hope and sweet success:
The famous art, whose honoured badge ye are,
First, when I liv'd 'mongst London-prentices,
Gave me an honest and a pleasant life,
Now in these woods have won me fame and honour;
And I have rescued princes with this shield,
And princes are indebted to these arms.
And if I live, in memory of this
Within their fair hall shall this scutcheon hang
Till some smooth pen historify my name.
What object's that? a knight asleep or dead?

Oh, 'tis the base and ground of all my hate!
I'll kill the villain: oh dishonoured thought!
Art thou not son unto the Boloigne duke,
And canst thou hatch dishonour! Arch-foe, live.
I scorn advantage, should I fight with Mars.
He bears this shield I will exchange with his,
And leave a motto written in mine own
Shall make him quake to read. Be swift my pen,
T'affright his sense when he shall wake again.
'Tis done: then go with me; and mine stay here,
Which in despight of thee, base knight, I wear. [*Exit.*

Eustace. The hours have over-run me with swift pace,
And time hath fastened to him swallows' wings,
Come sword, come shield: but soft, thou art a stranger,
And pardon me good shield, I know thee not.
What have we here?

Ask not who that shield doth owe,
For he is thy mortal foe:
And where'er he sees that shield,
City, borough, grove, or field,
He that bears it, bears his bane,
By his hand he must be slain.
Thine, in spite of thee, he'll bear,
(If thou dar'st) his scutcheon wear.
He writ this, that thy shield will keep,
And might have slain thee being asleep.

'Tis a fine fellow; by this light he is
An honest rogue, and hath a good conceit.
Wear it? I'll wear it. If I do not! well,
He needed not to have put in the [44] word;
For I dare: dare I? he shall see I dare.
Belike he fears I dare not challenge mine:
Were't fastened to the arm of Belzebub,
I would fight with him with firebrands for my shield.
But dares he wear mine? on my life he dares:
I love him like my brother for this act:
And I will bear this shield with as much pride,
As sate I in a chariot by Jove's side.

[44] *word*] i. e. *Dare;* which is put in the margin of both the quartos as part of the text.

Shine bright my stars, to do me some fair grace,
Bring us to meet in some auspicious place. [*Exit.*

Enter BELLA FRANCA *and the* FRENCH LADY *flying, pursued by the* CLOWN.

Clown. Nay, you cowardly lady, that run away from the camp, and dare not stand to it, I am glad I have light on you: choose your weapon, choose your weapon; I am a soldier, and a martial man, and I will offer you the right of arms. If you vanquish me, I'll be your captive; if you be cast down, I'll carry you back prisoner.

French Lady. I wear a weapon that I dare not draw!
Fie on this womanish fear; what shall I do?

Bella Franca. Some of my father's spirit revives in me;
Give me thy weapon, boy, and thou shalt see,
I for us both will win sweet liberty.

Clown. I was never so over reach'd; and, but for shame, and that I am a man at arms, I would run away, and take me to my legs. Have at thee, sweet lady.

As they fight, EUSTACE *comes in.*

Eustace. Base villain! dar'st thou offer violence
Unto a lady? stay, maintain thy challenge.

Clown. You think you have a fool in hand; no, by my faith, not I. If you have any business to the camp, farewel; I am running thither as fast as I can. [*Exit.*

Eustace. Mount up, my soul, unto the height of joy!
Saving my foe, whose honoured shield I bear,
None living did I more desire to meet.

Bella Franca. Saving those Christian lords that seek my love,
None living did I more desire to shun.

Eustace. Well met, brave Saint, in these unpeopled paths,
Fear no rude force, for I am civil born,
Descended from a princely parentage,
And though an exile from the Christians camp,
Yet in my heart I wear the cross of Christ,
Even in as deep a crimson as the best.

Love me, though I am landless, and remote
From the fair clime where first I breath'd this air;
Yet know I bear a kingdom in this sword,
And ere I die, look to behold this front
Empal'd and circled with a royal crown.

Bella Franca. I never mark'd this gallant half so much:
He hath my brother's eye, my father's brow,
And he is Eustace all from top to toe.

Eustace. I had a sister, lady, with that red
That gives a crimson tincture to your cheek:
With such a hand hid in a glove of snow,
That spake all musick, like your heavenly tongue:
And for her sake, fair saint, I honour you.

Bella Franca. I had a brother, had not the rude seas
Depriv'd me of him, with that manly look,
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.
A prince, whom had the rude seas never seen,
Even such another had young Eustace been.

Eustace. Eustace! even such an accent gave her tongue,
So did my name sound in my sister's mouth.
Oh, Bella Franca, were't thou not obscur'd
Within a cloud and mask of poverty,
Such fame ere this had thy rare virtues won,
Thus had thy beauty check'd th' all-seeing sun.

Bella Franca. It is my brother Eustace.

Eustace. View her well.
Imagine her but thus attir'd, and she
Would Bella Franca and my sister be.

Bella Franca. But strip my brother from his prentice coat,
His cap, his common soldier's base disguise;
Even such a gallant as this seems to me,
Such would my brother, my sweet Eustace, be.

Eustace. Sister

Bella Franca. Brother;

Eustace. Make me immortal then: by heaven I vow.
I am richer than the Persian Sophy now.

Bella Franca. All Asia flows not with more plenteous treasure,
Than I, to embrace my brother, my heart's pleasure.
How did you scape the waves?
Eustace. How have you past
The perilous land, and crost the seas so vast?
Bella Franca. Where are my brothers, Eustace?
Eustace. Oh, those words
Pierce to my heart like darts and pointed swords;
Omit these passions; sister, they are dead.
But to forget these griefs, what youth is this?
French Lady. Page to the prince of France.
Eustace. 'Tis he I hate,
As chief occasion of my banishment.
Bella Franca. Yet, my sweet brother do not blame the youth,
Full well he hath demean'd himself with me.
He never, since we entred in these woods,
Left me in my distress: when we alone
Sat in these desarts never by rude force
Did do me the least shame or violence.
French Lady. A good cause why I lead so chaste a life:
A jealous man may trust me with his wife.
Eustace. Well, sirrah, for your truth and honesty
I pardon thee, though I detest thy lord.
French Lady. Then let me change my habit, gentle sir,
Lest in this shape I chance to meet my master.
Then, if you please, I'll cloath me like a lady,
And wait upon your sister in your tent.
Eustace. Nay, if it please thee, I am well content.
French Lady. My plot is good: well, howsoe'er it prove,
'Twill either end my life, or win my love.
Eustace. Come, best part of myself, we now will go
To wail our fortunes, and discourse our woe.
I will disguis'd unto the famous siege,
And in these arms make known my valour's proof:

You shall in secret in my tent abide.
I to atchieve fame will my spirits employ;
After this grief my heart divines much joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *and* TANCRED, GODFREY *and* CHARLES, *with their shields and scutcheons, drum and soldiers: GODFREY's shield, having a maidenhead with a crown in it; CHARLES's shield the Haberdasher's Arms.*

Robert. Behold the high walls of Jerusalem,
Which Titus and Vespasian * once brake down:
From off these turrets have the ancient Jews
Seen worlds of people mustering on these plains.
Oh, princes, which of all your eyes are dry,
To look upon this temple, now destroy'd?
Yonder did stand the great Jehovah's house,
In midst of all his people, there he dwelt:
Vessels of gold did serve his sacrifice,
And with him for the people spake the priests.
There was the ark, the shewbread, Aaron's rod,
Sanctum sanctorum, and the Cherubins.
Now in that holy place, where God himself
Was personally present, Pagans dwell,
False gods are rear'd, each temple idols bears.
Oh, who can see this, and abstain from tears?

Godfrey. This way, this sacred path our Saviour trod,
When he came riding to Jerusalem,
Whilst the religious people spread his way
With flowers and garments, and Hosanna cry'd.
Yonder did stand the great church, where he taught,
Confuting all the Scribes and Pharisees.
This place did witness all his miracles:
Within this place did stand the judgment seat,
Where Pontius Pilate with the elders sate,
Where they condemn'd him to be whipp'd and crown'd,
To be derided, mock'd, and crucified,
His hands bor'd through with nails, his side with spears.

* Henslowe in his MSS. under date of 11th of April, 1591, mentions the performance of a play, called "Titus and Vespasian," which Mr. Malone says, without sufficient reason, ought to be "Titus Vespasian." C.

Oh, who can see this place, and keep his tears?
Charles. On yond' side of the town he died for us:
At whose departure all these walls did shake,
And the destroyed temple's veil did rend.
The groves are to be seen, from which ghosts rose:
There stood the cross, there stands the sepulchre:
The place still bears the name of *Dead men's bones;*
And still the tomb our Saviour's livery wears.
What eye can see it, and not melt in tears?
Tancred. No soldier but shall look with reverence
Upon these fair and glorious monuments:
To swear, or speak prophanely, should be death.
I cast my heart as low as to this earth,
And wish that I could march upon my knees.
In true submission, and right holy zeal.
Oh, since our wars are [45] God's, abandon fears,
But in contrition weep repentant tears.
Robert. Sound a parley; I see your hearts are fir'd;
Your souls with victory from heaven inspir'd.
Sound a parley. Enter, upon the walls, SOLDAN, SOPHY, TURNUS, MORETES. *Soldiers. Flourish.*
Why swarm these Christians to our city walls?
Look (foreigners) do not the lofty spires,
And these cloud-kissing turrets that you see,
Strike deadly terror in your wounded souls?
Go, Persian, flourish my vermilion flag,
Advance my standard high, the sight whereof
Will drive these stragglers in disordered ranks,
And in a hurly burly throng them hence.
Persian Sophy. See how they quake, to view our martial looks!
As when a sturdy Cyclops rears aloft
A boisterous truncheon 'mongst a troop of dwarfs.
Godfrey. Soldan and Sophy, ye damn'd hell-hounds both!
So quakes the eagle to behold a gnat,
The lion to behold a marmoset.
I'll beard and brave you in your own behalf,
As when the heathen god, whom you call Jove,

[45] *God's*] The second edition read *His.*

Warr'd with the giant, great Enceladus,
And flung him from Olympus, two-topp'd mount
The swains stood trembling to behold his fall,
That with his weight did make the earth to groan.
So Soldan, look, when I have scal'd these walls,
And won the place where now thou stand'st secure,
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudest tower,
In scorn of thee, thy false gods, and their power.

Charles. We will assail you like rebounding rocks,
Bandied against the battlements of heaven:
We'll turn thy city into desart plains:
And thy proud spires that seem to kiss the clouds
Shall with their gilt tops pave the miry streets,
As all too base for us to march upon.
Seest thou this shield? however this device
Seems not to rank with emperors, Soldan, know
This shield shall give thy fatal overthrow.

Soldan. Such peals of thunder did I never hear;
I think that very words these walls will tear.

Godfrey. This shield you see includes two mysteries,
A virgin crown'd, it is the Mercer's Arms,
Withal the picture of my love that's fled:
Both these I'll grace, and add to them thy head.

Sophy. Methinks I see pale death fly from their words:
Their speech so strong, how powerful are their swords?

Charles. Since first I bore this shield, I quartered it
With this red lion, whom I singly once
Slew in the forest: thus much have I already
Added unto the Haberdasher's Arms;
But ere I leave these fair Judæan bounds,
Unto this lion I'll add all your crowns.

Turnus. Send for some prisoners, martyr, torture them
Even in the face of all the Christian host.

Soldan. It shall be so: Moretes, bring them forth.

Robert. No drop of blood shall ransom.

Enter some, bringing forth old EARL *of* BOLOIGNE, *and other prisoners bound.*

Soldan. Bring them forth!
Devise new tortures: oh, for some rare artist,

That could invent a death more terrible
Than are the everlasting pangs of hell!
Old Earl Boloigne. Oh, brethren, let not me move you to ruth:
Happy is he that suffers for the truth.
The joys to come exceed the present grief;
Secure yourselves, for Christ is my relief.
Godfrey. Why shrinks the warm blood from my troubled heart?
Charles. Why starts my hair up at this heavy sight!
Godfrey. Say, father, are not you the Boloigne earl?
Old Earl Boloigne. Fair son, I was the happy Boloigne earl:
But now my son——
Charles. Call no man son but me:
Father, my sword shall win you liberty.
Godfrey. Peace, forged bastard, whatsoe'er thou be:
My reverend father, call none son but me;
For in this sword doth rest thy liberty.
Charles. Such mercy, as my sword affords to Pagans,
He finds that calls me bastard; I am Charles.
Father, you know me since I rescued you,
I am your only son, the rest are dead.
Old Earl Boloigne. I know thee, Charles.
Godfrey. But, father, I am Godfrey,
That by my valour have regain'd your right;
Have got your dukedom from th' insulting French,
And am myself invested Boloigne's Duke.
Old Earl Boloigne. I know thee, Godfrey.
Charles. Godfrey!
Godfrey. Brother Charles!
The confident assurance of thy death
Made me to give the lye to my own thoughts.
Charles. The self-same strong opinion blinded me,
Else for my brother I had challeng'd thee.
Brother, you might have known me by the arms
Which I have born in honour of my trade.
Godfrey. Ah, but [46] the resolution of thy death

[46] *the resolution*] i. e. the conviction, the being assured. See Note 23 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

Made me to lose such thought.
Robert. Let us rejoice,
And to your plausive fortunes give our voice.
Godfrey. Prince Robert did the time afford us leave,
We would discourse the sum of our escapes:
But to our father's rescue.
Charles. Yield him, slaves.
Soldan. Tush, we will keep him spight of all your braves.
Godfrey. Be that our quarrel.
Charles. With courage, courage strives,
We fight for Christ, our father, and our lives.
Sophy. Here stands my ensign, and by it a crown:
That you shall know the Persian honourable,
[*Sets up his standard and crown.*
He that can fetch this ensign from the walls,
(Which I myself will guard) and leave some token
Behind him, that his sword hath conquered it,
He shall enjoy them both.
Soldan. And here stands mine,
[*Sets up his standard and crown.*
The Babylonian emperor's royal standard.
By it I plant the rich Sicilian crown,
Guarded by me and my all conquering troops.
He that but leaves a note he hath been here,
And scapes unslain, although he win them not,
That Christian will I honour.
Robert. Drums, alarum!
Soldan. As loud and proud defiance our drum sounds.
Godfrey. For Christ, my father, conquest, and two crowns. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

The Christians are repulsed. Enter, at two several doors, GUY *and* EUSTACE; *climb up the walls, and beat the Pagans, take away the crowns on their heads, and in the stead hang up the contrary shields, and bring away the ensigns, flourishing them several ways. Enter* SOLDAN, SOPHY, MORETES, TURNUS, *with soldiers.*

Soldan. Now the first wall is won, the ensigns seiz'd,

The crowns surpriz'd, the Christians have the day:
What, shall we leave the town?
All. Aye, leave the town.
Sophy. 'Tis best, 'tis best to take us to the field.
Turnus. I think 'tis best that we make good the breach,
And have no thought of marching towards the field:
We leave a place of much security.
All. Why then make good the breach.
Soldan. It shall be so.
Gather our forces to make good the breach.
Sophy. Tush, why should we be pent up in a town?
Let's ope the gates and boldly issue out,
Leaving some few pikes to make good the breach.
What say you, lords?
Lords. Then let us issue out.
All. Set ope the gates, and let us issue out.
Soldan. And so expose us to the general spoil?
Keep the gates shut, defend them manfully.
These Christians fight like devils: keep fast the gates,
And once again let us make good the wall.
All, Make good the walls; make good the walls.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door ROBERT *and* CHARLES, *they meet* EUSTACE *with his trophy: enter at another door* GODFREY, TANCRED; *they meet* GUY *with his trophy.*

Robert. Triumphant honour hovers o'er our arms:
What gallant spirit bravely hath born hence
The emperor's standard, slaughtered his proud guard,
And in the stead thereof hung up his shield?
Eustace. Witness this royal crown upon my head,
I seiz'd the ensign, I hung up that shield.
Godfrey. What puissant arm snatch'd hence the Sophy's standard?
Guy. This crown upon my head says it was I.
Charles. Forgetful Charles, brave Robert see the knight,
Whose valour freed us from the Soldan's hands.

Robert. Renowned Christian, ever honoured be,
It was thy sword procur'd us liberty.
Eustace. By heaven not I, I never came in place,
Where Robert, or that gallant, were distress'd:
But there are others thankless, whom I freed,
And now too proud forget that honoured deed.
Godfrey. 'Twas he releas'd us; honoured stranger, thanks:
But they are idle offerings from true hearts.
Prince Tancred and myself owe thee our lives.
Guy. You mock me, princes, never did my sword
Drink drop of Pagans' blood to set you free:
But Robert and that prince unthankful be.
Charles. Whose shield is that?
Eustace. Mine.
Charles. Then to you we owe
Thanks for our lives, the Pagans' overthrow.
Eustace. The shield I challenge, but the act deny,
I never gave you life or liberty.
Godfrey. Whose shield is that?
Guy. Mine.
Godfrey. Then by thee we live,
Thou didst our desperate lives and freedom give.
Guy. What mean you, princes, to deride a stranger?
These eyes did never see you two in danger.
Eustace. Who owes that shield?
Guy. I; and who owes that?
Eustace. I.
Guy. Thou know'st me then.
Eustace. Thanks fortune, that I do.
Guy. Have at thee, slave.
Eustace. Brave foe, have at thee too.
[*Fight, and are parted by the Prince.*
Godfrey. Whate'er your quarrel be, contend no more.
He draws his sword 'gainst me that fights again;
For I am foe to all dissension.
Charles. So are we all, then end these wars in words,
The Pagans have employment for your swords.

Eustace. For one blow more, take here my crown amongst you:
Now that my spleen is up, it will not down,
I'll give you all I have for one bout more.
Guy. Lords, take mine too: by heaven I'll pawn my life
Against the Soldan's head, to bring it you,
So you will let us try this mastery.
Robert. Kingdoms nor crowns can hire it at our hands,
It shall not be: we say it shall not be.
What, are you lords? we charge you by his honour,
Whom in your outward habit you profess,
To tell us both what and from whence ye are.
Guy. You charge us deeply. I a banish'd man,
Whom you for mutiny expulst the camp,
Yet was I leader of ten thousand French,
But thought by you unworthy of these wars.
Since my exile (prince Robert view me well)
I freed you two from base captivity.
'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,
And then you term'd me some celestial power;
But being now in safety, you forget
Your dangers past, and cancel that great debt.
Eustace. Nay, I am sure you long to know me too.
I am your out-law brother, one of your leaders,
Banish'd with him: that from the Persian's rage
Freed Tancred, and that valiant man at arms;
However now they can forget my prowess.
What need you more, I am he that won this crown,
And from these high walls pluck'd that ensign down.
Robert. You have redeem'd all your offences past,
Deserving best in his society:
But when you freed me, you did bear that shield?
Guy. I did, but since exchang'd it with my foe.
Godfrey. And you did bear that shield?
Eustace. True, I did so.
Ah, had I been awake, thou know'st my mind,
Thou hadst writ thy ruin in blood.

Guy. Thy words are mine.
Charles. Leave brother Godfrey, and the Boloigne duke.
Eustace. How!
Guy. What!
Charles. Do you not know these faces?
Godfrey. Brother Charles.
Eustace. Brother!
Guy. Charles!
Godfrey. I'll question with them, for may it not be
They might escape the seas as well as we?
I had a brother, sir, resembled you.
Eustace. I had a brother, too, resembled you.
Charles. The Boloigne duke, if ever you have heard
Of such a man, had once a son like you.
Guy. Aye, and another son as much like you.
Godfrey. My brother's name was Eustace.
Eustace. Godfrey mine.
Guy. That duke call'd his son Charles.
Charles. Mine call'd his Guy.
Godfrey. My brother Eustace!
Eustace. Godfrey!
Charles. Guy!
Guy. And Charles!
All. Brothers!
Robert. This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.
Godfrey. Oh, let me curse that head that envied thee.
Guy. Nay curse my heart that emulated thee.
Eustace. My brother out-law, and my own true brother?
Charles. For ever thus let us embrace each other.
Godfrey. When I was cast upon the Boloigne strand,
I thought none had escap'd the seas but I.
Guy. When I was thrown upon the French king's coast,
I thought none had escap'd the seas but I.
Charles. I thought the seas had favour'd none but me,
When I attain'd the shores of Italy.

Eustace. Ireland took me, and there I first touch'd ground,
Presuming that my brothers all were drown'd.
Robert. Were ye the four young London Prentices,
That in the ships were wreck'd on Goodwin's sands,
Were said to have perish'd, then of no repute?
Now come the least of you to lead an host,
And to be found the sons to a great duke?
Godfrey. Witness my shield the trade I have profest.
Guy. Witness my shield I am one among the rest.
Charles. Witness thou mine.
Eustace. And witness thou for me.
Robert. We witness all your martial chivalry.
Eustace. And now, my foe, turn'd brother, end our hate,
And praise that power divine who guides our state.
Guy. Divide we hands and hearts: what hatr d rests,
Pour out in thunder on the Pagans' crests.
Eustace. Our joys are not at full, they shall not yet
Know where my sister and their love remains,
Until these wars have end. Oh, had our God
Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother
Been brought in triumph to a sister's bed,
Clouds of despair had mask'd our sun of joy.
Yet will I keep her secret, and the rather,
To crown our haps when we have freed our father.

Enter TURNUS.

Turnus. Christians, once more defiance in my tongue
Sounds dismal terror in your fearful ears.
The princes whom I serve grieve they have mur'd
Such an huge army in a wall of stone,
And they are thus resolv'd;
To leave all place of scorn'd advantages,
And in a pitch'd field end this glorious war,
Say, will ye meet them?
Robert. Though he trust his strength,
Yet will we meet his forces face to face,
When the dry earth shall quaff your bloods apace.

Guy. And tell the Soldan from a Christian prince,
That won from him these colours and this crown,
In that pitch'd field my head this crown shall bear,
And scarf-like these athwart my breast I'll wear.
Eustace. This for the Persian's sake I'll wear in sight,
And under his own ensign this day fight.
Charles. Go tell the Soldan that he wears my crown:
Fortune hath given it me; it is mine own.
Godfrey. If thou hast more to say concerning war,
Omit thy braves and trifling circumstance:
We'll meet you sooner than you can desire.
Be gone, be gone, our hearts are all on fire.
Turnus. Brave lords, our conquests will be honourable,
Because we have to deal with honoured foes:
Our pikes stand to receive you like a wood,
We'll [47] fleck our white steeds in your Christian blood.
Tancred. Prepare to meet them, and appoint our powers:
This day the city and themselves are ours.
Robert. Thou under whom we fight, this day defend us,
For unto thy protection we commend us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door, with drum and colours, SOLDAN, SOPHY, MORETES, TURNUS, *and Soldiers.*

Soldan. Great monarchs, kings, and princes of the east,
Ye come t'encounter with a valiant foe;
Such as have swam huge rivers, climb'd the Alps;
That can endure sharp hunger; such as shrink not
To have their bloods sod with the dog-days heat,
Nor to be curdled with cold Saturn's rod.
What honour were it for an host of Giants,
To combat with a Pigmy nation?
No, lords; the foe we must encounter with,
Is full of spirit and majestick spleen,

[47] *fleck*] i. e. dapple, spot. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 3: "And *flecked* darkness like a drunkard reels."
See Note thereon in the edit 1778, vol. 10. p. 62. S.

Strong hardy, and their hearts invincible.
Destroy these, and you win yourselves a name,
And all the nations of the earth shall fear you.
Sophy. The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous
Shall be our conquest, the more great their fall.
Come, lords, divide we our battalions.
Soldan. Be yours the vaward.
Sophy. I will give the charge.
Soldan. Turnus, have you the rere-ward, I the battle;
Moretes, thou this day shalt lead the horse:
Take thou the cornet, Turnus, thou the archers,
Be thine the [48] guidon, I the men at arms:
Be mine this ensign.
Sophy. Then mount our cannons; let our flanking pieces
Rail on the Christian army with wide mouths.
For I this day will lead the forlorn hope,
[49] The camisado shall be given by me.
Turnus. Already they have plac'd their battery,
Their ordinance stand fit to beat the flanks.
Soldan. My cannoneers need no instruction.
Come, let us line our pikes with musketeers,
And so attend the Christian's fatal charge. [*Exeunt.*
Enter marching, ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *Drum and Soldiers.*
Robert. Princes, this day we are espous'd to death:
A better place to die in, than this vale,
In which our Saviour's sepulchre remains,
What man in all our army could desire?
Speak, how have you dispos'd our officers.
Godfrey. Your grace is captain general of the army.
Guy. And, Godfrey, you high marshal, and master of the camp;

[48] *Guidon,*] A standard, ensign, or banner, under which a troop of men of arms serve.

[49] *The Camisado*] From the Spanish *Cameisa,* a shirt: a sudden assaulting, or surprisal of the enemy; so termed, because the soldiers who execute it most commonly wear *shirts* over their armour, or take their enemies in their shirts. See Cotgrave.

And as assistants you have under you
The serjeant-major, quarter-master, provost,
And [50] captain of the spions.
Godfrey. My brother Guy, chief-general of the horse,
To serve him his lieutenant colonel
Captains and [51] scout-masters.
Eustace. My brother Charles, general of the artillery;
Under him his lieutenant commissaries of munitions,
Gentlemen of the artillery, colonel of pioneers,
[52] Trench-masters, and [53] carriage-masters.
Charles. My brother Eustace, treasurer of the camp;
And under him the auditors, muster-masters, and commissaries.
Eustace. Prince Tancred is our royal secretary,
Without whom nothing is concluded on.
Thus are the special offices dispos'd.
Tancred. Princes, what order take you for the assault?
Robert. One half maintain the battery, beat the walls,
Whilst the other keeps them play in the open fields.
Godfrey. We shall not need to block the breach with forts,
Victuals and forage are at pleasure ours.
[54] Stockadoes, [55] palizadoes, stop their waters.

[50] *captain of the spions*] *Espions*, Fr. spies, troops of observation.

[51] *scout-masters*] It was the duty of these officers to attend to the scouts, and to place the watch at night. See a particular account of it in Digges's *Arithmeticall Treatise, named Stratioticos*, 4to. 1590. p. 116.

[52] *Trench-masters*] The trench-master "hath commaundement "over all the pioners, and is to give direction particularly for all "earth workes (whether they be trenches for inclosing the camp, "or sconces to be made against the enemy, or defences for the "the artillerie)." Digges's *Stratioticos*, 1590. p. 118.

[53] *carriage-masters*] The office of the carriage-master "is chiefely to see good order observed both in the marching and lodging "of the carriages, that they clog not up the wayes, nor hinder "another in marching." Digges's *Stratioticos*, 1590. p. 111.

[54] *Stockadoes*] In a pamphlet published in the last century, I find a List of requisites to be carried into the field, with a train of artillery. Among other articles are 400 stockadoes.

[55] *palizadoes.*] "A defence, or wall of pales, or stakes, or the

Bulwarks and [56]curtains all are batter'd down
And we are safe intrench'd by pioneers.
Our [57]casemates, [58]cavaliers, and [59]counterscarfs,
Are well survey'd by all our engineers.
Fortifications, ramparts, [60]parapets;
That we at pleasure may assault the way,
Which leads unto the gate Antiochia.

Guy. Whilst you [61]intend the walls, shall my [62]bar'd horse
Give a brave onset, shivering all their pikes,
Arm'd with their [63]greaves and [64]maces, and broad swords,

" pointed stakes in a fortification, which hinder the enemy from " scaling the work. A term in war: it is also taken for great posts " set up in the entry to a camp for a defence against great shot." *Blount.*

[56] *curtains*] That part of the wall or rampart that lies between two bastions.

[57] *casemates*] A casemate, from the Fr. *chasmate*, " a loop-hole in " a fortified wall to shoot out at; or in fortification, a place in a " ditch out of which to plague the assailants." *Blount.*

[58] *cavaliers*] Cavaliers in fortification are heaps or masses of earth, raised in a fortress to lodge the cannon for scouring the field, or opposing a commanding work. These cavaliers are sometimes of a round, sometimes of a square figure, the top being bordered with a parapet to cover the cannon therein mounted. A *cavalier* is sometimes called a double bastion.

[59] *counterscarfs*] A *counterscarf*, or *contramure*, is " an out-wall " compassing the walls of the city, and placed before them for the " more safeguard." *Blount.*

[60] *parapets*] A parapet is " a wall or defence breast high, on " the upper part of a rampire, to defend from the enemies shot." *Blount.*

[61] *intend*] i. e. pay attention to. So, in Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, A. 1. S. 1.

" When you please,
" You may *intend* those royal exercises
" Suiting your birth and greatness."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 1. S. 2: " Send Janus home his " back-face again, and look only forward to the law, *intend* that."

Marston's *What you will*, A. 3. S. 1.

" Now is my fury mounted, fixe your eyes,
" *Intend* your senses, bend your listning up,
" For I'll make greatnesse quake."

[62] *bar'd*] See Note 41 to this Play.

[63] *greaves*] i. e. armour for the legs. *Minshieu.* See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Second Part of King Henry* IV. A. 4. S. 1.

[64] *maces*] Truncheons.

Proof [65] cuirasses, and [66] open burganets.
Charles. Yet let us look our battle be well mann'd
With shot, bills, halberds, and proof targetteers.
Eustace. No man but knows his charge. Brothers and friends,
See where they stand for us: this night shall hide
All their bright glory which now swells with pride.
Soldan. Christians!
Eustace. Pagans!
Soldan. Behold our camp.
Robert. Soldan, survey ours too.
Soldan. From Ganges to the bay of Calecut,
From Turkey and the threefold Araby;
From Sauxin eastward unto Nubia's bounds,
From Lybia and the land of Mauritans,
And from the red Sea to the Wilderness,
Have we unpeopled kingdoms for these wars,
To be reveng'd on you base Christians.
Robert. From England, the best brood of martial spirits,
Whose walls the ocean washeth white as snow,
For which you strangers call it Albion;
From France, a nation both renown'd and fear'd;
From Scotland, Wales, even to the Irish coast;
Beyond the pillars great Alcides rear'd;
At Gades in Spain unto the Pyrene hills;
Have we assembled men of dauntless spirits
To scourge you hence, ye damned infidels.
Sophy. Within our troops are sturdy bands of Moors,
Of Babylonians, Persians, Bactrians,
Of Grecians, Russians, of Tartarians, Turks,
Even from the floods that grow* from paradise
Unto this place where the brook Kedron runs.

[65] *cuirasses*] or corslets. "Armour for the breast and back. "*Cuirace, a cuir*, i. e. leather, because in times past they were made "of leather, or for that they are now of metal, and tied on with "leather." *Minshieu.*

[66] *open burganets*] Helmets. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. I. S. 5.

* Probably *grow* is a misprint for *flow*. C.

Guy. Within our troops are English, French, Scotch, Dutch,
Italians of prince Tancred's regiment,
Even from the seas that wall in Albion,
As far as any river or brook runs,
That Christian drinks on, have we people here.
Turnus. To make our streets red with your Christian blood.
Charles. To drown you slaves in a vermilion flood.
Moretes. To burn your bodies o'er your prophet's grave.
Eustace. To lead your emperor captive like a slave.
Soldan. To make your guide trot by my chariot-wheel.
Tancred. To lash your armour with these rods of steel.
Sophy. Then to extirp you all, ye Persian powers,
Assist our courage, make the conquest ours.
Robert. God match thy might with theirs, protect us too,
To let this people know what thou canst do.
Soldan. A charge! a charge; rail drums, and cannons roar;
Christians, at home your friends abroad deplore.
Godfrey. Christians at home abroad our conquest's fame;
Thou God of hosts, this day make known thy name.
[*Alarum. Join battle: the Christians are beaten off. The Soldan victoriously leads off his soldiers marching.*
Enter CHARLES *and* GODFREY *with pistols.*
Charles. Oh, [67] heaven, that multitude should more than manhood,
That we should thus be born down with a press,
Be throng'd and shouldered from the place we keep!
Godfrey. For every man we lead, the foe hath ten,
Their weapons' tops appear above their heads
In as thick number as the spikes of grain
Upon the well-till'd land: they have more lives

[67] *heaven*] God; first Edition.

Than all our tired arms could send to death,
If they should yield their bare breasts to our swords.
Charles. What should we do? we are encompass'd round,
Girded with thousand thousands in a ring.
And like a man left on a dangerous rock,
That waits the climbing tide rise to destroy him,
What way soe'er he looks, sees nought but death;
So we; the bloody tide grows up apace,
Whose waves will swallow us and all our race.
Where's Guy and Eustace?
Godfrey. Gone to scale a tower
In which our father lies: oh, I did see them
Cut down a wood of men upon the sudden.
Their swords cut lances, as a scythe cuts grass:
Their valour seems to me miraculous.
Thou Saviour of the world, whose cross we bear,
Infuse our hearts with courage, theirs with fear.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SOLDAN, SOPHY, *and soldiers. Alarum. Enter* GUY *and* EUSTACE, *with their father.*

Eustace. A Sion, a Sion!
Guy. A Jerusalem!
Eustace. A father, and in him a crown of joy.
Guy. A Sion, a Jerusalem, a father!
Eustace. Through their decurians, centurions, and legions,
Captains of thousands, and ten thousands guards,
We have ventured even upon the cannons mouth,
And scal'd the bulwarks where their ordnance play'd.
The strength of armies triumph in those arms,
We have surpriz'd the fortress and the hold:
My shield I have had cut piece-meal from mine arm.
But now you would have taken me for an archer;
So many arrows were stuck here and here,
The Pagans thought to make a quiver of me.

Alarum; enter Pagans.

See, brother, how the foe fresh forces gather:
A Sion, a Jerusalem, a father!

Every one by turn takes up their father, and carries him. Enter the two brothers, they aid and second them, and with a shout carry him away.

Alarum; enter SOLDAN, SOPHY.

Soldan. An engineer! call forth an engineer.

Sophy. Why, what to do, my lord?

Soldan. I'll make these turrets dance among the clouds,
Before the Christians shall inhabit them.

Sophy. Yet there is hope of conquest: fight, brave Soldan!

Soldan. These Christians rage, like spirits conjur'd up:
Their thundering ordnance spit huge clouds of fire,
They run against the walls like iron rams,
And bear them down afore them with their breasts.

Sophy. Fortune, thou art too envious of our glory,
Behold the two great'st emperors of the earth,
The Babylonian Soldan, and great Sophy;
Unveil thine eyes, and look upon our falls.

Soldan. Fortune and fate, and death, the devil and all,
Oppose themselves against us.

Enter MORETES *and* TURNUS.

Now, what news?

Moretes. Death.

Sophy. What news bring'st thou?

Turnus. Confusion.

Soldan. That death was once my slave, but now my lord.

Sophy. Confusion was once page unto my sword.
Is the day lost?

Turnus. Lost.

Soldan. Must we needs despair?

Moretes. Despair.

Soldan. We will not, we will die resolvedly,
The palace we will make a slaughter-house,
The streets a shambles, kennels shall run blood,
Down from Mount Sion, with such hideous noise
As when great showers of water fall from hills.

Sophy. Through which way did they make irruption first?

Turnus. Through the gate, call'd Antiochia.
The self-same breach that Roman Titus made
When he destroy'd this city, they burst ope.

Soldan. There is some virtue in the cross they wear,
It makes them strong as lions, swift as roes.
Their resolutions make them conquerors:
They have ta'en our royal standard from the walls,
In place whereof they have advanc'd their cross.

Sophy. I will not, I survive so foul a shame.
Once more unite our powers, (I mean ourselves,
For all powers else have fail'd us); bravely fight,
That our declining sun may make their night!

Enter the four brethren.

Soldan. Christians, base Christians! hear us when we call,
Eternal darkness shall confound you all!

Alarum. The four brethren each of them kill a Pagan king, take off their crowns, and exeunt, two one way, and two another way. Retreat.

Enter ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, EUSTACE, OLD EARL, *drum, colours, and soldiers.*

Robert. Now smooth again the wrinkles of your brows,
And wash the blood from off your hands in milk.
With penitential praises laud our God,
Ascribe all glory to the heavenly powers,
Since Sion and Jerusalem are ours.

Tancred. We do abhor a heart puff'd-up with pride,
That attributes these conquests to our strength:
'Twas God that strengthened us and weakened them,
And gave us Sion and Jerusalem.

Godfrey. Thou that dost muster angels in the sky,
That in thyself hast power of victory,
Make thy name shine bright as the noon-tide sun,
Since Sion and Jerusalem are won.

Old Earl Boloigne. My former want hath now sufficient store,
For, having seen this, I desire no more.

How fair and smooth my stream of pleasure runs,
To look at once on Sion and my sons!
Guy. Showers of abundance rain into our lips,
To make repentance grow within our hearts.
What greater earthly bliss could heaven pour down,
Than Sion, our dear father, and this town?
Charles. Then, to confirm these conquests God hath given us,
Seal'd with the blood of kings and emperors,
Let us elect a king, that may maintain
Our honours with the deaths of monarchs slain.
Eustace. Call forth the patriarch of Jerusalem,
His right hand must bequeath that dignity.
Godfrey. With tears I speak it, lagging in the train
Of the distressed Soldan he was slain.
Robert. Prais'd be our God, we have reveng'd his death!
Great potentates consort him to his grave.
Charles. What man, for gravity and sanctity,
May we think worthy of this honoured place?
Robert. Whose years, devotion, and most sacred life,
Better can fit that holy place, than his
Whose worthy sons have brought to end these wars?
Princes join hands, invest him all at once. [*Flourish.*
Old Earl Boloigne. My fervent zeal bids I should not deny:
It brings my soul to heaven before I die.
Eustace. But, princes, whom will ye elect the king,
To guard this city from succeeding peril?
Godfrey. Robert of Normandy.
Robert. Oh, chuse prince Tancred rather.
Tancred. Too weak is my desert, and I refuse it.
Eustace. Then put it to most voices.
All. Robert of Normandy.
Robert. Princes, we much commend you for your loves;
But letters from England tell me William's dead,
And by succession left the crown to me.
I say prince Godfrey hath desery'd it best.
Tancred. So Tancred says.

All. And so say all the rest.

Godfrey. Princes, ye press me down with too much honours,
And load a soul that cannot bear them up.
Dissuade me not, no counsel I will hear.
Behold a crown which Godfrey means to wear!
[*A crown of thorns.*
This made the blood run from our Saviour's brow,
No crown but this can Godfrey's heart allow.
Prayers are my vow, devotion draws my sword,
No pomp but this can Boloigne's soul afford.
My vow's irrevocable, state I refuse;
No other crown but this will Godfrey chuse.

Tancred. If he refuse the place, elect prince Guy;
Most voices; shall he have the sceptre?

All. I.

Robert. Then crown him straight, and henceforth let his name
Be through the world call'd Guy of Lessingham.
All these desire it, I consent with them;
Long live prince Guy, king of Jerusalem. [*Flourish.*

Guy. The crown is burst, and parted from my head;
I fear the heavens are angry with your choice.

Old Earl Boloigne. Son Guy, they are not. By divine instinct
The heavens have lent me a prophetic spirit.
This shows thy troublous reign: mutinies from far
Shall fright thy towns and provinces with war.

Guy. If it be nothing else, crown me again,
We have a heart our kingdom to maintain.
What honours do my brothers' heads await?

Robert. Prince Eustace, you shall wear this crown of state,
Be king of Sicil, and command that isle.
Lord Charles, the crown of Cyprus 'longs to you,
That in the fight the king of Cyprus slew.
One general voice at once proclaim them kings.
[*Flourish.*

Charles. In memory of this solemnity,
Here will I leave this scutcheon born by me;

That in what coast soe'er my bones be laid,
This shield may be an honour to my trade.
Eustace. Mine shall hang there, a trophy of my fame:
My trade is famous by king Eustace name.
Guy. In memory a king hath born this shield,
I add these challices to this argent field.
Godfrey. In honour of my first profession,
That shield in all these wars by Godfrey born,
I crown this maid's head with a wreath of thorn.
Old Earl Bologne. Oh, were my daughter here this joy to see;
How light her soul! how glad would my heart be!
Tancred. Would I had now my love!
Guy. Or I that dame,
That adds to beauty's sun a brighter flame.
Robert. Were the fair virgin here, I would renown
Her glorious beauty with the English crown.
Eustace. Princes, I'll fit you all: lady, come forth.

Enter BELLA FRANCA.

Bella Franca. The lovely princes.
Tancred. Fair Mistress!
Charles. Lady!
Godfrey. Madam!
Guy. Honoured Saint!
Bella Franca. Nay, pardon me, love comes not by constraint.
But princes, will you grant me patience,
Before I part, I mean to please you all.
First, holy Patriarch, tell me of all others
Whom in the world you most desire to see.
Old Earl Bologne. My daughter.
Bella Franca. Prince Godfrey, Charles, and Eustace, whom say you?
All. Next yourself our sister.
Bella Franca. And whom you?
Tancred. My love.
Bella Franca. Who's that?
Tancred. Your honoured self, fair maid.

Bella Franca. Nay, I'll make good the words that I have said.
Father, I give a daughter to your hand:
Brothers, behold, here doth your sister stand:
Tancred, behold the lady you once seiz'd,
Only I leave prince Robert here displeas'd.
Old Earl Boloigne. My daughter Bella Franca!
Brother. Sister!
Tancred. Love!
Old Earl Boloigne. I am too happy, and too full of joy.
Heaven pours on me more good than I can bear:
I that before was starv'd, now surfeit here.
Robert. Princes, and lady, nothing can displease us,
For we partake in all this glad content,
And with applause rejoice this accident.
Tancred, rejoice your love, and you your friends.
Where you begin with marriage, our love ends.
Kings, and kings' peers, to heaven ascribe the glory,
Whilst we to chronicles report this story.
Guy. Make love unto my sister! 'tis most strange.
Now, Guy, I would thou hadst thy French love here;
My heart would grant her what I then refus'd.
Now having got this state of dignity,
I grieve that I have so obdurate been,
But for amends would make her Sion's queen.
Eustace. And well remembred, brother I must now
Entreat you for a pretty boy your page,
That hath on some occasion stray'd from you.
Guy. Oh, brother, where's the villain?
Eustace. Pardon him, and I will tell you.
Guy. Great were th' offence I would not clear for you.
Eustace. The poor boy, brother, stays within my tent.
But so disguis'd you cannot know him now,
For he's turn'd wench; and, but I know the wag
To be a boy, to see him thus transform'd
I should have sworn he had been a wench indeed.
Guy. Pray let me see him, brother, in that habit:

I would not lose the villain for more gold
Than Sion would be sold for; he will blush
To be ta'en tardy in his maid's attire.
Eustace. You have pardoned him?
Guy. I have.
Eustace. Then, Jack, appear.
Enter the FRENCH LADY.
Nay, blush not to be in your woman's geer.
Guy. Leap heart, dance spirit, be merry jocund soul,
'Tis she undoubtedly.
French Lady. You know me then!
Guy. I do; 'twas that disguise,
That all this while hath blinded my clear eyes.
Eustace. Fie, are you not asham'd to kiss a boy,
And in your arms to grasp him with such joy?
Guy. She is no boy, you do mistake her quite.
Eustace. A boy, a page, a wagtail by this light.
What say you, sister?
Bella Franca. Sure he told me so,
For if he be a maid, I made him one.
Eustace. Do not mistake the sex, man, for he's none.
It is a rogue, a wag, his name is Jack,
A notable dissembling lad, a [65] crack.
Guy. Brother, 'tis you that are deceiv'd in her,
Beshrew her, she hath been my bedfellow
A year and more, yet I had not the grace—
Brothers, receive a sister; reverend father,
Accept a daughter, whilst I take a wife,
And of a great king's daughter make a queen.

[65] *a crack*] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "this is an old Islandic word, "signifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes "of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*." See the story in *Edda, Fabie* 63. Note to *The Second Part of King Henry* IV. A. 3. S. 2,

The word is often used in ancient writers. So, in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 8.

"If we could get a witty boy now Engine,
"That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him
"To the true height."

Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 1. S. 1.

"Here's a *crack!*
"I think they suck this knowledge in their milk."

This is the beauteous virgin, the French lady,
To whom my fortune still remains in debt.
Eustace. A lady! then I cry you mercy, brother.
A gallant bride! would I had such another!
French Lady. A wondrous change! she that your page hath been
Is now at length transform'd to be your queen.
Pardon me, Guy, my love drew me along,
No shameless lust.
Guy. Fair saint, I did you wrong.
If fortune had not been your friend in this,
You had not lain thus long without a kiss.
Father, embrace her; brothers, sister, all.
Old Earl Bologne. This fortune makes our joys mere comical.
The fame of our success all Europe rings:
The father, patriarch, sees his sons all kings.
Robert. The heavens are full of bounty: then, brave princes,
First in the Temple hang these trophies up,
As a remembrance of your fortunes past.
You good old father, wear your patriarch's robes;
Prince Godfrey, walk you with your crown of thorns:
Guy with his lady; Tancred with his wife;
Charles with his crown of Cyprus; and young Eustace
Crown'd with the rich Sicilian diadem;
I with the honour of the Pagans' deaths.
So in procession walk we to Christ's tomb,
With humble hearts to pay our pilgrim's vows.
Repair we to our countries, that once done,
For Sion and Jerusalem are won. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem. As it has bene diverse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by Thomas Heywood. Printed at London for J. W. 1615. 4to.

(2.) The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem. As it hath beene divers times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Majesties Servants with good applause. Written and newly revised by Thomas Heywood. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1632. 4to.

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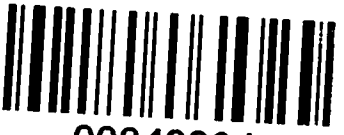
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